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CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR MAY.

Vol. II. (1842.) No. I.

	PAGE
ART. I.—Théopneustia, ou Pleine Inspiration des Saintes Ecritures: par L. Gaussen	1
II.—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq., M.P., &c.	18
III.—1. The Rise and Progress of the Laws of England and Wales. By Owen Flintoff, Esq. 2. The English Constitution; a Popular Commentary on the Constitutional Law of England. By George Bowyer, M.A.	23
IV.—History of the Earldoms of Strathern, Monteith, and Airth. By Sir Harris Nicolas	31
V.—England in 1841. By Frederick von Raumer	37
VI.—Political Philosophy	42
VII.—1. Theodore Körner's Lyre and Sword. 2. Poems from Eastern Sources, &c. By R. Ch. Trench. 3. I watched the Heavens; a Poem. By V. 4. Luther; a Poem. By Robert Montgomery	46
VIII.—1. Lives of the Queens of England. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. IV. 2. The Chronicles of England; a Metrical History. By George Raymond	57
IX.—Remarks on Literary Property. Py Philip Nicklin	66
X.—The Works of Jeremy Bentham. Part XIX. Memoirs of Bentham	73
XI.—1. Trevor Hastinges. 2. The Two Admirals. 3. The Herberts. 4. The Expectant	81
XII.—The Mythology of Greece and Rome; for the Use of Grammar Schools	91
XIII.—A Letter to Philip Pusey, Esq., M.P., on General Drainage and Distribution of Water. By J. B. Denton, Land Agent	104
XIV.—War and Peace; the Evils of the first, and a Plan for Preserving the last. By William Jay	114

PAGE

XV.—Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Vol. III. . . 126
XVI.—Théopneustia. The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. From the French of L. Gaussen 133
XVII.—The Poor-laws, and their Bearing on Society. By Eric Gustaf Geiger 134
XVIII.—A Treatise on the Grammar of the Greek New Testament Dialect. By the Rev. T. S. Green 137
XIX.—Creoleana; or, Social and Domestic Scenes and Incidents in Barbadoes, in the Days of Yore. By J. W. Orderson 138
XX.—The Works of William Jay. Vols. I. and II. 140
XXI.—The Gaberlunzie's Wallet 140
XXII.—Poems, written chiefly Abroad. By M. 140
XXIII.—Zachary Cobble; a Rigmarole in Rhyme 140
XXIV.—Quæstiones Mosaicæ; or, the Book of Genesis compared with the Remains of Ancient Religions. By Osmond de Beauvoir Priaulx, M.A. 140

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JUNE.

Vol. II. (1842.) No. II.

PAGE

ART. I.—American Antiquities, and Researches into the Origin and History of the Red Race. By Alexander W. Bradford . 141

II.—Cabool; being a Personal Narrative of a Journey to, and Residence in that City, in the years 1836-7 and 8. By the late Lieut. Col. Sir Alexander Burnes, C.B., &c. . 156

III.—Children's Employment Commission. First Report of the Commissioners 171

IV.—Narrative of the Second Campaign in China. By K. S. Mackenzie, Esq. 183

V.—Arabic Language and Lexicography. By W. Gesenius, Professor of Theology in the University of Halle . . . 192

VI.—A Journal of a Residence in the Esmailla of Abd-el-Kader, and of Travels in Morocco and Algiers. By Colonel Scott, K.S.F., K.C. 202

VII.—The War in Syria. By Commodore Sir. C. Napier. 2 vols 210

VIII.—1. Banks and Bankers. By Daniel Hardcastle, Junior. 2. An Inquiry into the Causes and Modes of the Wealth of Individuals. By Thomas Corbet, Esq. 213

IX.—1. Greece Revisited, and Sketches in Lower Egypt. By Edgar Garston. 2 vols. 2. Rambles and Researches in Thuringian Saxony. By J. F. Stanford, Esq. M.A. . 219

X.—1. Homœopathy. By a Disciple of the System. 2. The Cold Water Cure 226

XI.—1. The Bishop's Daughter. 2. Softness. 3. Morley Ernstein. By G. P. R. James. 4. Tales of the Jury-Room. By Gerald Griffin, Esq. 242

XII.—Poems. By Robert Nicoll. Second Edition 251

XIII.—The Colonization of New Zealand. By Professor Charles Ritter, of Berlin , ... 264

XIV.—Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years; including "The Borderers. By William Wordsworth 270

PAGE

XV.—The Mabinogion. By Lady Charlotte Guest. Part IV. . 284
XVI.—Biographia Britannica Literaria. By T. Wright, M. A. . 287
XVII.—Horse-training. By A. J. Ellis, B. A. 289
XVIII.—History of Scotland. By P. F. Tytler, Esq. Vol. VIII. 291
XIX.—The Life of Lieut.-General Hugh Mackay of Scoury . . 292
XX.—Quæstiones Mosaicæ; or, the Book of Genesis compared with Ancient Religions. By Osmond de Beauvoir Priaulx 293
XXI.—The Naturalist's Library 293
XXII.—Characteristics of Painting. By Henry Reeve, Esq. . . 294
XXIII.—American Criminal Trials. By W. Chandler. Vol. I. . 294
XXIV.—The Domestic Dictionary and Housekeeper's Manual . . 295
XXV.—History of Christian Missions, from the Reformation to the Present Time. By James A. Huie 295
XXVI.—Journal of a Tour to Waterloo and Paris 296
XXVII.—A Catalogue of Works in all departments of English Literature 296
XXVIII.—Poems; to which is added Belmour House, a Play not divided into Acts. By G. K. Mathews 296
XXIX.—The Old Red Sandstone; or, New Walks in an Old Field. By Hugh Miller 296

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR JULY.

Vol. II. (1842.) No. III.

PAGE

ART. I.—Hints to Students on the Use of the Eyes. By Edward Reynolds, M. D. 297

II.—Travels and Researches in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, and Armenia. By W. F Ainsworth, F. G. S. &c. 2 vols 312

III.—The Life of Augustus Viscount Keppel. By the Hon. and Rev. Thomas Keppel. 2 vols 323

IV.—The Heraldry of Fish. By Thomas Moule 332

V.—Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa. By Robert Moffat. 343

VI.—The Life and Defence of the Conduct and Principles of the Venerable and Calumniated Edward Bonner, Bishop of London. By a Tractarian British Critic 357

VII.—1. Josephine, a Poem in three Parts, and other Pieces. By Francis M. Eaton. 2. Poems. By Alfred Tennyson, 2 vols. 3. Eva, a True Story of Light and Darkness, &c. By Sir Edward L. Bulwer, Bart . . . 365

VIII.—Recollections of the Life of the Rev. A. B. Scott, D.D., Lord Nelson's Chaplain 379

IX.—Lectures on Paley; or, The Principles of Morality. Designed for the Use of Students in the University 389

X.—1. The Rose of Arragon. By Sheridan Knowles. 2. A Record of the Pyramids. By John C. Reade. 3. Edwin the Fair. By Henry Taylor, Esq 398

XI.—History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. By Archibald Alison, F.R.S.E., &c. Vol. X. 420

XII.—Lockhart's Illustrated Ancient Spanish Ballads. New Edition . . . 427

XIII.—France Daguerrotyped: or the War Fever. By Captain Capsicum Pepper 432

XIV.—The Book of Thought: with an Index 435

XV.—Hoel the Hostage, and other Poems. By M. E. Jeffreys. 435

XVI.—Hoel the Hostage, and other Poems. By M. E. Jeffreys 435

XIX.—Bees: Their Natural History and General Management. By Robert Huish, F.L.S. 436

XV.—The Life and Labours of Adam Clarke, LL.D. 2nd Edition 435

XVII.—Thoughts at Whitsuntide, and other Poems. By Lord Leigh 435

XVIII.—The Cottage Farmer's Assistant. By C. W. Johnson, Esq., F.R.S. . . 436

XX.—The Marchioness: a Strange, but True Tale. By Mrs. Thornton . . . 436

XXI.—Belgium since the Revolution of 1830. By the Rev. W. Trollope, M. A. 437

XXII.—English Surnames. By M. A. Lower 439

XXIII.—Autobiography, Reminiscences, and Letters of John Trumbull . . . 441

ERRATA.

Page 390, line 5 from the top, for "on the Principles," read or the Principles.
Page 391, line 15 from the top, for "plan matter," read plan and matter.

CONTENTS

TO THE

MONTHLY REVIEW FOR AUGUST.

Vol. II. (1842.) No. IV.

PAGE

ART. I.—Frithiof's Saga, or the Legend of Frithiof. By Esaias Tegner . . . 437

II.—The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times. By R. R. Madden, M.D. 2 vols. Madden and Co. 453

III.—Travels in Kashmir, Ladek, Iskardo, &c. By G. T. Vigne, Esq. F.G.S. 2 vols. Colburn 460

IV.—1. The Palfrey: a Love Story of Old Times. By Leigh Hunt. 2. The Christian Pilgrim: a Poem of Palestine. By Edmund Peel, Benchurch. Newby. 472

V.—The Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Longman 481

VI.—1. My Last Tour and First Work. By Lady Vavasour. Cunningham. 2. The Old River; or, the Chronicle of the Rhine. By Capt. Knox. Oliver. 486

VII.—The Manœuvring Mother. By the Author of the "History of a Flirt." 3 vols. Colburn. 494

VIII.—An Introductory Lecture on Pictorial Anatomy. By James Miller. Edinburgh. Black. . . . . 502.

IX.—A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Edited by W. Smith, Ph. D. Taylor and Walton 509

X.—Histoire des Français des divers Etats aux cinq derniers Siecles. Par Amans-Alexis. Monteil. 516

XI.—Brief Notices of Hayti, &c. By John Candler. Ward and Co. . . . 531

XII.—La Petite Chouannerie: Histoire d'un College Breton sous l'Empire. Par A. F. Rio. Moxon. 541

XIII.—Protection of the Queen's Person Bill 549

XIV.—Poems. By the Rev. Thomas Whytehead, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Chaplain to the Bishop of New Zealand. Rivingtons 558

XV.—A Steam Voyage to Constantinople in 1840-41; and to Portugal, &c., in 1839. By C. W. Vane, Marquis of Londonderry. 2 vols. Colburn . 566

XVI.—Gas Meters. By Henry Flower 573

XVII.—A Plain and Direct Translation of the Inferno of Dante. By Ch. Hindley, Esq. 574

XVIII.—The Cottage on the Common, and the Little Gleaners. By C. M. . . 575

XIX.—Modern French Literature. By Mons. Raymond de Vericour 575

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

MAY, 1842.

ART. I.—*Théopneustia, ou Pleine Inspiration des Saintes Ecritures: par L. Gaussen.* Delay, Paris.

THE extraordinarily able manner in which the ever important subject of this volume has been treated by its author, merely regarding the performance in the light of learned criticism, forcible reasoning, eloquent utterance and beautiful illustration, recommends it to a most prominent notice in any literary journal; even although that journal may systematically eschew theological discussion, and the expression of adherence to any particular creed. We therefore proceed to present such abstracts and extracts as we are sure will arrest the attention of every person who may happen accidentally to peruse but one of the paragraphs, whatever be his ideas with regard to the doctrine, viz. that the *Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures is Plenary;* this being the precise subject which L. Gaussen, who is Professor of Didactic Theology in the Evangelical Society of Geneva, has grappled with, and very pointedly in reference to the German neology which is abroad.

The following passages from the Preface of the Professor's work will explain the title which he has chosen, and the importance which he attaches to the subject. He says, the first glance at this book, and even at its name, will probably touch two prejudices, which are equally erroneous, and which he is desirous of dissipating. The Greek term *Théopneustia,* although borrowed from St. Paul, and long employed on the other side of the Rhine, yet being but little employed elsewhere, at least in the French language, is likely to be thus received,—the subject is too scientific to be popular, and too popular to be important. "I fear not, however, to declare that if any thing could have given me both the desire and the courage to undertake it, it is the double persuasion of its vital importance and its simplicity." He then goes on to observe that next to the divine nature of Christianity there are no questions which can be presented to us more essential to the life of our faith than,—"The Bible, is it from God? Is it wholly from God? Or is it true, as some have

pretended, that it contains sentences which are purely human, narratives which are not exact, instances of vulgar ignorance, and reasonings which are inconclusive: in a word, some books, or some portions of a book, foreign to the interests of faith, subject to the natural carelessness of the writer, and tainted by error?" This, he says, is a question decisive, fundamental, vital. It is the first which we have to put when we open the Scriptures; and it is with it that our religion ought to commence.

If it be true, in our opinion, that every thing in the Bible is not important, and does not concern the faith that refers to Jesus Christ; or if it be true, in our opinion, on the other hand, that there is nothing inspired in this book but that which, in our opinion, is important to the interests of faith, and has reference to Jesus Christ, then the Bible is a book wholly different from that of the Fathers, and of the saints of all ages. "It is fallible: theirs was perfect. It has chapters, or portions of chapter, it has sentences or expressions, which are to be retrenched from the number of the chapters, sentences or expressions, which are not from God. Theirs was all inspired of God,—all profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." But the same passage when contemplated by the retrencher, may be as widely different from what it was as contemplated by the former saints, as the earth is distant from the heavens.

For example, we may have opened at the 45th Psalm, or at the Song of Songs, "Whilst you have seen there nothing but what is in the greatest degree human in its character,—a long nuptial song, or the love-conversations of a daughter of Sharon and a young husband,—they have read there the glories of the church, the bonds of the love of God, the deep things of Jesus Christ; in a word, that which is most divine in the things of heaven; and if they could not read them there, they knew that they were there, and they searched for them there."

Again, we may have taken up an epistle of St. Paul,—"Whilst one of us will attribute such and such a saying which he has not comprehended, or which has shocked his carnal sense, to the Jewish prejudices of the writer, to sentiments wholly appertaining to the vulgar, to circumstances altogether human, the other will there explore, filled with veneration, the thoughts of the Spirit; he will believe them to be perfect, even before having comprehended them; and he will attribute to his own want of apprehension, and his own ignorance, their apparent insignificance, or their obscurity."

Still further, according to the objector's answer, we shall have two Bibles, although it will be impossible to know what his is. He says, the Book is only human and fallible in a certain measure. But that measure—who shall define it? "If it be true that man,

in having placed in it his sad impress, has left there his spots, who will determine the depth of that impress, or the number of those spots? It has a part which is human, you say; but that part—what are its limits, and who will fix them for me? No one. Each one must define them for himself, according to his own judgment; that is, the portion of the Scriptures which is fallible will be greater in our estimation, in proportion as we are less under the influence of a divine illumination; that is to say, again, that man will deprive himself of the words that are divine in proportion as he has need of them, as we see idolators make to themselves deities so much the more impure as they themselves are further removed from the living and holy God!" This, therefore, is the legitimate result of all,—"Each one will reduce the inspired Scriptures to different dimensions, and making for himself, from the Bible thus expurgated, an infallible rule or guide, he will say to it, 'Guide me henceforth, for thou art my guide!' as the makers of graven images, of whom Isaiah speaks, 'who make to themselves a god, and say to it, Save me henceforth, for thou art my God!'"

There is something more grave still. "According to your answer, it is not only the Bible that is changed; it is you yourself! Yes, even in the presence of the passages which you have most admired, you will have neither the attitude nor the heart of a believer! How can that be, after you have made them appear, as you have the rest of the Scriptures, before the tribunal of your judgment, to be there declared, by you, divine or not divine, or half divine? What can be, for your soul, the authority of a word which is not infallible for you but in virtue of you? Must it not have presented itself at your bar by the side of other words of the same book, which you have convicted of being human in whole or in part? Will your mind, then, sincerely take before it the humble and submissive attitude of a disciple, after having held that of a judge?"

The Professor follows up this idea and these questions with singular closeness and eloquence. He declares that the obedience in the case and circumstances supposed, although it may be that of acquiescence, can never be that of faith; of approbation, never that of adoration.

"You will believe in the divinity of the passage, you will say; but it is not in God that you will believe; it is in yourself." Again, "I do not believe that any Pope, even the most enamoured of his priesthood, could with confidence utter his prayers before a dead person, whom he himself, from the abundance of his plenary authority, had placed in the rank of demi-gods, by canonizing him. How then can a reader of the Bible, who has himself just canonized a sentence of the Scriptures (however much he may be enamoured with his own wisdom), be in respect to such a passage, in the dispo-

sition of a believer? Will his understanding descend from its pontifical chair, to abase itself before that word, which, were it not for it, would remain human, or at least doubtful? We do not study to the bottom the sense of a passage, when we have pronounced it legitimate, only in virtue of a sense already discovered. We but half submit to any authority which we can reject, and which we have placed in doubt. We adore but imperfectly that which we have degraded."

Besides, and it is what we should be fully aware of, "the entire divinity of such or such a word of the Scriptures being dependent, in your eyes, not from the fact that it is found in the oracles of God, but from its presenting to your wisdom and your spirituality, certain characters of spirituality and of wisdom, the opinion which you form cannot always be so exempt from hesitation that you should retain in relation to it none of the doubts with which you commenced. Your faith will therefore necessarily partake of your doubts, and it will be itself imperfect, undecided, and conditional. Like opinion, like faith; and like faith, like life! But faith is not there; the life of God's elect is not there!"

But that which will better demonstrate the importance of the present subject is the fact, that, if one of the systems to which it may give rise has all its roots steeped in doubt, it brings forth inevitably as fruit, a new incredulity. Why is it that we see so many men open the Bible without ever perceiving the doctrines which it teaches with the greatest clearness? Whence comes it that they can thus walk in error for so many years, with the sun as it were in their hands? It is because pre-occupied by false notions on the subject of inspiration, and "believing that there exists still in the Sacred Scriptures admixture of error, but desirous, however, to be able to find some sentences which are in their opinion reasonable, in order to be able to believe them divine, they study, even without being conscious of it, to give to them a meaning which agrees with their own wisdom. And thus it is, that they only put themselves in a state of incapacity for recognizing what is God's meaning, but what they represent to themselves as despicable. They strive, for example, when reading the epistles of St. Paul, to find in them the doctrine of man's justification by the law, his native innocency, his inclination to what is good, the moral omnipotence of his will, the merit of his works. But then what happens? Alas! after they have attributed, by violence, some such thoughts to the sacred writer, they find a language so badly conceived for the supposed end, terms so badly chosen for that which they wish to say, and reasonings so inconclusive, that they lose, in despite of themselves, whatever of respect they may still have preserved for the letter of the Sacred Scriptures, and bury themselves in Rationalism."

The importance of the subject of inspiration is so great, says the Professor, that between the two answers that may be made to it, "there is the same abyss which separated the two Israelites who had seen Jesus Christ in the flesh, and who had equally recognized him as a prophet. But whilst one of them, considering his carpenter's dress, his mean food, his hands rendered hard by labour, and his rustic suite, believed him to be still liable to error and to sin, as an ordinary prophet, the other recognized in him the Emmanuel, the Lamb of God, the Lord our Righteousness, the Holy One of Israel, the King of Kings, the Lord of Hosts." So much from the Preface.

The first chapter contains some account of the word *Théopneustia*, "the name of that mysterious power which the Holy Spirit exercised upon the writers of the Old and New Testaments to cause them to compose them such as the Church of God has received them from their hands." The term is also thus defined,—it is *that inexplicable power which the Holy Spirit exercised in former times on the Authors of the Sacred Scriptures, to guide them, even in the employment of the words which they used, and to preserve them from all error, and also from all omission.*

With regard to the distinctive character and the object of this mysterious power, we have the following suggestions:—"*Théopneustia* is not a system, it is a fact. Like all the other events in the history of Redemption, this fact, attested by the Holy Scriptures, is one of the dogmas of our faith. Nevertheless, it is necessary to say, and it is necessary to understand that the miraculous operation of the Holy Spirit had not the sacred writers for its object, who were but instruments, and who must soon pass away. But it had for its object the sacred books themselves, which were destined to reveal from age to age to the church the counsels of God, and which must endure for ever."

The power itself has not been defined to us, cannot be by us. The Scripture never presents to us, as an object of study, either its mode or its measure. But that which is proposed to our faith is solely the inspiration of the words, the divine nature of the books which the writers have written. In this respect the Scripture has established no difference between the writers. They were all and each inspired of God, according to the meaning of the Greek term which has furnished the title for the Professor's volume,—a term used by an apostle. Their books are of God, "whether they recite the mysteries of a past more ancient than the creation, or those of a future more distant than the return of the Son of Man, or the eternal councils of the Most High, or the secrets of the human heart, or the deep things of God; whether they recount their own emotions, or relate their recollections, or repeat contemporaneous narratives, or copy genealogies, or make extracts from uninspired

documents,—their writings are inspired; their recitals are directed from on high; it is always God who speaks, who recites, who commands or reveals by their mouth, and who, to do this, employs in different measures their personality. For 'the Spirit of the Lord was upon them,' it is written, 'and this word was upon their tongue.' And if it is always the word of man, because it is always men who utter it, it is also the word of God, because it is God who watches over them, who employs them, who guides them." God himself is not only the guaranty of all the facts, the author of all the commandments, the revealer of all the truths, contained in the Bible; but "he has caused them to be given to his church in the order, and in the measure, and in the terms which he has judged to be most suitable to his heavenly design."

We neither know nor need to know how the work of inspiration was accomplished. And if asked what was it "that the men of God experienced in their organs, in their will, or in their intelligence, whilst they were tracing the pages of the sacred volume, we should answer that the power or influence of inspiration was not felt to the same degree by each of them, and that their experiences were not uniform." The Professor adds that the knowledge of such a fact hardly concerns the interests of our faith, that being about the book, and not about the author. "It is the book which is inspired, and which is wholly inspired. This assurance ought to satisfy us."

Having seen what an importance Professor Gaussen sets upon a right faith with regard to inspiration, and also the high ground which he takes with regard to its fulness, its plenitude in the Scriptures, extending to the very words, to the peculiar style, as well as to the facts and the doctrines, whoever may be the writer, the reader is prepared to go forward with him in his book. Our business, therefore, now is to give a summary view of the arguments, and of the manner in which he disposes of objections, in order to make good the ground which he has assumed.

His object is, to prove the existence, the universality, and the plenitude of divine inspiration, in opposition to three classes of persons, who, without disavowing, or pretending to decline, the divine authority of the Scriptures, yet do not accede to the plenary doctrine which he maintains.

The first of these classes contains many German theologians, some of whom he names. They "reject all miraculous inspiration, and are willing to attribute to the sacred writers only what Cicero allowed to the poets—*afflatum spiritus divini*—a divine action of nature, an interior power similar to the other vital forces of nature."

The second, "whilst they admit the existence of a divine inspiration, are willing to acknowledge it only in a portion of the sacred books;—in the first and the fourth of the four Gospels, for example,

in a portion of the Epistles, in a portion of the writings of Moses, in a part of Isaiah, a part of Daniel. These portions of the Scriptures are from God; the others are from man."

The third class contains "several theologians in England." These "extend, it is true, to all parts of the Bible, the notion of a divine inspiration,—but *not equally to all.* Inspiration, according to them, may be universal, but unequal, often imperfect, accompanied with innocent errors, and carried, according to the nature of the passages, to very different measures, of which they constitute themselves more or less the judges." A German author who belongs to this class, has thus expressed himself:—"Inspiration extends, without contradiction, even to the words, but only when their choice or their employment is connected with the interior religious life; for it is necessary to make a distinction between the Old and the New Testaments, between the law and the gospel, between the history and the prophecy, between the narratives and the doctrines, between the apostles and the helpers of the apostles."

As we have seen, Professor Gaussen goes beyond this last class, and undertakes to establish his *plenary* doctrine *from the Scriptures themselves.* He maintains that they contain the exact word of God. He is of opinion that he can and does prove that this *word* is God speaking in man, God speaking by man, God speaking as man, God speaking for man!

The objections to this large and impressive doctrine occupy our author in his second chapter. One of these is that the *Individuality* of the sacred writers is deeply imprinted on their books. But says the Professor, if this objection proves anything, it proves too much, as we think any person may at once perceive. The following observations, however, are such as every one is not competent to make: "That which strikes us in this objection, and in the system of *intermittent* inspiration, with which it is associated, is its triple character of complication, of temerity, and of puerility. Of complication; for it supposes that the Divine action, in dictating the Scriptures, becomes interrupted or enfeebled, as often as the degree of difficulty of the passage, or the degree of its importance diminishes; and it is thus that God is made successively to advance or retire, in the mind of the sacred writer, in the course of even one chapter, or of even one passage! Of temerity: for, mistaking the majesty of the Scriptures, men dare to suppose that they have an importance, and demand a wisdom more than human, only in certain parts! Of puerility: for they fear, they tell us, to attribute to God useless miracles; as if the Holy Spirit, after having, as they avow, dictated word for word one part of the Scriptures, must have found less trouble in illuming the sacred writer, leaving him to write alone, or ceasing to have a superintendence over him."

Several of the objections encountered by the Professor must be

passed over by us, almost without an allusion to them; while with regard even to the most formidable, or where he returns the most masterly answer, we can only select a few sentences here and there.

A frivolous objection against the plenary inspiration of the original Scriptures has been made, viz. that the translations of them into other languages are not inspired. Another, and in some degree akin to this is that which has been vaunted from the manner practised by the writers of the New Testament of sometimes quoting from the Septuagint. A portion of the answer to this is in these words: "If some modern prophet were sent from God to the churches which speak our language, how do you think that such a man would quote the Scriptures? In French, without doubt; but according to what version? Those of Ostervald and Martin being the most extensively used, it is probable that he would make his citations in the terms of one or the other, as often as their translations might seem to him to be sufficiently exact. But also, notwithstanding our practice and his, he would take care to leave both of these versions, and translate after his own way, as often as it might appear to him that the meaning of the original was not sufficiently well rendered in them. Sometimes, even, he would do more. To make us better comprehend in what sense he might have the intention to apply such or such a scripture, he would paraphrase the alleged passage, and then he would follow, in citing it, neither the letter of the original text, nor that of the translations. It is precisely thus that the writers of the New Testament have done in relation to the Septuagint."

Again, it has been said that there is bad reasoning, inapplicable quotations, popular superstitions, and other evidences of human weakness to be found in the Scriptures, all which must be incompatible with inspiration. These objections, however, are of such a general nature that they only obtain, as they only require, a general answer.

It has been said, and has even been admitted by divines, who are regarded as orthodox on most important points of Christian faith, that there are *Errors* in the Scriptural narratives, and Contradictions in the facts. But the Professor maintains that no such things occur, when the passages are rightly translated; going into a minute examination of the most important of those which have been adduced; such as regard, for example, the genealogies of Jesus Christ, and other supposed discrepancies.

But then it is asserted that there are *Errors* in the Scriptures which contradict the *Laws of Nature*. This objection the Professor meets with surpassing ability and assurance. One of his fearless positions is that *there is not one physical error in the Word of God.* We must cull a few sentences from this masterly and eloquent sec-

tion of the work, and which will serve to excite the curiosity of our readers to know how he supports his positions. For this purpose they must put themselves in possession of the entire volume.

After having indicated the errors of both ancient and modern philosophers with regard to important doctrines in physics, Professor Gaussen thus expresses himself: "But now open the Bible; study its fifty sacred authors, from that admirable Moses who held the pen in the wilderness, four hundred years before the war of Troy; to that fisherman son of Zebedee, who wrote fifteen hundred years later at Ephesus and in Patmos, under the reign of Domitian;—open the Bible, and see if you will find there anything like this. No; none of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovers in the books of the preceding; above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates, in such great numbers, in the writings of the ancients,—in their sacred codes, in their philosophies, and even in the finest pages of the Fathers of the Church,—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books." The Bible "is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world; whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make." "Well; search among its 50 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1,189 chapters, and its 31,179 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and the moderns commit when they speak of the heaven or of the earth; of their revolutions or of their elements; search,—but you will find none."

The Bible speaks of every thing and in all tones; it exhibits neither reserve nor constraint. With regard to composition as well as thought and manner, it has been the unrivalled model, the inspirer of all that is most elevated in poetry. "And yet this book never does violence either to the facts or to the principles of a sound philosophy of nature. You never find it in opposition, even in one sentence, to the just notions which science has conveyed to us on the form of our globe, on its size, and its geology; on the void and on space; on the inert and passive materiality of all the stars; on the planets, on their masses, on their courses, on their dimensions, or on their influences."

While there is no disagreement among the writers; while they speak of the invisible world; of the love, the fervour, the purity, and the humility of angels; of the relations of the heavenly world to God, never is there a single word uttered which is favourable to the perpetual pantheism of the heathen philosophy. Even of the visible world not one of the authors of the Bible ever suffered to escape from his pen one of those sentences which in other books contradict

the reality of facts; "not one which makes of the heavens a *firmament*, as do the Septuagint, St. Jerome, and all the Fathers of the Church," the word *expanse* being the proper term. None of them speak of the mountains as Mohammed does, or of the cosmogony as Buffon. There has not been, the Professor reiterates, one physical error yet discovered in the Scriptures, which is the more wonderful in proportion as these ancient writings are viewed from a position near at hand; while he admits that could a single instance of the sort be pointed out in the Bible, our faith in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures would be more than compromised; it would then be necessary to confess that there are errors in the Word of God, and that these false sentences belong to a fallible writer and not to the Holy Spirit.

But, not only does the Bible not contain a false sentence, a false expression, but it often presents to us words "which make us recognize, in a manner not to be misunderstood, the science of the Almighty." "It often happens, that its language, when listened to with attention, permits us to see a science which it will not teach, but which it cannot be ignorant of, *since there is in it a profound abyss*. Not only will it tell us nothing false, even in passing, but it often surprises us with words which betray the voice of the Creator of the world. Often you remark in them a wisdom, a prudence, an exactitude, of which the sages of antiquity could not form an idea, and which the discoveries alone of the telescope, and of the science of the moderns have been able to appreciate; so that its language carries, by these traits, the evident characteristics of the most entire inspiration. The discreet and unusual choice of its expressions, the nature of certain details, whose perfect propriety and divine adaptedness to the facts were only revealed three thousand years later, the reserve of the language, sometimes its boldness and its strangeness, considering the time when it was written,—all these signs make you know the *Savant par excellence*, the Ancient of Days, who addresses himself to his children without doubt, but who speaks as the Father of a family, and who well knows his house." Our author proceeds to illustrate the position which he assumes in the passage now quoted, and shows how wonderfully the representations of the sacred writers agree with the discoveries of science.

This agreement he traces in regard to the shape of the globe, its rotundity, its resting on nothing; the epoch and the order of the several stages of the unravelling of the primitive chaos; the light, as being independent of the sun; the creation of plants; the atmosphere, as having *weight;* the nature of the clouds; the mountains; the exterior of the globe, as being a crust or shell; the interior, as composed of fire; (Job 28, 5. *Literally:* Beneath, it is turned up, and as it were, of fire,) the surface of the earth, as emerging or

rising out of the waters; the deluge, as having the same origin, and similar characteristics; the arresting of the *moon* as well as the sun, by miracle; the primitive unity of the language of mankind; the dimensions of the ark of Noah; the vast number of the stars, and their subjection to laws in their position and movements; the division of the heavens; and finally, the grandeur and immensity of creation. All of these subjects the discoveries of modern science most remarkably confirm. Professor Gaussen maintains with great learning and force of illustration, the gleamings of light which the Scriptures, rightly translated, shed upon them.

Our readers must consult the work itself to obtain a correct idea of what the author says respecting the miracle of the sun and the moon standing still at the command of Joshua. His observations also, where he shows that, from the nature of the case, the language of the Scriptures in relation to the Phenomena of Nature must be accommodated to that which mankind in all ages have commonly used, although not in substance novel, will be consulted with advantage. Even to the genius of Newton, the Bible must have been inconvenient and incomprehensible sometimes, if it had always spoken of the operations of Nature, as they really are.

The third chapter of the Professor's most interesting production is occupied with the consideration of what he terms *Evasions* of the true doctrine. These he arranges under three heads. First: does the Inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures concern only the thoughts, or does it extend also to the words of the writers? Second: Ought the Historical Books to be excepted from the plenary Inspiration? And third: Does the apparent insignificance of certain details in the Bible authorize their exclusion from this Inspiration? Let us listen to some portions of the second section.

Our author asks, "Where will you find, among all the uninspired narrators, a man who has written anything as St. Luke has written the Acts of the Apostles? Who has known how to recount in thirty pages the history of thirty of the most beautiful years of Christianity, from the ascension of the Son of Man to heaven, to the imprisonment of St. Paul in the capital of the Roman world? Incomparable History! See at once how short and how great it is! What do we not find in it? Discourses addressed to the Jews and to the Greeks,—pronounced before the tribunals, before the Areopagus and before the Sanhedrim, in the public places, and before a proconsul, in the synagogues and before kings; admirable descriptions of the primitive church; miraculous and dramatic scenes in its bosom; interventions of angels to deliver, to warn, or to punish; controversies and divisions in the assemblies of Christians; new institutions in the Church, the history of a first council and its synodic epistle; commentaries on the Scriptures; recitals of heresies; solemn and terrible judgments of God; appearances of the Lord in

the way, in the temple, in the prison; detailed conversions and such as were often miraculous, and singularly various." The Professor enumerates a number of instances illustrative of this wonderful variety and greatness of theme. He then exclaims and demands in the following terms: "And all this in thirty pages, or twenty-eight little chapters! Admirable brevity! Was there not need of the Holy Spirit of God for this conciseness, for the selection of details, for this pious, varied, brief, richly significant manner which employs so few words, and teaches so many things?"

Is it thus that men narrate events? "Could you find on the earth a man that is capable of relating the assassination of his mother with the manifest calmness, the propriety, the sobriety, the coolness of the four-fold narrative of the Evangelists, recounting the death of Jesus; of that Jesus whom they loved more than one loves his mother, more than one loves his life? That Jesus whom they adored; whom they had seen prostrate in Gethsemane, and afterwards betrayed, abandoned, dragged along, with his hands tied, into Jerusalem, and finally nailed naked to the cross, whilst the sun hid his light, the earth quaked, and He who had restored the dead to life was himself reduced to the state of the dead. Was there not need of the Spirit of God in each line, in each word, of such a narrative, to choose appropriately from an age, and from a world of reminiscences?"

Then think of the divine prudence manifested by these historians, which not only revealed itself in that information which they gave, but also in their reserve, both in the terms which they employed, and in those they shunned. Take, for example, the manner in which they speak of the mother of Jesus. "What divine foresight, what prophetic wisdom, there is both in their narratives and in their expressions. How easy it would have been for them, in their ardent adoration of the son, to have expressed themselves too respectfully of the mother? Would not a single word, suffered to escape them through an imprudence so natural in their first emotions, have for ever authorized the idolatry of the ages to come towards Mary, and the crime of the worship which has been rendered her? But that word they never uttered. Did they even once call her the Mother of God?"

What do the sacred historians say of her after the death and resurrection of their Saviour? Only one sentence! "These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." She is not named the first or the last. Then what do they say of her before the death of the Redeemer? How few are the sentences reported to us of all the words which he must have addressed to her! "Here is the first: 'Woman, what have I to do with thee,' —or what is this to me and thee,—when she interfered in his

ministry, which had just about commenced, and asked him to perform a miracle. Again, when a certain woman, from among the people, exclaimed in her ardent enthusiasm,—'Blessed is the womb which bare thee, and the paps which thou hast sucked,' 'Say,' he replied, 'Blessed rather are they who hear the word of God and keep it.' Listen now to the third: his mother and brethren had been shaken in their faith: they had listened to those who had said, 'He is beside himself!' And some one came and told him, 'Thy mother and thy brethren are without, who desire to see thee.' 'Who is my mother?' he replied. And stretching forth his hand towards his disciples, he said, 'Behold my mother . . . every woman who shall do the will of my Father who is in heaven is my mother.' And when finally he saw her from the cross, he called her no more by the name of mother, but he bequeathed her to the disciple whom he loved, saying, 'Woman, behold thy son: John, behold thy mother;' and from that hour that disciple received her into his house, not to adore her, but to protect her, as a feeble and suffering being, whose soul had been pierced as with a sword." The Professor here asks, "is it thus that man relates events, and was there not need that the prophetic Spirit should be the narrator of all these facts?"

The fourth chapter is devoted to a consideration of *the Use of Sacred Criticism, in its relation to Inspiration.* It is also under three heads that this division of the work is arranged. First, Sacred Criticism a Servant, not Judge. Second, a Historian, not a Diviner. And third, the Door-keeper of the Temple, and not its Divinity.

He thus describes the character and proper province of Sacred Criticism: "It is a noble science. It is so in regard to its object—the study of the destinies of the sacred text, its canon, its manuscripts, its versions, its witnesses, the vast numbers of those who have cited it. It is so by reason of its services:—what triumphs obtained over infidelity, what objections reduced to silence, what wicked doubts dissipated for ever! It is so in regard to its history:—how many eminent men have consecrated to it either the devotion of a pious life, or the resources of the most beautiful genius! It is so, finally, by reason of its immense labours, of which no one can know the extent unless he has studied it. God forbid that we should ever oppose faith to science:—the faith which lives by the truth, or the science which seeks for it! that faith which seeks for it (the truth) directly at the hand of God, to that science which seeks for it more indirectly elsewhere, and which often finds it! All that is true in one place is in pre-established harmony with that which is true in another and more elevated place. Faith, then, knows in advance, and before having seen anything, that all truth will render testimony to it. If then all true science, whatever it may be, is the friend of faith, Sacred Criticism is more than a friend;

she is almost a relative. But if she is honourable, useful, necessary, she is so only so long as she remains true, and keeps her proper place. So long as she does not quit the field which belongs to her, she is worthy of our respect; but from the moment she leaves it, it becomes necessary to restrain her; she is no longer a science, but only a silly soothsayer." A multitude of other passages in the chapter to which this last extract belongs are equally striking.

The fifth chapter contains a *Didactic Summary of the Doctrine of Inspiration*, and is chiefly engaged with an argumentative consideration of the subject, the ground having been cleared in the preceding chapters for such a course. The argument is conducted in a catechetical form; the questions being forty-five in number, with corresponding answers. These are made to cover the whole ground which the subject presents. We quote several of them:—

XVI. May much evil result from the doctrine, according to which the language of inspiration is only the human expression of a superhuman revelation, and, so to speak, but the natural reflection of a supernatural illumination?

There will ever result from it these two evils: either men will degrade the oracles of God to a level with the words of saints; or they will elevate the latter to a level with the Scriptures. It is a baneful consequence, whose alternatives have been produced in all ages. It is inevitable. All men, truly regenerated, being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, it follows, according to this doctrine, that they all possess, although in different degrees, the element of inspiration; so that, according to the arbitrary idea which you may have formed of their spiritual state, you will be inevitably led one while to assimilate the sacred writers to them, at another, to elevate them to the rank of men inspired from on high.

XVII. Can you cite religious bodies, in which the former of these evils have been realized. I mean to say, in which men have been carried to the length of reducing the Scriptures to the level of the words of the saints?

All the systems of the Protestant Doctors who suppose that there is some mixture of error in the sacred Scriptures are founded upon this doctrine,—from Semler and Ammon, to Eichhorn, Paulus, Gabler, Schuster and Restig; from De Wette to the more respectful systems of Michaelis, Rosenmüller, Scaliger, Capel, John Le Clerc, and Vossius. According to these systems, the divine light, by which the intelligence of the sacred writers was enlightened, might experience certain partial eclipses, by the inevitable effect of their natural infirmities, of a defect of memory, of an innocent ignorance, of a popular prejudice; so that their writings have retained the traces of it, and we can recognize the places where the shadows have fallen!

XVIII. Can you cite also some religious bodies in which the latter evil has occurred; I mean to say, in which, by having confounded inspiration with illumination, men have elevated saints and doctors to the rank of inspired men?

We may, above all, cite the Jews and Latins, or Roman Catholics.

XIX. What have the Jews done?

They have considered the Rabbis of the ages succeeding the Dispersion, as endowed with an infallibility which has placed them on a level with (if not above) Moses and the Prophets. They have attributed, without doubt, a sort of inspiration to the sacred Scriptures; but they have forbidden to explain the oracles of God, otherwise than according to their traditions. They have called the immense body of these "commandments of men" the *Oral Law*, the *Doctrine*, or the *Talmud*, distinguishing it into the *Mishna* or *Second Law*, and the *Gemara—complement* or *perfection*. They have maintained that it was transmitted from God to Moses, from Moses to Joshua, from Joshua to the prophets, from the prophets to Ezra, from Ezra to the doctors of the Great Synagogue, and from them to the Rabbis Antigonus, Soccho, Shemaia, Hillel, Schammai; until at length Judah the Holy committed it to the *Traditions*, or *Repetitions* of the law, which, at a later day, together with their commentary or complement (the Gemara), have formed, at first, the *Talmud of Jerusalem*, and afterwards that of Babylon.

"One of the greatest obstacles which we meet with among the Jews," says the Missionary MacCaul, "is their invincible prejudice in favour of their traditions and their commentaries; so that we cannot induce them to purchase our Bibles without notes or commentaries." "The law," say they, "is like salt; the Mishna, like pepper; the Talmud, like aromatics." "The Scriptures are like water; the Mishna like wine; and the Gemara like spiced wine." "My son," says Rabbi Isaac, "learn to give more attention to the words of the scribes than to the words of the Law." "Turn your children," said Rabbi Eleazar, on his death-bed, to his scholars who asked him respecting the way of life, "turn your children from the study of the Bible, and place them at the feet of the wise men." "Learn, my son," says Rabbi Jacob, "that the words of the scribes are more lovely than those of the prophets!"

XX. And what has resulted from these enormities?

It has resulted, by this means, that millions and millions of immortal souls, though wandering throughout the earth, though weary and heavy-laden, though despised and persecuted in every place, have carried about with them, into every nation of the earth, the book of the Old Testament, intact and complete, and have not ceased to read it, in the Hebrew, every Sabbath, in thousands and thousands of synagogues, during eighteen hundred years: without, however, discovering in it that Jewish Messiah whom we all adore, and to know whom would be from this day forth their deliverance, as it must one day be their happiness and their glory! Full well said Jesus unto them, "Ye reject the commandment of God, that ye may keep your tradition."

XXI. And what have the Latins done?

They have considered the Fathers, the Popes, the Councils of the successive ages of the Roman Church, as endowed with an infallibility which puts them on a level with (if not above) Jesus, the prophets, and the apostles. They have, it is true, differed greatly, one from another, on the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures; and the Faculties of Douay and Louvain, for example, resisted stoutly the opinion of the Jesuits, who

were unwilling to recognize in the operation of the Holy Spirit, anything more than a *direction* which preserved the sacred writers from error; but they have all forbidden to explain the sacred Scriptures otherwise than after the traditions. They have believed that they had the right to say, in all their Councils, as the apostles and prophets of Jerusalem, "It hath seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us." They have declared that it belonged to them to judge of the true sense of the Scriptures. They have called the immense body of these "commandments of men," the *Oral Law*, the *Unwritten Traditions*, the *Unwritten Law*. They have said that they were transmitted from God, and dictated by the mouth of Jesus Christ or the Holy Spirit, by a continual succession.

The sixth chapter treats of the *Scriptural proof of the doctrine of Inspiration*, according to a five-fold division. First: the whole Scripture is theopneustic, or inspired of God. Second: all the words of the prophets were from God. Third: all the Scriptures of the Old Testament are prophetic. Fourth: all the words of the New Testament are prophetic. And fifth: the examples of the Apostles and of their Master attest that, in their estimation, all the words of the sacred Books were given from God.

Professor Gaussen's grand purpose and confident effort may be said to belong to this chapter especially; seeing that he undertakes to establish the doctrine of the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures by means of Scriptural proof, from the Scriptures themselves. This part of the work, therefore, in which he puts forth all his strength, requires to be studied in its entire shape. His investigation extends to every passage in the Bible which seems to have a bearing on the question; and from the specimens already given of the carnestness, the knowledge, the ability, and the eloquence of the author, our readers must be convinced that it is an investigation of no ordinary character, whether its conclusions be regarded, or the masterly manner in which it is conducted.

The seventh and last chapter presents a summary of the entire subject of the book, with appropriate counsels to the reader, and impressive views relative to the voice of God as heard in and heard through the Scriptures. Our limits forbid us to cite passages from it; nor can it now be necessary after the samples and account which the preceding pages present. Neither need a single word of eulogy be added; for it is impossible for any person to withhold from our extracts high admiration of the tone and the talent of the writer. What then must be the impression after a continuous, a complete, and an anxious perusal of the volume? That the work is perfect, that it contains nothing but what must command acquiescence on the part of the serious reader, the author himself would not himself imagine. Particular opinions, although in no degree affecting the train of the argument or the character of the main doctrine, sometimes peep out, that will be questioned; such as that

when the Professor speaks of the second coming of our Saviour to reign personally on the earth. Still, whatever may be thought of incidental notions, or whatever may be objected, speaking critically, of the literature of the production, of its arrangement, its repetitions, and its elaborate style, the great majority of readers we think will pronounce Gaussen's *Theopneustia* to be a triumphant argument, and the most satisfactory they can meet with upon a question of paramount interest and importance; at the same time that it furnishes a large mass of finely informing and deeply captivating writing.

When we speak of the great majority of readers, we of course exclude sceptics, deists, and atheists. As we have more than once stated, he relies upon the Scriptures themselves for the establishment of the doctrine of plenary inspiration; nor does it appear that in any other way, or by any other evidence, can the doctrine be satisfactorily demonstrated to him who believes that the Scriptures are a Revelation; and it is to such persons that the Professor addresses himself. Infidels require to be plied with arguments and facts proper to establish the claim of the Bible to be a book which contains the revealed word of God. But after this has been yielded by the honest inquirer, it is needful to have the belief fixed and defined with regard to the degree in which the sacred writings have been inspired, and to have his convictions settled relative to all the main points of faith which our author has so eloquently and powerful set forth. We conclude with a short biographical notice.

Professor Gaussen is a native of Geneva, of a wealthy and respectable family. He preached the Gospel with zeal and ability, for several years, at Satigny, but was deprived of his pastoral charge by the Consistory of Geneva, for having promulgated doctrines and employed measures which that body did not regard as sound, as sufficiently *rational.* This tyrannical act led to a discussion which not only signally promoted what are called Evangelical views, but was the occasion as well as forerunner of the disrelished minister's principal displays and efforts in behalf of that which he considered to be the truth. It was this affair, more than any other one thing, which suggested the formation of the Evangelical Society of Geneva in 1831, and of the contemporaneous establishment of the new theological school of that city, and which owes its existence to that society. M. Gaussen was chosen Professor of Didactic Theology at the very commencement of the seminary; and as he possesses a sufficient fortune himself, it is believed that his services are wholly gratuitous. The man as well as his writings must be admired and revered, whenever mention is made of them or of him.

ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Michael Thomas Sadler, Esq., M.P., &c.* Seeley and Burnside.

POSTERITY will not accord so high a station to Mr. Sadler, as a large number of his contemporaries, not a few of whom were themselves eminent, on a sudden granted to him. There were certain circumstances of a transient nature which served to set him at the time in a striking light; just as there had been sundry causes, some of them natural, others accidental, which prevented him from ever arriving at that real eminence which would have commanded permanent and universal admiration.

With regard to the temporary circumstances which lent extraordinary eclât to Mr. Sadler's name for a brief space, we may mention the final agitation of the Catholic Question, when the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel evinced a determination to see it settled. Upon this stirring occasion the hero of the present volume brought all his powers and acquirements to bear on the measure, opposing and denouncing the claims with his wonted earnestness and vehemence, which so attracted the notice of the Duke of Newcastle, that it was by the advice and assistance of his Grace that the orator was brought into Parliament for Newark, and to the defeat of Serjeant Wilde, by a majority of 214. Having found himself on the floor of the House of Commons, it so happened that there were certain subjects to which the minds of many were either at that date intensely directed, or upon which an ardent and voluble eloquence could readily bring many to take an earnest part; at the same time that the subjects afforded scope for plausible one-sided argument, and where for a season narrow and superficial opinions might be pretty generally regarded as overwhelming. We need hardly do more than allude to the Irish Poor-laws, the Theory of Population, and the Factory question, in all of which Mr. Sadler took a characteristic share.

Now, it is not to be denied that upon these and some other questions Mr. Sadler succeeded to rivet attention for a season; and no doubt left impressions which, after his disappearance from the public stage, have done good, not only by arousing men's minds to great social diseases to which they had from long use become hardened, but by checking the brutality of individuals, and throwing shame upon the selfish practices of classes. Still, we must observe that he neither figured as the originator of any of these questions, nor as the philanthropist and philosopher whose foresight and agency was to bring them to a happy issue; or at least with half the effect which might have been expected from the temporary admiration that attended his efforts. And this brings us to consider for a moment what were the causes, natural as well as accidental, which prevented him

from achieving the highest and most lasting fame. First of all, however, we quote from the "Memoirs" a few paragraphs, in order to convey an idea not only of the principal stages in his career, but of his early promise and education. With regard to the epochs of his life, we have the following rapid and brief sketch:—

He was born at Snelston in Derbyshire, in the year 1780: he continued to reside in that village, and in the neighbouring one of Doveridge, until the year 1800, when he removed to Leeds. In 1813, he entered into partnership with the widow of the late Samuel Fenton, Esq., of that place, whose eldest daughter he married in 1816. In March, 1829, he was returned to Parliament as one of the representatives for the borough of Newark; for which place he was re-elected in July, 1830. In May, 1831, Parliament having been again dissolved, he was returned for the borough of Aldborough in Yorkshire. His connexion with Parliament terminating in December, 1832, he removed about a year afterwards to Belfast, in Ireland, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred in July, 1835, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Next, for his character and progress during his early years:—

His faculties seem to have developed themselves at an early age. A taste both for drawing and music manifested itself before he had reached his fifth year. Specimens of early talent in sketching, made about this period of his childhood, have been preserved in the family ever since; and at the same age he was accustomed to find out a tune on the harpsichord, after having heard it played or sung, with the assistance of the printed notes.

About the sixth year of his age he was placed under the care of Mr. Harrison, a schoolmaster of considerable reputation at Doveridge, and with him he remained till his fourteenth or fifteenth year. Here he acquired a competent knowledge of Latin and Greek, a good acquaintance with French, and the rudiments of Italian and German. But Mr. Harrison's favourite pursuit was that of mathematics, in which he greatly excelled, and to which he naturally directed the ardent mind of his pupil. By the time young Sadler had completed his eleventh year, he had gone through Saunderson's Algebra, calculated eclipses, found logarithms, and become conversant with the most abstruse problems in pure and practical geometry.

At this period he became a correspondent of the chief scientific periodical of the day; answering most of the mathematical problems proposed through that channel. Such, indeed, was his proficiency, that at this early age his tutor felt no hesitation in giving him the charge of a pupil of adult years, and who has since gained a distinguished reputation, but who was then passing the college vacation at Doveridge, for the benefit of Mr. Harrison's advice and direction.

At his twelfth year it was his father's intention to have removed him to a public school, with a view to his proceeding from thence to college. But on consulting Mr. Harrison, the tutor's fondness for his pupil caused

him to use such persuasions as induced Mr. Sadler to allow him to remain at Doveridge. Thus the whole plan and prospects of his life became deranged, and after remaining with Mr. Harrison till any longer stay appeared useless, he returned home, without any settled plan as to his further education or course of life.

Left now, for two or three years, very much to his own choice of pursuits, it happened fortunately that his father possessed a large and well-selected library, which had been bequeathed to him by Mrs. Sadler's relative, the Reverend Henry Wrigley, Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. This collection contained all the standard English authors, together with the leading Greek and Roman classics; and as Michael had an insatiable thirst for reading, a year or two spent with these companions made him familiar with all the best models both ancient and modern.

Leisure, and such a course of reading, soon produced one very common result in a mind of an imaginative and enthusiastic order. He began to indulge in a poetic vein to a considerable extent. He versified many of the Psalms, and produced a poem in Spenserian verse descriptive of the scenery of the river Dove. He also threw into heroic verse the account of Darius's feast; given in 1 Esdras, iv. This, with some other pieces, he at one time intended to send to the press; but, discovering that Southey had anticipated him in the subject, he abandoned the intention.

Now, relative to Sadler's natural character,—his deficiencies and his peculiarities, the "Memoirs," and indeed all that was before currently known concerning him, enable us first of all to pronounce that he was endowed with real benevolent feeling, with an ardent temperament, with an imaginative turn of mind, and even with considerable poetic powers. He was also master of great fluency, and could enrich his speeches and writings with apt and ready illustrations drawn from a variety of sources. We may add, that he was clever at detecting the fallacies of opponents, the errors of those who were wrong-doers, and popular in his method of declaiming against abuses, or about the sufferings of the poor and the labouring classes. But, on the other hand, his benevolence was not guided by a deep philosophy, or expanded so as to embrace the whole truth,—the entire field which called for sympathy and justice. His eloquence, again, chiefly dealt in common-places, which for want of depth and extension often amounted to fallacies; while his method, as well as capacity for haranguing, pointed him out as a zealous demagogue who had charity for no one that did not think exactly as he himself did. He seems to have indulged an anger against the manufacturers as a class, just as he did against Malthus as an individual, that would have resulted in persecution had he possesed despotic power.

Again, the course of his education, the spheres in which he moved before becoming a parliament man, nay, the very direction of his tastes towards literature, haranguing, and lecturing, for a

series of years, were not calculated to prepare or to prune him for the career of a statesman. Let us here quote from the "Memoirs," and introduce, along with some suggestive remarks, Sir James Mackintosh as a critic :—

The main drawback to his acceptability and usefulness, was one which arose out of the circumstances in which he had been placed for the first five-and-forty years of his life: it was well indicated by one of the most accurate observers in the old House of Commons, Sir James Mackintosh. In the spring of 1829, when the eclât of Mr. Sadler's first appearance in that assembly brought his name and pretensions into daily discussion in every society, Mr. Zachary Macaulay, happening to meet this veteran critic and orator, immediately put the question, "This Mr. Sadler, whom all men are talking about, what sort of a man is he, Sir James?—What is your opinion of him?" "Why," replied Sir James, "there is no doubt that he is a great man; but he appears to me *to have been used to a favourable auditory.*"

Sir James had here, with an intuitive sagacity, both hinted at the defects in Mr. Sadler's mode of address, and had suggested most truly their real cause and origin. Unlike such men as Canning, and Brougham, and Peel, who were brought as youths, upon the noblest arena in the world, and forced to train themselves cautiously and step by step, in the presence of the Nestors of the senate, until all exuberances were pruned away, all weaknesses remedied, and a style formed by practice, exactly suited to the place and the auditory: unlike, we repeat, these happier competitors, Mr. Sadler dwelt and moved, until mature age, amidst the society of men who were, almost universally, his inferiors both in mental powers and acquirements. It was impossible that this circumstance should fail to produce an injurious effect. He became accustomed, as a matter of right and of course, to declaim, to lecture, to expatiate. On every side he grew accustomed to meet the gaze of admiring and delighted auditors; but scarcely ever had he the advantage of grappling with an equal.

It is to us quite clear from what we have quoted from the "Memoirs," or previously read and heard of the man, that Mr. Sadler was not qualified by nature or by acquirements to maintain an ascendancy in the House of Commons. It was all very well to listen to him, once or twice, about the wrongs of the Factory children, or relative to the encroachments made upon the comforts and wonted privileges of the agricultural poor. But these topics would have became stale in his hands, even although the *Lower* House consisted of a set of men that prefer declamation and vehement utterance of oft-repeated sentiments to practical sense and substantial matter. But there was a greater drawback to Mr. Sadler's enduring fame than the unpruned style or the reiterating to which we have alluded. As we have already stated, his philosophy was straitened, limited, and narrow, and therefore unsound as well as illiberal. He laboured under strong prejudices, as might be ex-

pected of one whose religious sentiments were stringent, whose temperament was ardent, and who had not been logically schooled by experience. He, for example, clearly perceived and earnestly described the sufferings of the Factory children, but he never seems to have carried his eye to the remoter causes of the evil, or to have been capable of devising a wholesome and permanent practical cure for it. Neither when he called for acts of Parliament does he seem to have considered how idle it is to grapple with tides in the transitions of society by means of paper and parchment issued by a legislature.

We might extend these general kinds of remark with regard to Mr. Sadler's political career; and enforce them by special references to many of his opinions and exertions. This would, however, cause us to exceed the space which we think is called for by the "Memoirs." We therefore hasten to a conclusion. The paragraphs which we now copy out exhibit him at a most interesting period of his history, while they glance at defects and habits which must have considerably diminished his public influence. The period we allude to was that during which he was contemplating a speedy removal from our world. We are told,—

His sole occupation during all this period was of a character suited to his circumstances. The Scriptures were seldom out of his hand: his conversation was filled with the *one topic;* and earnest and vehement prayer absorbed him day and night. That his petitions were indeed heard and answered, became apparent to his afflicted relatives by several unequivocal signs. Among these we may specify,—

1. A perfect calmness and indifference to things which had for many years past almost monopolized his thoughts. As one instance of this may be mentioned, a fresh and very earnest application for permission to use his name as a candidate for a large borough in a midland county of England. The application was not only declined on the instant—which, indeed, was a matter of course, but it was put aside without a single sigh, or so much as a quickening of the pulse.

2. Having always been of an impetuous and irritable temperament, the silent endurance of pain had never been a feature in his character in former years. Now, however, although ease wholly forsook him, and his sufferings were constant and unremitting, his patient endurance was quite remarkable, and his mind seemed swallowed up by a feeling that all his pains were infinitely less than his deservings; and by an intense desire to realize that interest in the greater and truly availing sufferings of the Saviour which might enable him to exclaim, with the Apostle's exulting confidence, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

3. Another most evident and remarkable change took place in him. When in health, the confidence which he felt in the truth of his own principles, and the vehemence with which he maintained them, constantly led him to speak of his opponents, especially of those who had written "against

the poor," in terms of unsparing severity. It was not any personal feeling which prompted this; he merely adopted too dogmatically the language applied in holy writ to the oppressors of the poor and the needy. But now a total change took place in this respect. The greatest meekness and gentleness displayed itself whenever opposing controversialists were alluded to; and he was quite as ready to find an exculpatory plea or charitable supposition, as he had formerly been to hurl anathemas at "the enemies of the poor."

It only remains for us now to say a word about the literary merits of the volume before us. The biographer, it is to be borne in mind, has had to work up memoirs from a life destitute of stirring incident, and consisting of a mere record of opinions and writings. Accordingly we have little more than an account of speeches, with ample extracts from them, and a recapitulation of the extravagant compliments paid by persons whose opinions squared with those of Mr. Sadler. This so far as regards one section of the contents. Then as relates to writings, we have his anti-Malthusian arguments presented afresh; while his efforts in behalf of the Factory children and in other philanthropic walks are minutely recorded. In doing all this the biographer evinces kindred feeling and principle to what were cherished by the hero of the book, and is naturally eulogistic; exhibiting also a considerable share of the sectarian spirit displayed by Mr. Sadler. But after all the volume is not without valuable and interesting features; for while it lends us a considerable insight into the character of the man, it also affords an instructive type of class thinkers whose intentions are as sincere and humane as their dogmatism is offensive; whose hearts are as warm as their heads are contracted. Mr. Sadler was disgusted at the dry and mathematical enunciations of the political economists; and did not see how their theory could be compatible with truth and with humanity; and therefore with the zeal of a good, although not with the knowledge of a very great man, ceased not to denounce the presumed enormities, and died a real Christian.

ART. III.—1. *The Rise and Progress of the Laws of England and Wales.* By OWEN FLINTOFF, Esq. Richards and Co.

2. *The English Constitution; a Popular Commentary on the Constitutional Law of England.* By GEORGE BOWYER, M.A. Burns.

THESE publications contemplate kindred although separate branches of a wonderfully broad subject, which, if skilfully treated, must be rendered no less interesting than they are recondite. "The Rise and Progress of the Laws of England" necessarily impose upon Mr. Flintoff the task of tracing through many a curious region the origin and the modifications of our national customs and established forms,

often going far back, and to periods of deep obscurity, for the elements of our present most remarkable institutions. Not that he can pretend, especially with regard to the unwritten law, to guide the student with close precision, or that he can confidently apportion to each source its particular contributions. "It would be vain," he admits, "to endeavour to trace to its fountain-head every custom that forms part of the ocean of the unwritten law; we can only say that this or that custom was discovered at such a period, perhaps, then just swelling up into the future river, or perhaps already a broad and steady stream; or again, that such a custom flowed from that distant range of hills, where lodged in primeval times an early tribe, the natural lords of the land; or else that it had not risen and commenced its downward course, till the children of another people had occupied that region. It seems, therefore, that as it would be useless to seek to fix and determine each part of the great mass of customs which form the common law, the simplest way will be to trace the usages of each of those nations who now form the united community; and as these respectively must have constituted that body of customs which became afterwards commingled and blended together, it is clear that thus we shall arrive at something like certainty." Analogous to the rise, progress, and development of our language, which has been enriched not only as civilization and mind recorded their conquests, but with the ample borrowings from a number of foreign nations who from time to time have established a footing and been naturalized in our country, must be the ingredients of the great deep of unwritten laws; and with very considerable learning, legal, antiquarian, and historical, has Mr. Flintoff, who is a barrister, collected and distinguished the quality and source of some of the more important of the elements. We need hardly name the sources from which Britain principally must have derived the elements of her laws. Neither shall we attempt to follow our author with any degree of closeness when endeavouring to ascertain the proportion which was native; or such contributions as belonged respectively to Saxon, Dane, and Norman. The Romans, every one is aware, bequeathed a deep impress of themselves upon our institutions and customs, as well as upon our arts and literature. And how rude, simple, and picturesque was the basis upon which the mighty superstructure has been reared! In Druidical times the laws of the Britons were oral, and couched in verse. They were afterwards codified by Hoel the Good, and called Triads, the number three being a sacred number among the ancient inhabitants of this country. Nor have some of the most curious elements of their laws departed from amongst us at this day; neither have they been totally obliterated by innovation. Says Mr. Flintoff,—

The Triads and laws of Hoel, both remotely derived from the Bardic lore, thus form the repositories of the usages and customs of the Britons. In their solitary cairns, we see the visible and touching memorials which point out the dwelling-seats of their tribes. In their language, largely mixing with that now spoken, we have another vestige that has travelled in the memories of their children. If again we turn to their ancient laws, we shall find these also existing to a great degree amongst their descendants. * * * Amongst other principles which we find laid down in the laws of Hoel, is one, that a witness to an accusation must swear that he knew and saw what he swears to, agreeably to the present well-established rule, and another, that the testimony of one man should not be taken. So the husband and wife could not give evidence respectively against one another; nor could the wife be brought forward to give evidence without her husband; the like thing applying in the case of an infant, for whom his father or guardian must have appeared. Although, however, the wife was considered as part of her husband, yet she had certain rights of her own. Thus the wife of the king could dispose of the thirds given to her by the king; and the wife of a freeman could dispose of all her paraphernalia and such like goods; but this did not hold in the case of the wife of a villanus or bondsman. The wife had also a right to all her articles of dress to which her husband could not lay claim; and it appears she was entitled to a dowry, and a present from her husband immediately after the marriage; besides which, she received on that occasion an outfit from her own family and connexions, a custom which now remains, it is said, in some parts of Wales.

It is not generally known that, even before the arrival of the German tribes, the elements of our Parliament were recognized by the Britons. Still, the Saxons introduced a number of new laws and principles of jurisprudence. For example, trial by ordeal was one of their innovations. A specimen may be new to most of our readers; viz., that by the *offa execrata*, the method by which the priests used to purge themselves, "and which they chose, probably," observes our author, "as the least likely to put the party in jeopardy. A morsel of bread was placed on the altar with great preparation and ceremony, which the person to be tried had to eat. If it stuck in his throat, which was improbable, this was to be considered as a token of his guilt."

The Saxons had an ingenious method of making sure of the peaceful and dutiful conduct of each person in a *tything*; viz., by the enforcement of the Frankpledge, which was a mutual agreement of all for the proper behaviour of each. We here quote from the essay before us:—

The next of the Saxon territorial divisions were the Tythings, also called Decennaries and Fribourgs, and which derived their name from containing ten free families. At the head of every tything an officer presided, who was called the head of the fribourg; and every one of the free members

was, as we have seen, a security for the rest, pledging himself that each would behave orderly, and stand to the inquiries and awards of justice, from which reciprocal engagement and guarantee this sort of community was also called *frankpledge*. If any of them fled from justice, the Tything was allowed thirty-one days to produce him. If he did not then make his appearance, the head of the fribourg might take two principal persons of his own tything, and the head and two other members of each of three adjoining tythings, and might, by himself and these others, making together twelve, purge himself and his tything from any privity to the offender's escape: but if he was not able to purge himself by this corroboration, he and his tything had of themselves to make compensation to the party injured.

A number of remarkable and permanent institutions were brought in by the Saxons; such as those which have their copies in territorial and local courts, where justice was almost invariably administered. "Indeed it was a maxim which exists also in the time we live in, that the king should not be resorted to as long as justice could be obtained in the proper inferior courts."

With the Normans came in the influence of the feudal laws; but still the Saxon system formed the great foundation of the common law. Mr. Flintoff says,—

When the Conqueror ascended the English throne, claiming it in right of the will of Edward the Confessor, and not obtaining his title from a notion of conquest over the people, which he carefully disclaimed, but for the feudal meaning of the term conquest, which signifies *acquest*, or newly acquired feudal rights, he solemnly swore, in the fourth year of his reign, that he would observe the ancient and approved laws of the kingdom, particularly those of Edward the Confessor, and also ordered that twelve Saxons in each county should make inquiry, and certify what those laws were. Subsequently to this, it was solemnly ordained, in a general council, that the laws of Edward, with such alterations and additions as the Conqueror himself had made, should in all things be observed.

The following are some of the most important innovations made in the character of *acquests*:—

1. Among the first of these alterations we may reckon the separation of the ecclesiastical courts from the civil, effected in order to ingratiate the new king with the popish clergy, who for some time before had been endeavouring, all over Europe, to exempt themselves from the secular power, and whose demands the Conqueror, like a politic prince, thought it prudent to comply with, by reason that their reputed sanctity had a great influence over the minds of the people; and because all the little learning of the times was engrossed into their hands, which made them necessary men, and by all means to be gained over to his interests. * * 2. Another violent alteration of the English constitution consisted in the depopulation of whole counties, for the purposes of the king's royal diversion; and subjecting both

them, and all the ancient forests of the kingdom, to the unreasonable severities of forest laws imported from the continent, whereby the slaughter of a beast was made almost as penal as the death of a man. * * 3. A third alteration in the English laws was by narrowing the remedial influence of the county courts, the great seats of Saxon justice, and extending the *original* jurisdiction of the king's justiciars to all kinds of causes, arising in all parts of the kingdom. To this end the *aula regis*, with all its multifarious authority, was erected; and a capital justiciary appointed, with powers so large and boundless, that he became at length a tyrant to the people, and formidable to the crown itself. The constitution of this court, and the judges themselves who presided there, were fetched from the duchy of Normandy; and the consequence naturally was, the ordaining that all proceedings in the king's courts should be carried on in the Norman, instead of the English language: a provision the more necessary, because none of his Norman justiciars understood English; but resembling those badges of slavery which are imposed upon a conquered people. This lasted till King Edward the Third obtained a double victory,—over the armies of France in their own country, and their language in our court here at home. * * 4. A fourth innovation was the introduction of the trial by combat, for the decision of all civil and criminal questions of fact in the last resort. This was the immemorial practice of all the northern nations, but first reduced to regular and stated forms among the Burgundi about the close of the fifth century; and from them it passed to other nations, particularly the Franks and the Normans. * * 5. But the last and most important alteration, both in our civil and military polity, was the engrafting on all landed estates, a few only excepted, the fiction of feudal tenure, which drew after it a numerous and oppressive train of servile fruits and appendages, aids, reliefs, primer seisins, wardships, marriages, escheats and fines for alienation; the genuine consequences of the maxim then adopted, that all the lands in England were derived from, and holden, mediately or immediately, of the crown.

We shall content ourselves with one extract belonging to that portion of Mr. Flintoff's essay which treats of the Statute-Law. It is remarkable that Charles the Second's reign was prolific of good Acts:—

The fourth period, which we are next to mention, is after the restoration of King Charles the Second: immediately upon which, the principal remaining grievances, the doctrine and consequences of military tenures, were taken away and abolished, except in the instance of corruption of inheritable blood, upon attainder of treason and felony. And though the monarch, in whose person the royal government was restored, and with it our ancient constitution, deserves no commendation from posterity, yet in his reign, wicked, sanguinary, and turbulent as it was, the concurrence of happy circumstances was such, that from thence we may date, not only the re-establishment of our church and monarchy, but also the complete restitution of English liberty, for the first time, since its total abolition at the Conquest. For therein not only these slavish tenures, the badge of foreign

dominion, with all their oppressive appendages, were removed from incumbering the estates of the subject; but also an additional security of his person from imprisonment was obtained, by that great bulwark of our constitution, the Habeas Corpus Act. These two statutes, with regard to our property and persons, form a second Magna Charta, as beneficial and effectual as that of Running-Mead. That only pruned the luxuriances of the feudal system; but the statute of Charles the Second extirpated all its slaveries: except perhaps in copyhold tenure; and there also they are now in great measure enervated by gradual custom, and the interposition of our courts of justice. Magna Charta only, in general terms, declared, that no man shall be imprisoned contrary to law: the Habeas Corpus Act points him out effectual means, as well to release himself, though committed even by the king in council, as to punish all those who shall thus unconstitutionally misuse him. To these we may add the abolition of the prerogative of purveyance and pre-emption; the statute for holding trienenial parliaments; the Test and Corporation Acts, to secure at once both civil and religious liberty; the abolition of the writ de hæretico comburendo; the statute of frauds and perjuries, a great and necessary security to private property; the statute for distribution of intestates' estates; and that of amendments and jeofails, which cut off those superfluous niceties which so long had disgraced our courts; together with many other wholesome acts that were passed in this reign, for the benefit of navigation and the improvement of foreign commerce, and the whole, when we likewise consider the freedom from taxes and armies which the subject then enjoyed, will be sufficient to demonstrate this truth, "that the constitution of England had arrived to its full vigour, and the true balance between liberty and prerogative was happily established by *law* in the reign of Charles the Second."

Mr. Bowyer's work is very fitly called a "Popular Commentary on the Constitutional Law of England;" for while it presents a good compilation from a number of sources, some of them not readily accessible, or at least so removed from the ordinary fountains of information that few would think of combining the whole, it is also agreeably and even attractively written. But there is more than a skilful compiling from Blackstone and many other authorities. Mr. Bowyer having extended and traced the history and principles of the "English Constitution" as developed down to the present time, and having also affixed notes of reference in corroboration of his curious facts. The work may therefore be regarded as not only a popular commentary, but as a text-book to the students of the Constitutional Law of England.

By the terms Constitutional Law something distinct from what is understood by Criminal and Civil Law is meant, and also from what may be regarded as statutory and written. Constitutional Law, as viewed in the present volume, brings us to the consideration of what are the institutions and customs,—the rights, privileges, and position, of the different orders in the state, as these have come to

be recognized and fixed in the progress of society and the development of unwritten law; and consequently the work reads as a proper sequel,—a good companion to that by Mr. Flintoff. Accordingly we have due attention paid to the constitution of Parliament, its usages, laws and powers; to the functions, the prerogative, the revenue, the exemptions, &c. of the sovereign, together with the privileges of the other branches of the royal family. And here it is interesting to find how the constitution has provided for conjunctures which may be of very uncertain occurrence. For example,—

The heir-apparent to the crown is usually created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; but he is immediately on his birth Duke of Cornwall. This is a very peculiar species of inheritance, created by act of Parliament, whereof there is no other instance. The Duchy of Cornwall is in the Queen until she has male issue; and on the birth of an heir-apparent, he will immediately become Duke of Cornwall by inheritance; but to hold the dukedom only so long as he does not inherit the crown and have a son and heir; for as soon as the father becomes King, the law vests the Duchy of Cornwall in his heir-apparent.

The constitution, the powers, the jurisdiction and the functions of the judicial institutions, from the highest in the land down to those of petty courts, are discussed; while not less interesting, and perhaps not less important, as regards the well-being of the nation, is the nature of our local machinery for the preservation of order, the enforcement of justice, and the dignity of indispensable forms; there being included in this class whatever belongs to the institution of sheriffs, justices of the peace, coroners, corporation-authorities, and so forth. Nor are the peculiar conditions of clergy and laity overlooked, both as the one order is contrasted with the other, and as each divides into degrees, even down to merchants, tradesmen, artificers, and labourers. We may also refer to curious and useful information furnished by our author with regard to the position and liberties of natural-born subjects, of denizens, and of aliens. We have intimated that Mr. Bowyer is explicit relative to the privileges of the members of the royal family. Take him on the matter of precedence:—

The younger sons and daughters of the Sovereign are entitled to a peculiar place in the House of Lords; for it is enacted by the stat. 31 Hen. VIII. c. x. that no person except the King's children shall presume to sit or have place at the side of the Cloth of Estate in the Parliament Chamber. It was also decided by the House of Lords, to whom the settlement of the place and precedence of Edward Duke of York, second son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and grandson of George the Second, was referred by the King, that under the description of the King's children his grandsons are included; and that the Duke of York ought to have place next to the Duke of Cumberland, the King's youngest son, and might have a seat on the left hand of the Cloth of Estate.

But when, by the decease of King George the Second, those royal personages ceased to be the *children*, and became the brother and uncle of the reigning Sovereign, they, as Blackstone informs us, left their seats on the side of the Cloth of Estate; so that when the Duke of Gloucester, second brother of King George the Third, took his seat in the House of Peers, he was placed on the upper end of the Earl's bench, (on which the Dukes usually sit,) next to his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

What makes an English gentleman?—

"As for *gentlemen*," says Sir Thomas Smith, "they be made good cheap in this kingdom; for whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, and (to be short) who can live idly and without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called master, and be taken for a gentleman." Yet it would seem that, strictly speaking, according to the law, Lord Coke's definition is correct. "Every gentleman must be *arma gerens;* and the best trial of a gentleman in blood (which is the lowest degree of nobility) is by bearing of arms. . . . . So in these days the rule is, *nobiles sunt qui insignia gentilicia generis sui proferre possunt.*" And hence we may deduce that there are gentlemen by hereditary descent, and gentlemen by grant of coat-armour.

Some of the institutions and courts which were once in high repute, have of course gone out, or fallen into desuetude, with change of manners and opinions; such, for example, as found support in what are called the dark and the feudal ages. The Court of Chivalry may be quoted:—

Certain general words in the statute 13 Rich. II. c. ii. support the claim of this court, "1. To give relief to such of the nobility and gentry as think themselves aggrieved in matters of honour; and 2. To keep up the distinction of degrees and quality. Whence it follows, that the civil jurisdiction of this Court of Chivalry is principally in two points; the redressing injuries of honour, and correcting encroachments in matters of coat-armour, precedency, and other distinctions of families. As a court of honour, it is to give satisfaction to all such as are aggrieved in that point; a point of a nature so nice and delicate, that its wrongs and injuries escape the notice of the common law, and yet are fit to be redressed somewhere. Such, for instance, as calling a man a coward, or giving him the lie; for which, as they are productive of no immediate damage to his person or property, no action will lie in the Courts at Westminster; and yet they are such injuries as will prompt every man of spirit to demand some honourable amends; which, by the ancient law of the land, were appointed to be given in the Court of Chivalry. But modern resolutions have determined, that how much soever such a jurisdiction may be expedient, yet no action for words will lie therein.

As to the other point of its civil jurisdiction, the redressing of encroachments and usurpations in matters of heraldry and coat-armour, it is the business of this court, according to Sir Matthew Hale, to adjust the right

of armorial ensigns, bearings, crests, supporters, pennons, &c.; and also rights of place or precedence, where the King's patent, or act of Parliament (which cannot be overruled by this court), have not already determined it.

ART. IV.—*History of the Earldoms of Strathern, Monteith, and Airth.* By SIR HARRIS NICOLAS. Pickering.

WITH this History we have a "Report of the Proceedings before the House of Lords on the claim of Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. to the Earldom of Airth;" this claim, which was in the course of legal proceedings, extended to the Earldoms of Strathern and Monteith, having given rise to the learned pedigree-finder's volume. And a volume of very considerable interest it is, even although the reader may be neither lawyer nor antiquary, neither versed in heraldic nor genealogical lore. To be sure the work will be chiefly valuable to persons who already possess, or wish to acquire, a knowledge of Peerage law; but Sir Harris has arranged and illustrated the dryer points of his subject in such a manner as to render them fit for the general reader; these points being often curious in themselves, and even romantic in their character, as well as results. We have not only many family incidents and details, exhibiting strikingly Scottish individual character at periods when the lineaments were most strongly marked; but even the national history, at notable epochs, is indicated by remarkable passages in the archives of single families. The fortunes of some of the most ancient and renowned Scottish houses are indeed wonderful. Mutability stamps them, and renders them, whether in the zenith of their barbaric power, or in their prostration and utter ruin, fit themes for the novelist and the romantic dramatist. The moral which they teach is not less impressive if drawn from the reluctance to part with the semblance of power and state when the substance is gone, and the aversion to adapt the ideas manfully to the reality of circumstances, than is the lesson which their sudden vicissitudes bequeath. A notice of some of the circumstances in the history of these Earldoms, and of the claims which have been advanced by members of the houses mentioned, will indicate not merely how intricate their condition in a legal sense may become, but how significantly and widely the facts may point, and how strangely affect the position of individuals.

The truth is, that the branch of the Stuart family, which occupied the throne so long, was not legitimate. The first king of the line was Robert the Second, who had in an early period of his life three sons by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Adam Muir, the eldest of whom ascended the throne, having been legitimized by the subsequent

marriage of his parents; although there was issue by an earlier marriage, the children, however, being younger in years, yet older in respect of legitimacy by the law of Scotland: the Pope's dispensation was only discovered about a century ago.

The issue of Elizabeth Muir having mounted the throne, jealousies continued long after to be cherished by the royal family towards the junior but more legitimate descendants; while the aspirations of the latter on the other hand were not less pointed and keen. And thus enmities were fostered, intrigues hatched, and troubles entailed.

King Robert created his eldest son born in wedlock Earl of Strathern. There is no existing charter of this creation; but according to a subsequent charter, the title was granted to *heirs;* and, in fact, till the reign of James the First, the earldom continued, the family having by this time acquired vast possessions. James, however, requiring money, as well as being determined to limit the power of the nobles, some of whom were almost in a condition, at least of a mind, to divide the sway with him, seized upon the earldom, when the earl, a minor, was a hostage in England; alleging that the title had reverted to the Crown; at the same time creating the youth Earl of Monteith instead, with certain annexed lands. The assassination of the monarch was not unconnected with these strong measures.

During several centuries the earldom of Monteith, the title and the territory, in as far as legal recognition went, were definite and secure. But William Graham, the seventh earl, who was not only lucky enough to stand in the highest favour with Charles the First, but rash enough to cherish an inordinate ambition beyond this, laid claim to the title of Earl of Strathern, and also to such lands, *not* in the possession of the Crown, territorially belonging to the earldom, as had been granted to subjects. Charles consented so far as to grant to him and his *heirs-male* the title of Earl of Strathern, with precedency.

William Graham's ambition was, of course, fed by these concessions, and vaulted higher, till he met with a check that issued in the creation of a new title, that of Airth; if not to the extinction of the earldoms of Strathern and Monteith, at least to their merging in that of the new creation. And now commenced the downfal of the proud house; and from this point, too, the reader of the History cannot but obtain a curious view of the parties who figured in the intrigues connected with these earldoms. Two or three extracts will indicate the form which the manœuvres took, and also the characters of some of the parties,—lawyers as well as courtiers. We quote:—

"The admission of the Earl of Monteith," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "to the ancient Earldom of Strathern, roused the jealousy of the Peers, over

whom he had thereby obtained precedence; and the fears of numerous persons were excited lest his claim to the territorial Earldom should affect their right to their estates. A powerful confederacy was formed against him; and his own ambition and imprudence having afforded ample materials for the designs of his enemies, his fall was even more rapid than his elevation.

A statement was prepared and circulated by the Earls of Seaforth and Tullibardin, Sir John Scot of Scotstarvet, Director of the Chancery, and others, in which it was asserted that the admission of the Earl of Monteith to the Earldom of Strathern, as heir of Prince David, would be "dangerous and prejudicial to his Majesty, to the public peace, and to the state of the country; on the ground that as the children of King Robert the Second by Elizabeth Muir were born before marriage, the recognition of the Earl of Monteith as heir of Prince David, the eldest son of King Robert's marriage with Euphemia Ross, would give him a better right to the crown of Scotland than the King himself." Six "Reasons" were assigned to show the expediency of forbidding the Earl of Monteith to pursue his claim to the Earldom of Strathern—

1st. That it was not judicious for his Majesty to promote the succession of the descendants of Euphemia Ross to such an estate and power in the country, as might, in case of a commotion, "give them occasion to think upon the kingdom."

2nd. That it would be an imputation upon his Majesty's honour to restore that Earldom to the successors of Malise Graham, from whom it was taken by King James the First, "a virtuous and just Prince;" because such restoration would be to asperse that Monarch with "injury, oppression, and avarice," and be a justification of his murder by Sir Robert Graham, for having wrongfully usurped the Earldom.

3rd. That as the Earldom had been annexed to the Crown by Parliament, it would be inexpedient to repeal that proceeding.

4th. That as the Earldom had been "set in few" by Parliament to various tenants in the year 1508, many "honest gentlemen" would be ruined and divested of their estates if it were to be again separated from the Crown.

5th. That if the Earl of Monteith were to recover the Earldom, it would produce great diminution of his Majesty's "rent and obedience!" because much land and many persons would be subjected to the Earl, as they would then hold of him; among others, the Earls of Montrose, Perth, Tullibardin, the Viscount of Duplin, Lord Maderty, &c.

6th. That King James the Sixth always refused to grant the title, and still more the territorial Earldom of Strathern, to any subject; saying to those who sought it, that "he had no more for the blood and slaughter of King James the First."

The Earl of Monteith was proud and powerful; the King was his friend and was displeased with his favourite's revilers and wily enemies. But he also had his eye upon the points to which their arguments and insinuations tended. He therefore, although the occasion and the case were disrelished, called for further investiga-

tion, and for opinions also upon the questions suggested and their bearings. Unfortunately for the Earl, the whole matter was conducted by persons and parties hostile to him. This is the summary of what was done and said, at a critical period of the affair:—

Six "Propositions concerning the Earldom of Strathern" were accordingly drawn up and submitted to Sir James Skene, Sir Archibald Aicheson, and Sir John Scot. Their opinions were, of course, condemnatory of the pretensions of the Earl of Monteith to the territorial Earldom of Strathern, as well as of his conduct in asserting himself to be heir in blood of Prince David.

These learned persons, in answer to the Propositions, reported that the general service of the Earl of Strathern gave no right to that Earldom, because it was annexed to the Crown by King James the Second; and that, as the Earl had no right to it, his renunciation in favour of the King was of no effect, but, on the contrary, weakened his Majesty's right by accepting a right from him, and "acknowledging a necessity of renunciation when there was no need;" that his Majesty, by granting the Lordship of Urchat to the Earl, had wronged himself, under the idea that it was part of that Earldom, by giving away that which was his own, and would also wrong those who held under the Crown; that the Earl could not be retoured and infeft in that Earldom as nearest heir of David Earl of Strathern, comformably to the clause in the renunciation, because it was annexed to the Crown.

To the fourth of those Propositions, (which, like the fifth and sixth, was obviously put with the view of alarming the King's jealousy and exciting his displeasure,) "Is it not boldness that the said Earl should have served himself heir of blood to David Earl of Strathern, eldest lawful son of the first marriage to King Robert the Second, whereby he is put in degree of blood equal to his Majesty?" they replied, "In our judgment the boldness seems too great."

The inference thus sought to be raised was artfully supported by the next Proposition. "It is craved if the Earl of Strathern may serve himself heir to King Robert the Second, seeing he is already served heir to David Earl of Strathern, eldest son of King Robert the Second?" which was, in other words, almost demanding whether, if the Earl were admitted heir to Earl David, he would not also be heir to the Crown of Scotland? To this question they discreetly answered, "If the case were among subjects, we see nothing to the contrary."

The last Proposition was dexterously framed with the view of showing the King the presumption of the Earl of Monteith, and the effect of his proceedings on his Majesty's interests. "It is craved whether the King is prejudiced in honour and state by acknowledging the said Earl to be undoubted heir to David Earl of Strathern, and consequently to be in degree of blood equal to his Majesty?" to which it was no less astutely answered, "That, apparently, if his Majesty had known the consequence of it, for reason of state he would never have done it; and it seems to us his Majesty's honour to be interested in acknowledging any subject to be equal in blood to himself."

It is impossible to attach due weight to those Propositions and to the answers to them, without bearing in mind that the *status* of King Robert the Second's children by Elizabeth Muir was then a matter of extreme delicacy. The learned triumvirate, by asserting that King Robert's marriage with Euphemia Ross was his *first* marriage, showed their disbelief of his previous marriage with Elizabeth Muir, and thus threw great doubt on the right by birth of his Majesty's ancestor King Robert the Third to the throne.

The expression "equal in blood" seems to have been used in an equivocal sense; and its true meaning would rather appear to be "superior in blood," because all the descendants (who were then very numerous) of any child of King Robert the Second, or of the child of any subsequent King of Scotland, were "equal in blood" to King Charles the First, though no jealousy was felt respecting their descent from the blood royal.

But it was not thought enough that the results of the investigation and counsellings should be conveyed to Charles; for Sir John Scot proceeded *incontinently* to London to back the transmitted documents with verbal arguments, fortifying himself in every possible way:—

On Scot's arrival at Hampton Court, about the 27th December 1632, he had a long conference with his Majesty, and showed him a remarkable paper which he had caused his brother-in-law, the celebrated William Drummond of Hawthornden, to draw up, deducing from the history of England, Scotland, and Portugal, various precedents in support of the opinions which he, Skene, and Aicheson, had given, respecting the danger of admitting the Earl of Monteith to be heir of David Earl of Strathern. The King instantly commanded this paper to be read in his presence.

After adverting to the effect of the restoration in blood by King Henry the Sixth of Richard Duke of York, (who afterwards laid claim to the crown,) and to his descent from King Edward the Third, and allowing his descent and title, the paper observed, that "the like may be alleged in the title of the Earl of Strathern." It then boldly asserted, that "the children of the first marriage by common law are to be preferred in succession to the children of the second; for the marrying of Elizabeth Muir did but legitimate and make her children succeed after the children of the first marriage;" and it was added, "that as for the authority of Parliament, if the authority of Parliament may confer and entail a crown from the lawful heirs thereof to the next apparent heirs, or if any oath given unto a King by man's law should be performed, when as it tended to the suppression of truth and right, which stands by the law of God, then if one Parliament hath power to entail a crown, whether may not another Parliament upon the like considerations restore the same to the righteous heirs?"

Not satisfied with so audacious an intimation that the King's right to the throne of Scotland might be disputed, Drummond seems even to have suggested that Monteith should be removed by violent means; for his paper proceeded to suggest, that it was a point for consideration whether,

"if Queen Mary of England, who cut off the head of Lady Jane Grey, and Queen Elizabeth, who did the same to Queen Mary of Scotland, her next kinswoman, were living, [they] would have suffered [any one] to enjoy the opinion of being nearer to the claim of their crowns than themselves."

In the following passage, it was more than insinuated that the Earl of Monteith had served himself heir to the crown, through the oversight or negligence of the King; that he had thereby been guilty of high treason; and that he and his whole race ought to be extirpated.

"It is to be considered also, if a subject serving himself heir to a crown, by the oversight of the Prince and negligence indirectly and in crafty-coloured terms, notwithstanding of whatsoever protestations of his advocate in the contrary, may be accused of high treason, and whether a Prince may justly keep under the race of such whose aspiring thoughts dare soar so nigh a crown, as they have been kept these two hundred years bygone, for reason of state, unless the Prince exalt them to give them a more deadly blow and extirpate them and their whole race, suborning mercenary flatterers to make them aim above their reach 'dum nesciunt distinguere inter summa et præcipicia princeps qui persequitur honorat, extollit natu ut lapsu graviore ruat.'"

The Earl of Monteith's rashness not only consisted in the act of confiding to the hands of the Lord-Advocate his charters and written claims, but he seems to have been impetuous in his discourse, and giddy in his boastings; for he vaunted that "he had the reddest blood in Scotland;" and with such like idle words gave deep offence to the lords, while the report of his bragging that the "King was indebted to him for his crown," and many similar accusations, could not but touch feelings in the highest quarter; the entire business, however, on both sides, although the Earl's was the weakest in point of intrigue and subtlety,—presenting a pretty sample of Scottish courtiership under the Stuarts, and we suppose of courtly manœuvres at all times and in all cases where the interests are analogous. The consequence was that the Earl was put to the wall, not by merely having the new title of Airth thrust upon him, but by his being driven from all his offices and forfeiting royal favour; the Crown taking to itself the Earldom of Strathern, and the enemies of the defeated aspiring Lord destroying, as it has been supposed, whatever muniments regarding the grants of Strathern and Monteith, as were deemed inconvenient.

In the absence of important documents, and owing also to the dubiety attached to the meaning of the term *heirs*, which occurs in the charter creating the Earldom of Airth, viz. whether it means heirs of *line* or heirs-male, a pretty case of complication has arisen for the lawyers; for although Mr. Barclay Allardice's legal claim to the Earldom of Airth as well as to the other two titles may be a matter for litigation and difficult to be decided, yet there appears to be no doubt of his legitimacy and pedigree, through female des-

cent, however, or of his being heir of line of the Earls of Strathern, Monteith, and Airth.

We do not perplex ourselves with the question before the House of Lords, viz. that which the claim to the Earldom of Airth involves; but conclude with a notice and an instance of dilapidated fortune, decay of dignity, and sad reverse, which look like parallels to the destinies of another and more illustrious branch of the Stuart race.

After the title of Airth had been in abeyance for many years, owing, among other causes, to pecuniary embarrassments, and the fact of several of the representatives being females, we have the following particulars relative to William Graham:—

He styled himself Earl of Monteith as early as the year 1744, on the presumption that his great-grandmother, Lady Elizabeth Graham, was the *eldest* sister of William Earl of Monteith and Airth, and that the Earldom of Monteith stood destined to *heirs-general*. He voted as "Earl of Monteith" at the election of Peers of Scotland in October 1744, August 1747, March 1749, July 1752, November 1752, and on the 5th May 1761. His assumption of the dignity was, however, prohibited by an order of the House of Lords of the 2nd March 1762, he having failed to appear before the Lords' Committees for Privileges on the 1st of that month, pursuant to an order of the House made on the 27th January preceding, to show by what authority and upon what grounds he took upon himself that title.

Although he was reduced to great distress, he never relinquished the title of Earl of Monteith, and died, without issue, on the 30th June 1783.

The fate of this person exhibits in a striking manner the vicissitudes of fortune. Though undoubtedly one of the heirs of the body of a Prince of the Blood Royal of Scotland, and the immediate descendant of a powerful Peer, whose claim to the honours of that Prince, in the year 1631, was considered dangerous to the rights of the reigning family, he lived in his latter years upon charity, and died a wanderer by the way-side.

ART. V.—*England in* 1841. By FREDERICK VON RAUMER. 2 vols. London: Lee.

A NEW edition of our German littérateur's "England in 1835," was required, it appears, and was the occasion of his paying another visit to this country, when with characteristic facility, and, let us add, authoritative air, he framed a supplement, extending to two volumes more, gathering his materials obviously from the most accessible sources, and persuading himself that he could trace down to 1841, the development of the many questions upon which he had formerly dogmatized, as well as discover and adequately handle the new subjects which had sprung up in the course of the five or six intervening years.

The subjects which he seizes and upon which he pronounces judgment are multiform, and with hardly an exception, hackneyed

amongst us to satiety. Some of them may be novel to the German people, and therefore interesting; but we have found little in the volumes that calls for an English dress. The book should be confined to the author's countrymen.

We have said the topics are numerous; and while the groundwork of them has been obtained in newspapers, parliamentary debates, and statistical publications, and in a Whig atmosphere, the commentary has the superficial colouring of a confident book-manufacturer. Von Raumer had the good fortune to be presented to the Queen, and was even invited to the palace. Consequently, we have a highly flattering picture of her Majesty, and of her Majesty's estimable husband; the Whig ministers also receiving an ample dose of admiration. Then, among the subjects which the chapters comprise, may be mentioned Parliamentary Reform, Municipal Laws, the Colonies, Canada, Commerce, Corn Laws, the Poor Law, Education, Criminal Law, Socialism, Chartism, the Voluntary System, the Oxford Tracts, &c. &c. The volumes are eked out by means of a number of private letters, which seem to have little business in the place where they are now found, and for which we should have opined the author had very little need as a make-weight, considering his readiness at constituting common-place themes, the occasion for common-place dissertation, and a verbose, conceited, and shallow philosophy. There is a great deal in these volumes that is calculated to flatter John Bull. Sometimes, no doubt, the remarks are sagacious, but oftener smart, and rather in expression than in respect of thought. We throw together a few sweet morsels for English palates, beginning with something in the shape of prediction.

Having observed that many people say that England has betrayed itself, and will go to ruin, unless it is saved by a miracle; while others assert that a government is now established for many years to come, which, Heaven be praised, will do exactly the contrary to what the late ministry did, he thus gives his own views, which contradict both of these opinions:—

Should the new ministry persevere in the ancient Tory notions, the opposition out of Parliament, will increase in a dangerous manner; the majority of ninety-one will gradually fall off, and the intellectual spirit of the towns, as well as the power of Scotland and Ireland, will drive the English counties out of the field. If, on the contray, Sir Robert Peel will advance as he has openly declared, in a considerate manner, he will find in the new opposition, the best support against partiality and obstinacy in his own friends. The substance of the recent history of England, is the struggle against monopolies and restrictions of all kind. After a long resistance, the victory was obtained over the rotten boroughs, the opponents of Roman Catholic emancipation, the old poor-laws, and municipal laws, the monopoly of the East India Company, and the tea trade to China.

Even a majority of the former opponents of all these great measures now acknowledge their necessity, and the advantage resulting from them; and, after this acknowledgment, they cannot remain stationary at an arbitrarily chosen spot. There may be disputes on isolated questions, on pounds, shillings, and pence; but, on the whole, and on a great scale, Lord John Russell's proposals of free trade, and a reform of the system of taxation, will inevitably triumph. In them, the entire future welfare of England is concealed, or rather, I should say, is plainly manifest; and when the persons of this Whig ministry, for various reasons, now forsake the field of battle, their principles, on the other hand, take possession of it, and the apparent defeat will be changed, sooner or later, into a victory for the weal of this country. At all events, England will persevere in its majestic course; all parties, whether they will or not, must contribute to it; and what in many countries forms a dangerous crisis, is here only an element in a popular, natural development. The more cheering this certainly is, the brighter these light sides appear; the darker, on the other hand, are the shadows which (for instance, in the parliamentary elections, the state of Ireland, Chartism, the schools, the religious disputes, and the distribution of taxes) I am by no means disposed to palliate or conceal. That the light may overpower the shade, and the vigour of general health overcome these local defects, is the hope and the trust of all true Englishmen, and, with them, the hope and the trust of Europe.

Do the Continentals understand what is the present condition, and what the prospects of England?—

England (I hear it constantly repeated) is in a state of revolution. Certainly it is, and a very great and important one, which would not be checked by commissioners assembled at Kopnick and Mayence; and this, because it is not children engaged in childish things, but men who apply all their energies to great objects. And yet, during so many years, not a single person has been arrested for political offences. * * * When that which was once young and vigorous becomes old and decays, the feeling of compassion and sorrow is as natural as it is noble; but by preserving corpses as mummies, we do not give them new life. Who can seriously believe that slavery can be re-established, the monopoly of the Asiatic trade restored, the English municipal law abolished, the old poor law revived, the great towns deprived of the elective franchise, and thus going still further back, the Habeas Corpus Act, the Bill of Rights, &c. up to Magna Charta, be abolished? For all these things were called revolutionary in their time; and so indeed they were, but in the right, good sense of the word. Unreasonable haste is undoubtedly very dangerous; but it arises, for the most part, from mistaken resistance. The ultra Tories are the real fathers and grandfathers of the Radicals; they daily produce them, and increase their numbers; as, on the other hand, ultra Radicals produce high Tories.

England and France contrasted:—

When pride shows itself in the English, it is always founded on their

history, power, and nationality; and with these trump cards they play off their own merit; but the French act very differently: a great number of Frenchmen place themselves in the centre, and la France is treated almost as *hors d'œuvre*, or a small portion of what is French (the opinions of a day of some journal) is tendered as the whole. By thus neglecting or rejecting so much, which was, however, French, they really speculate *à la baisse*, and lose instead of gaining.

The following opinions are excessively pleasant:—

I do not know, in the history of the world, a more noble destiny than that to which England is called, which she has already accomplished, or will infallibly accomplish in due time. The great projects of Alexander fell to the ground at his premature death; Rome established her powers by the sword alone, and the destruction of other nations; and she perished in the sequel by her own fault, of a long-protracted disease. Mahometanism, in relation to Christianity, was a deplorable retrogression, and the empire of Napoleon only a meteor of arrogant tyranny. The Papal dominion of the Middle Ages had an eternal value for the education of the human race; but it extended, at that time only to Europe, and fell into numerous errors. The errors, however, are not the essence; and this essence will survive all the trials of political mountebanks. England is the first empire which embraces the whole earth, every nation; yet the chief weight and the chief value are not in the extent of its dominion, but in the highest activity, united with progress in the sciences, and the most laudable solicitude for the spread of religion. England is the intellectual eye which turns to every quarter, penetrates through every zone, and prepares an exalted future destiny for the human race. Before this noble, comprehensive, glorious destination, the low and violent disputes of domestic parties lose all their importance, or are but shadows that relieve the higher lights.

His criticisms relative to our theatricals and Operas are not always so complimentary. Speaking of the benefit of Madame Puzzi, when "Don Juan" was performed at the Opera House, he says a whole book might be written about it. He however contents himself with sundry severe remarks. The overture, he tells us, was injudiciously enforced with cymbals. There was too little genuine enthusiasm. The choruses were bad; the dancing wretched. With regard to the text of Don Juan, he heard it twice over, "because I understood the prompter, from beginning to end, better than I did some of the singers." Yet "so much was left out, that I got quite confused, and lost the thread of the story." "At the end of the first act, Signor Puzzi came forward and played Rode's variations on the horn; after the scene of the invocation of the ghost, the act was concluded, and M. Ivanoff came forward, in a frock coat and pumps, and sang a modern Italian flourish. What can we think of a manager who makes such arrangements? of an audience who

can tolerate—nay, approve of them?" Couple with this the criticism now to be quoted:—

I went on the 10th to the British Museum. The animals, excepting some gazelles and beautiful birds, found, as usual, no favour in my eyes; but I was riveted with the Greek works of art; even in their state of mutilation, they are the most beautiful, the most sublime, the most diversified, the boldest, the most affecting objects that can be seen. How glorious must they have appeared in Athens and Greece! In their present darkened lustre, there is still more light, mind, and life, than in all produced elsewhere in thousands of years! In the National Gallery, some admirable Francias and Murillos have been added to the other fine pictures. In the evening, I went to Covent Garden, to see the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" but the wives were not merry at heart;—Falstaff without humour, only externally loaded with jokes, and squeaking in an unnatural voice. Much sing-song was introduced, which was encored, and highly applauded. Instead of laughing heartily, I almost fell asleep, and was glad when it was over; the only performer who had the least touch of poetic character, was Mathews, as Master Slender. My eyes were too weak to recognize the ruins, or the restoration, of the beauty of Madame Vestris.

Hear the German *anent* the law of copyright:—

The endeavours of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd to obtain greater and longer protection for the literary works of authors have hitherto been unsuccessful. He said, "I wish to prevent an unanswerable violation of the natural rights which every one has to the productions of his mind. For what a man produces with his hand or his mind, belongs to him, and him alone."—Mr. Warburton replied, "I do not recognize any such things as natural rights; I recognize only those rights which are founded on convenience and general expediency. If Mr. Talfourd's principle were adopted, such things as taxes, rent of land, and interest, would not exist. If we look at the plan according to expediency, the interest of the publishers and readers, not merely that of the authors, is to be considered. These relations must be so regulated as to dispel apprehensions of monopolies, high prices, voluntary or compulsory suppression of books, &c."—"Property," said Mr. Macaulay, "is a creature of the law; and a law which creates property, can be defended only on the ground, that it is advantageous to mankind. Thus, for instance, there is only one natural law of inheritance, but innumerable positive laws. The right of publication is a monopoly, consequently, hurtful; if extended beyond thirty years, it is of no value to the author."—In these discussions, there is much which appears to me to be unconnected and unintelligible. The distinction, or the relation of right and expediency, of natural and positive laws, is neither logically conceived, nor fully illustrated. Setting aside, however, such profound philosophical or scientific questions, it is hard to conceive why intellectual property, as an injurious monopoly, shall cease at the expiration of thirty years, while every other description of property, with numberless obligations, conditions, divisions, &c. exists in perpetuity. The St. Simonists, in their universal attacks on all inheritance of property, were much more

consistent; and a great majority of the public, for whose reading such kind care is taken, would very willingly agree to an eternal right of publication, to the inviolability of intellectual property, on condition that the monopoly upon land and houses should cease every thirty years. The convenience and expediency of such a measure they would easily prove in a similar manner.

ART. VI.—*Political Philosophy.* Chapman and Hall.

"POLITICAL Philosophy—Principles of Government: Monarchical Government; Eastern Monarchies; European Monarchies," is the title of this stout octavo, which is published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; having been written, as is not sedulously concealed, by Lord Brougham: at least such is the general report, and internal evidence is confirmatory of the hearsay.

The volume consists of a number of separate chapters, several of them aiming at philosophical disquisition; others being devoted to an account of Feudalism and its effects; while a greater and more valuable class presents a condensed account,—with, however, many curious, incidental, sometimes eccentric notices,—of the existing monarchical governments in the world, excepting that of Great Britain. Accordingly, we have the European as well as the Asiatic, —those of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden, as well as the absolute monarchies of Turkey, Persia, India, China, Japan, and Russia. An early essay, which is on government in general, treats chiefly of the doctrine of Resistance; and, although the volume presents to us a good deal that is now out of date, and having comparatively little force for the people of England as they are now governed, and as they now feel,—such as dissertations about Divine Right and Passive Obedience, yet the intention, the plan, and the execution of the work are of high mark, furnishing popular treatises filled with political instruction, which is not elsewhere to be found in such a succinct, plain, and agreeable shape. When the undertaking is completed, when the author has gone into the Political Philosophy which the British Monarchy illustrates, we shall be in a better condition to pronounce upon the merits of the book, and more closely to test the writer's principles and displays.

But after all, "Political Philosophy," so far as the work goes, is, like everything else which Lord Brougham has published, written, or said, an unequal performance. It contains many eloquent passages; much that evinces a vast range of knowledge; principles that aim rightly; sentiments that are earnest; and a host of proofs that the objects, pleasures, and advantages of political science are worthy of the culture of such a writer. Its view of general history

is masterly, although opinions are frequently advanced, some of which are hasty, others questionable, and others again commonplace. To us, however, it is wonderful how the author has avoided confusion when dealing with such a multitude of particulars, and dryness when lecturing on political science. Even when he may be charged with inconsistencies he contrives to be suggestive, and for the most part entertaining. True, the entertainment is not merely what might be expected from Lord Brougham, but from a Whig-chancellor reading lectures on statesmanship, and delivering judgments strewed with anecdote *de omnibus rebus*. Still, the portraits of character are frequently exceedingly happy, while the pictures of manners in very different conditions, and at far removed distances, are graphic and lively. All this at the very time too when he appears to have been anxiously guarding himself against overstrained effect, and to have been mainly anxious about the improvement of the people within a range of subjects where it is needful for them to expatiate and pursue their studies, were it only to become the rational custodiers of individual and public rights; not to speak of lending pressure in a right and positive direction to persons placed in power, and needing to be instigated so as to keep in advance of the many as regards the great principles of legislation and government.

It is impossible by means of any specimens of which we can avail ourselves to convey an adequate idea either of our author's more philosophical disquisition, or of the peculiar features, tendencies, and dangers of any one monarchy. We therefore follow the example of some of our contemporaries, and quote two or three passages, each of which may, without much damage to its integrity, stand by itself. The first concerns the good breeding of highly polished society:—

> The same observations which were made on the arts are applicable to a certain refinement of manners, which is common to all highly civilized states, but which perhaps arises in despotic countries at an earlier stage of society. This refinement is in itself of little merit or value, if indeed it is not rather to be accounted a defect. Its chief characteristic is luxurious indulgences of various kinds, and a politeness which consists so much in suppression of the natural feelings that it is nearly akin to falsehood. Never to say any thing that may give pain, unless where our duty requires it, is a rule of sound morals as well as of good manners. But never to say any thing which those present may dislike, nay, from which they may dissent, is the rule of refined and courtly breeding. Absolute command of countenance and figure—calm, placid deportment, unbroken ease, sustained dignity, habitual smiles, indiscriminate respect, nay, the semblance of esteem or even love for every thing that approaches, and the taking a ready interest in whatever concerns every one, but showing none at all in what regards ourselves merely—these are the constituents of highly-refined

Our concluding extract concerns a curious practice on the part of the papacy:—

Connected with this is the nepotism, or care to provide for their own families, generally their nephews, but not unfrequently their own natural children, which has become inseparably associated with the idea of the papacy. For many ages it was the constant course to endow those relatives with lands the property of the see, or enable them to amass large sums by holding offices and extorting enormous emoluments through means at which the sovereign connived, or by direct gifts of money. Paul the Fifth bestowed on Cardinal Borghese 150,000 scudi a year in preferment of various kinds; that and the Aldrovandini branch of the family obtained each a million of capital from him; and though these are scudi of 4*s.* 6*d.*, it would be a low estimate to reckon the sums in the beginning of the seventeenth century equal to only half as many pounds at this day. Clement the Eighth, in the space of thirteen years, gave above half a million sterling to his family; and Sixtus the Fifth, who had begun his reign by refusing to hold any intercourse with his relatives, soon fell so far into the common track as to bestow on one nephew, in lands and money, a revenue of 50,000*l.* The Barberinis are reported to have received from Urban the Eighth the incredible sum of 105,000,000 scudi, equal to above 40,000,000*l.* sterling of the present time. Thus much, however, is certain, that the pope was himself staggered with the enormous wealth which he had heaped on his family, and appointed a commission in 1640 to examine the legality of his grants. The report was that the Holy Father, being a secular as well as spiritual prince, might justifiably apply to his family's use whatever savings he could make; and that to the extent of 80,000 scudi a year (30,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* at present) he might reasonably endow as an estate for each nephew, and give 70,000 or 80,000 portion to each niece. The General of the Jesuits, being likewise consulted, was of opinion that such allowance to family affection and papal munificence was perfectly moderate.

But the lavish grants of lands and money were the least part by far of the mischief. These only took place after a much worse evil had been put down by positive decrees,—namely, conferring on sons or nephews principalities which were thus alienated from the see, except the feudal superiority that was reserved, beside involving it in quarrels with other powers. Indeed, the sacrifices made to the monarch's personal interests of all the best interests of the state, were never in any country so ample or so apparent as under the Romish government. Not only the whole policy, foreign and domestic, of such reigns as those of the infamous though able Borgia, (Alexander the Sixth,) turned entirely upon the plan of exalting the papal family; but a man comparatively respectable, as Paul the Third, could change his whole course and alter the whole policy of the country in the conflicts between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, upon a speculation of obtaining the Milanese for his nephew, who had married the emperor's natural daughter, and his subsequent quarrel with that sovereign, by which the Reformation gained incalculably and the see suffered in proportion, originated altogether in the disputes respecting an indemnity for

Parma and Placentia, the principality given to the pope's son Pietro Luigi. Paul the Fourth, enthusiastic reformer as he was, suffered his course during great part of his reign to be perverted by the influence which he gave Caraffa, his nephew, a mere soldier, devoid of principle and conduct, whom he had made Cardinal, and who was executed by the succeeding pope. Even Sixtus the Fifth, how much soever he might be above the weakness of a vulgar nepotism, made some of his greatest exertions to enlarge the obscure towns of his native province, and load it with new archbishoprics and bishoprics. Nay, the influence of family connexion had become so established a part of the system, that not only Lorenzo de Medici could pen a serious remonstrance to Innocent the Eighth, who, unlike his predecessor Sixtus the Fourth, was scrupulous about promoting his relations, but if a pope by some unaccountable accident, or peculiarity of constitution, refused to have a nephew in the conclave with supreme influence over the administration and the pontiff himself, cardinals and even foreign powers would make formal remonstrances against an omission that subjected them to inconvenience in carrying on their wonted intrigues in the Sacred College.

Art. VII.—1. *Theodore Körner's Lyre and Sword.* Whittaker.
2. *Poems from Eastern Sources, &c.* By R. Ch. Trench. Moxon.
3. *I watched the Heavens; a Poem.* By V. Saunders and Otley.
4. *Luther; a Poem.* By Robert Montgomery. Baisler.

Poems, or rather verses, in spite of the prevalent distaste for anything in the shape of poetry, continue to outnumber every other sort of light literature presented to us. We indeed generally turn with a degree of sickness from these offerings, feeling assured, if the name of the author be unknown or be withheld, that a flat mediocrity without character, without the vitality of nature, will repel and cloy us before we have got half way into the piece, or the volume should it consist principally of a miscellaneous collection,—a circumstance next to a dead certainty,—just as if a number of occasional rhymes, without a digested purpose, without matter and finish, could, however melodious the verse or sparkling the imagery, float a volume into popularity and establish for it a corner among such lofty lyrics as have moved a nation's heart, such simple ditties as at once melt or inspire, never again to be forgotten. Now and then, however, we meet with a familiar name, with a contribution from a legitimate son of song; and therefore with greedy anticipation one sets about a deliberate examination, not without a degree of trembling lest he may have been borne down by a leaden age, or chilled by the cold atmosphere around him. A Campbell or a Wordsworth may step forth beyond the threshold of the sanctuary in which fame has enshrined him, and which has been built by a people's sympathies and memories; and yet he may have grown

weak since the days of his early manhood; or what is not less likely, the world may have lost part of its hearty relish for the mellow, the chastened utterances of a spirit that knows how and when to seek for fire at the muse's shrine. Still, let us hail these visitations, whenever they promise to bless us, especially when seeing they are so few and far between; nay, let us not bend a discouraging look towards any feebler adventurer who may heretofore have won an approving sentiment from us, and taken his post amongst the minors of our era.

The name standing first in our list has been rendered familiar to English ears by a variety of translations; while it is held in exceedingly high repute by the people of Germany, especially that less critical multitude who are apt to test poetry by the personal character and the actual history of the poet. Körner was a young man, and his plays were deemed extraordinary for a writer of his years, while they were set down as pregnant with mighty promise. If strictly tested, however, his dramas presented little which a clever, aspiring, over-confident, and exaggerating youth might not have produced, even although devoid of the muse's genuine fire, of sympathy with the essentially beautiful, of deep-welling thought, of passion, of soaring imagination. At any rate, if endowed with these high attributes they were not developed in his plays with an unquestionably poetic power. He but seemed to tread as an imitator, and one far in the rear, in the steps of Schiller's thoughts and verse. It was in the composition of such fugitive pieces as are met with in the collection called the "Lyre and the Sword," that he produced some things which appear worthy of preservation, and that seem destined to transmit his name to German posterity. He was inspired with an ardent patriotism, and strove, like many of his fellow-citizens with a noble bearing to rescue his country from French oppression, to earn the triumph of national independence, and to realize the glories of the Great Frederick's epoch. His songs partook of the sudden bursts which a youth with such purposes and with such emotions could not fail to utter, and with a considerable share of the skill which a practitioner in building the formal rhyme might be expected to display. These opportune appeals to a country's enthusiasm combined with the poet's heroism in the field, and crowned by his falling in the struggle, won for him the extravagant honours showered upon his memory as a patriot, and the niche, not wholly, or anything like wholly merited, which has been accorded him by the youngsters of Germany, and some dozens of translators in England.

Mr. Trench's "Poems from Eastern Sources; The Steadfast Prince; and other Poems," present first to us legendary stories and proverbial philosophy; all of them breathing more or less an Oriental air, but containing much real poetry, whatever be the clime to which

they may be apportioned. There is a richness of fancy and an easy sweetness of versification throughout the volume indeed which indicate a power and a skill that might invest any subject with beauty. The danger is that when a person possesses the gifts and the training which manifestly belong to Mr. Trench, that an undue playfulness may characterize his poems, or that he may be tempted to task his muse with experiments. Hence too much is made of the things selected, and an affected quaintness, instead of the pure and flowing stream of thought, giving us the essence of truth and nature, distinguishes the production. The story of the "Steadfast Prince," viz. that of Ferdinand of Portugal, who died in captivity, and after suffering the grossest indignities at the command of the Moorish monarch, who demanded Ceuta as a ransom,—the terms being accepted by the King of Portugal, but refused by the Prince the presumptive heir,—is the ground-work of an anxiously constructed poem, abounding with episodes, and noble sentiments. The impression left by the whole piece is not equal however to what might have been expected from passages of it; arising, we think, from the over-doing tendency of the poet. The "Other Poems" are of the occasional character, frequently consisting of translations or adaptations of existing compositions. Whether as imitations or originals they are far superior in regard both to thought and expression to nine-tenths of the miscellaneous poems which are published. They ought not to be *fugitive*. Indeed Mr. Trench excels when he gives us *minors*. His conceits are on these occasions pretty, often racy and novel, while the verse is oddly neat. Take one of his Seasons as an example of what he can do in a small way. Winter is the subject:—

I.

White ermine now the mountains wear,
To shield their naked shoulders bare.

II.

The dark pine wears the snow, as head
Of Ethiop doth white turban wear.

III.

The floods are armed with silver shields,
Through which the sun's sword cannot fare;

IV.

For he who trod heaven's middle road
In golden arms, on golden chair,

V.

Now through small corner of the sky
Creeps low, nor warms the foggy air.

VI.

To mutter 'twixt their teeth the streams,
In icy fetters, scarcely dare.

VII.

Hushed is the busy hum of life;
'Tis silence in the earth and air.

VIII.

From mountains issues the gaunt wolf,
And from its forest depths the bear.

IX.

Where is the garden's beauty now?
The thorn is here; the rose, oh where?

X.

The trees like giant skeletons,
Wave high their fleshless arms and bare;

XI.

Or stand like wrestlers, stripped and bold,
And wildest winds to battle dare.

XII.

It seems a thing impossible
That earth its glories should repair;

XIII.

That ever this bleak world again
Should bright and beauteous mantle wear,

XIV.

Or sounds of life again be heard
In this dull earth and vacant air.

"I Watched the Heavens" is from the pen of the author of "IX Poems;" a writer who aims not at costly or stout volumes, neither does he lay himself out for wire-drawn compositions. On the other hand his efforts are those of a digested plan, of careful execution, and, what is indispensable to a writer of verses, of a mind susceptible of deep impressions and accustomed to cherish independent modes of thinking. V., we are inclined to pronounce an original poet. His genius is poetical; we think he exhibits the true stamp.

"I Watched the Heavens" are the commencing words of a poem whose theme requires a soaring imagination and sustained sentiments of great reach. The poet has been watching the Heavens, and at length finds himself transported to one of the stars, which, alas! is the abode of the condemned, a place of punishment for the doomed to woe, for their evil doings, their immoral tastes and thoughts, while on earth. Individuals of sundry classes of the departed pass before the daring visitant, who endeavours to fathom and describe their punishment, rejecting the material and the physical, and confining himself to the mental and the moral; at the same time making the punishment bear a direct relation to the particular depravity or

errings of the individual whose ghost passes before the intruder. For example, one who has been gifted with high intellectual powers, but which have been perverted, is doomed to experience an unceasing consciousness of his mind being darkened, of the ruin of his intellect. An immoral poet furnishes a striking case.

The requirements for themes of this kind are obviously great. Not only has the poet to transport himself to a sphere his descriptions of which are in danger of constantly running into absurdities, and his imagined feelings to be cold abstractions, but he has to individualize his characters, and the character of each punishment, at the same time that he ought to inculcate a touching and forcible lesson to mortals.

With more than ordinary power, judgment, and fancy has V. accomplished his task; though not with uniform success. We merely quote one example, viz. that of two guilty lovers; from which our readers will form some idea of the language, the imagery, and the manner of the author:—

> One was their fate; one world, one ceaseless life;
> United, earth-like, save with closer doom:
> Yet worn they look'd, as with the spirit's strife,
> And chose, as emblem of their wish, a tomb.
> Silent they sat upon the vaulted den
> Which other hands in other days had rear'd;
> And which the first indwellers quitted, when
> The hope for which they built it disappear'd.
> Their hands were join'd, it seem'd, because, of old,
> It was their wont each other's hands to fold:
> Their eyes no more were t'ward each other raised,
> Or conscious that fond looks upon them gazed;
> But various and apart, as though the thought
> Of either heart no common centre sought:
> The woman's wander'd o'er the land serene,
> Restless and seeking, and yet hopeless now;
> The man's were all unconscious of the scene,
> Fix'd on one point beneath his gather'd brow.
> I stood and gazed at distance, and it seem'd
> As though their deathlessness on them too weigh'd;
> And love, which bright enough for earth had beam'd,
> Here a faint insufficient twilight made.
> The heart, enlarged by immortality,
> Seem'd void of half that it had room to hold;
> An empty palace, bare to wind and sky,
> Prepared for king-like pomp, but desert, worn, and cold.

To people who are anxious to ascertain whether or not Robert Montgomery has a particle of poetry in his nature, the question will become more perplexing than ever after a perusal of his "Lu-

ther," if, indeed, there be found a person who will have the patience to perform such an arduous task. And yet, when we find that his "Woman" has reached a fifth edition, his "Satan" a tenth, and his "Omnipresence" a twenty-first; nay, that his "Luther" has already come out in a second edition, there must be something extraordinary about these epics. In what way are we to account for this popularity, prolonged with regard to poetry too, popularity being generally held as a true test of the merits of any production? How will any one of our readers interpret this fact, after he has made himself acquainted with the passages we are about to quote? We shall, however, only answer for ourselves, offering this solution, that there is a vast multitude of well-meaning people who mistake sound for sense, the filling of the ear for the touching of the heart; nay, provided the subject be mysterious or of a theological character, who imagine, when lines in the guise of verse are unintelligible to them, or, that suggest only some dreamy and vague ideas, that therefore the versifier has caught the sacred fire, has entered within the veil, and speaks of things unseen by ordinary men, as they ought to be spoken of. Oh! the sounds are beautiful, the cadences solemn, and the songster has a sacred air; and seeing also that he invokes the "Sempiternal life" to lend his song its "heavenly touch," who would be so bold as to question the sacredness of the effusion, or the author's call to the performance? The class of respectable persons to whom we allude is sufficiently numerous to accept gladly of an epic having mystery and theology for its groundwork, to the amount of perhaps twenty editions more, especially when these sacred elements are encompassed with large doses of polemical sentiment, and this too having the doctrines and the events of the Reformation ever upon the tongue; ay, and at a period in Christian history, when an extreme sensitiveness exists about the allurements and seductions of the Scarlet Lady.

But there is another class and to which we desire to belong, who do not altogether mistake rhetorical verbiage for poetry, sonorous fluency for massive blank verse, and nonsense for meaning; who do not welcome abortive strivings after original thoughts as we would even do the simple utterance of common-places, or the incomprehensible rhapsodies of a man whose memory is stocked with a jumbled vocabulary, to the outpourings of intense feeling, and healthy exalted thought. We desire to belong to that class of readers who test a poem by the impression which it leaves; who judge according as the effect has been distinct, forcible, and lasting.

Now, if tried in this latter way, Robert Montgomery's "Luther" is the feeblest, the most unmeaning, the most audacious poem we ever encountered. It is audacious and reprehensible in many ways; nor have we been able to discover redeeming qualities in the monstrously attenuated heroic. The theme is unsuited for poetry,

especially for epic poetry, and more especially since the hand that has approached it does not represent or embody the events of Luther's life, but only vapours about them like the most turgid declaimer. Nay, more especially still will the inaptitude and the incompetency be perceived, when we copy out the titles of the series of cantos, or of the numerous parts into which the whole is divided. These are the headings:—

Christ the centre and circumference of truth—The mystical body of the church—Man's need and God's supply—The divine prologue—Characteristics—Childhood—The University—Man's religion—How the Daystar rises in the heart of faith—God's ambassadors—The metropolis of the man of sin—Satan's theology—The Reformation's dawn—Its master-principle—The gospel according to man, in (1) the supremacy, (2) the mystery, (3) the moral root—Inspiration of the ideal—The covenant of hearts—The unique of history—The interlude—Patmos—The crisis—Mental resurrection—The affections by the truth made free—A landscape of domestic life—The catechism—Conflict with the god of this world—The destinies of Rome—Farewell to time—A poet's retrospect and patriot's conclusion.

Yet it is not until we come to examine parts of the whole, that the rashness, the utter failure, and the destitution of the versifier become extraordinarily apparent. But before quoting portions, it is proper to inform our readers that there is an elaborated prose introduction to Luther, extending to nearly 150 pages, which, although the best thing that appears in the volume, exhibits a characteristic and ineffectual striving, that leaves one all but idealess. We quote a sample, at the same time informing the reader that the passage, as many others in the introductory and anti-popish essay, is expanded and enfeebled in the poetic form. Quoth the labouring rhetorician,—

We need hardly say, that the wish to resolve the statements of the Bible concerning a personal Satan into mere orientalisms or poetical impersonations, is to be traced to the native dislike of the unrenewed heart to admit into its experience any principle that calls for "reasoning pride" to submit itself, and be dumb before God. But beyond this, no thoughtful watcher over the times can hesitate to allow, that for the last twenty years the habits, literature, science, and philosophy of this country have been gravitating with a fearful impetus towards the adoption of a sensual heresy, or towards the practical belief that the real is bounded by the visible; and that no evidence that does not thrill our materialism (in some mode or other) can be admitted by a truly philosophic mind. Thus the hands, and eyes, and ears, are lifted into a more than logical dominion over the intellect; and faith, or "the evidence of things not seen," ceases to be retained in the canons of our world's orthodoxy. For much of this infidel carnality we are indebted to that heartless libel on all that is spiritual in taste and pure in feeling—utilitarianism,—a system that concentrates within its grasp the elements of a most debasing grossness; adapted only to a world

peopled with bodies out of which the soul has been evaporated; and which, if carried out in all the fearless enormity of its principle, would speedily transform the empire into a mere national shop, creation into a huge warehouse, and represent the uncreated Mind as little more than an infinite manufacturer! There is, however, one encouragement derived even from the cultivation of the physical sciences themselves, viz. that true philosophy cannot enshrine a single principle into a system without authenticating the reality of the invisible; for, after all, what is electricity, chemical affinity, and galvanism, and gravitation, but the expression of something that is unseen, of which all the visible phenomena of matter and sensitive life are only the tokens and significances? Physical science, therefore, if consistently faithful to the law of analogy, cannot reject the statements of Scripture with reference either to the Deity or the devil, on the simple ground of invisibility; inasmuch as science itself cannot exist without a belief in the unseen presidency of some master-principle.

And now for samples of the precious epic. Here is the reverse of an intelligible and instructive opening:—

> For ever, and for ever in the deep
> Of Godhead bosom'd, vast and viewless Lord!
> Thou wert; but when in mortal flesh array'd,
> Myst'ry and mercy both in Thee combined,—
> Eternity in form of time became
> Apparent; then the covenant of peace,
> Plann'd in the purpose of God's secret will,
> At length stood forth, embodied and complete;
> And thou, O Christ! the diapason wert,
> Where all the harmonies of Heaven unite
> Incessant, far beyond the harp of mind
> To echo, or the ear of man to drink."

We presume that Mr. Montgomery is in the habit of raving on after the above fashion with a railroad speed; nor does he appear, after such a forced rhapsody, by any process of revision to institute an inquiry into the meaning of resounding phrases, such as "the harp of mind," and which is said to echo. Of a similar sort are the two lines we next cite:—

> God's Epic in the poetry of worlds,
> The Incarnation hath our system made.

We now quote the invocation of the hero of the poem:—

> The solitary monk that shook the world
> From Pagan slumber, when the Gospel-trump
> Thunder'd its challenge from a dauntless lip
> In peals of truth round hierarchal Rome,
> Till mitred pomp, and cowl'd imposture quail'd,
> And the fell priesthood, like a fiend unmask'd,

And stripp'd of light fictitiously assumed,
By some detecting angel, shrunk dismay'd
And shiver'd, in thy vast exposure seen!
Thee would I shape, thou colosséan mind!
And what, though sad humanity's broad taint
Of weakness here and there thy soul beplagued;
Or, harshly quick, or too severely loud,
Some intonations of thy spirit rose
(When from the thunder-cloud of sacred ire
Within thee falsehood call'd the lightnings out,
Or temper's flash round principle did flame),—
Yet in the greatness of thy glorious work
Right nobly art thou, like a second Paul,
Apparent, graced with apostolic mind;
Waving that banner, on whose blood-stain'd fold
Thy name, Immanuel! at each ruffling blast
Of conflict beams with sudden brightness forth!

Here follows the "divine prologue:"—

How much of God to build a man it takes!
That mental structure, for whose living walls
Eternity and truth foundations are!
A man, we mean, whose attributes his name
Exalt, and body all its grandeurs forth;
Not human whirlwinds, who have havock'd earth,
And blasted nature with a bloody sweep
Of rage or ruin!—fiends in flesh are they,
Form'd by themselves from blackness, sin, and shame,
And eloquent throughout of hellish guile
And origin. But when a man complete,
Rounded and finish'd into full-orb'd grace,
On earth at length is destined to alight,—
E'en like some new apocalypse from heaven,
Truthful and deep, and most divinely touch'd
In faculty of heart and mind,—he shows
In each high lineament the plastic God!

Let common sense, not to speak of chastened judgment, construe these passages, inquire into the meaning of the phrases and terms, and pronounce upon the incautiousness of the penman; and as severe a criticism as we can utter, will be Mr. Montgomery's due. "How much of God to build a man it takes!" will not escape reprobation. Our next is from a canto called "the mystery;" and mysterious enough it is in all conscience!—

Above, beneath, around,—where'er we move
Or live, an atmosphere of myst'ry floats,
For ever baffling, with its gloom unpierced
The pride of reason's analytic gaze.

E'en like that pillar, which of cloud and fire
Contemper'd, to the pilgrim church bestowed
A guidance solemn, through untrodden wilds,—
So, human knowledge, in this world forlorn,
In shade and light alternately prevails,
Too dark for pride, too shining for despair.
And thus, accordant with our state corrupt,
From truth to truth the educated mind
Through shades of awe is humblingly advanced;
But noble ignorance, that knows itself,
Kneels in the shadow of the Mercy-seat,
And prays the heart to piety and love.

If examples are required of mere words, they are to be got without end. Take the following out of many about night:—

How eloquent is night!—when all the stars
Unseal their eyelids, and with loving gaze
This world salute, till our attracted souls
Responsively their looks of love return—
When thoughts, which plunge themselves in Deity,
Or through the starr'd immensity career,
Exulting waft the mind on reckless wing,
Through visioned scenes, immeasurably vast,
And bright with orbs unnumber'd as unnamed,
Till earthward dropping, on exhausted plume,
Like the aw'd Psalmist of the night, it feels
A soft religion from the sky descend,
A charm'd humility that preaches thus:
"Say, what is Man, when paragon'd with Worlds!
How mean a speck, how miserably small,—
Minute beyond minuteness to portray,
Creation where he walks, and weeps, and dies!"

"When thoughts, which plunge themselves in Deity" is surely startling phraseology; but it is thoroughly Montgomery-like, just as there are sundry pet words and epithets that are thrust in by the shoulders with an offensive and inappropriate profusion, and until they lose all euphony. "Apocalypse" is one of these; "millenial" is in the same predicament. We proceed to give another example of absurdities:—

—— Inventive man would fain achieve
What Scripture only to th' Eternal gives
In plan and purpose for His crowning work.
Thus all are prophets, to themselves at least,
And preach perfection possible below:
But can corruption to itself be cure?
Yet still it tries, nor will Heaven's cure allow,
Nor dip in Jordan till Damascus fails!

But man is ruin; if rebuilt he rise,
'Tis not by rubbish from himself begot,
But by a means transcendingly divine.
The creed within forms character without,
And God alone can educate the will;
But will makes man in all essential powers,
And therefore must he, by omnific grace
Beyond himself, through heavenly love be rais'd,
Or still be changeless in his moral core.
Yes, to the last the leper will remain;
The skin may whiten, but the blood is black,
And burns in secret with a plague-spot there!

Now for turgid unseemly exaggerations:—

Behind our veiling drapery of sense,
Baffl'd we are from darting forth one glance
Of mental knowledge; or the heart, methinks,
Might dream, when Luther's disembodied soul
Pass'd from the flesh to join the spirit-throng,
Eternity a new sensation felt,
And the high dead, wherever localised,
Did welcome him to glory, as he took
His throne among them like a sainted king!

We conclude with a feeble panegyric. Printing is the theme, and a thousand times has its praises been proclaimed in statelier prose:—

But in this prologue of preparing means
Heaven-moulded, chief and prime of arts immense,
See Printing rise—that miracle of powers!
That bids the past become perpetual now,
Gives reason sway, imagination shape,
To time a soul, to thought a substance lends,
And, with ubiquity almost divine,
For living permanence and local power
Each ray of soul immortally endows.
Thou great embalmer of departed mind!
Thou dread magician! by whose mental charm
A mournful, pale, and solitary man,
Who pines unheeded, or who thinks unknown,
Long after dust and darkness hide his grave,
Himself can multiply with magic force
Beyond all-reaching language to explore,
And the wide commonwealth of minds may rule
With sway imperial!—who can image thee?
Whether to Heaven uplifting mind and man,
Or, Hell-ward both seducing, like a fiend?
Boundless in each thine unremember'd sway!

Thine was a voice whose resurrection-blast
Peal'd through the catacombs where buried mind
For cent'ries lay: and lo, with living might
The fathers burst their cerements, and breathed;
Dead intellect from classic tombs came forth
Quicken'd, and into active substance changed
By thy vast potency; and then was felt
The pith of thought, the marrow of the mind
Itself transfusing, like a second life,
The old absorbing as with heat divine.
And since that moment have not books become
Our silent prophets, intellectual kings,
And hierarchs of human thought
To vice or virtue? Are they not like shrines
For truth? cathedrals where the heart
Can worship, or in tranquil hours retreat
To meet the spirit of the olden time?
For there the drama of the world abides
Yet in full play.

Art. VIII.—1. *Lives of the Queens of England.* By Agnes Strickland. Vol. IV. Colburn.

2. *The Chronicles of England; a Metrical History.* By George Raymond. W. Smith.

Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest, with Anecdotes of their Courts, now first published from official records and other authentic documents, private as well as public," has reached the *fourth* volume, commencing a new series, viz., the Queens of the House of Tudor, and promises to increase in respect of interest as she advances further. Our authoress has arrived at an era where original facts relative to her heroines are much fuller than during the earlier periods which have occupied her. In this present section of the publication we have the lives of Elizabeth of York, consort of Henry the Seventh, and the first five wives of Henry the Eighth,—viz., Katherine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katherine Howard.

With regard to the character of these "Lives" in a critically literary sense, it is hardly possible to speak in terms too high, if the industry of the writer be merely understood in collecting authorities and materials from all existing sources of information, and even in ferreting out facts and illustrations that to a less honest or vigilant historian might be deemed trivial and insignificant. And yet Miss Strickland has not at her command the most vigorous method of treatment; for, while her style is diffuse, and dashed with the feebleness of prettiness, she falls into the snare of guessing largely

in the absence of authentic evidence; so that it may be questioned whether she produces the striking historical effect which several existing national works, by Hume and others, have bequeathed to us, not only of the genius and complexion of particular ages, but of the royal dames who shared the throne with some of the most celebrated of the kings of England. Our authoress ekes out her narrative with long accounts of progresses, and the draperies, so to speak, of royalty, rather than supplies us, when the record is scanty, with the real and undoubted events of the period.

We have truly hinted, however, that the present volume introduces us to a period of time and a series of characters that are surrounded by much more abundant light than what illustrated the lives of the preceding queens. Besides, the matrimonial alliances of Henry the Eighth are rendered most remarkable not merely as engagements of the kind, and on account of their tragical passages, but in consequence of the public historical interest attached to the events which the tyrant contrived to combine with his lustful enormities. And here we must observe that a female historian, in the present more circumspect and artificial days, is scarcely in a condition to allow her to tell the whole unvarnished truth, and to picture fully the manners of a grossly licentious court. For example, Miss Strickland does not find that her pen is at full liberty to discuss the evidence bearing upon the consummation of Prince Arthur's marriage.

After all, these lives are a valuable contribution to our historical literature; for they are agreeable specimens of biography, and have besides for heroines, ladies of whom we have only incidental notices in pre-existing works, or whose fortunes have to be gathered from crabbed or almost inaccessible channels. The history of the heiress of the Plantagenet kings, Elizabeth of York, to quote an illustrious example, who blended "the rival roses of York and Lancaster in her bridal wreath," has partly been sought for in the curious metrical narration called the "Song of the Lady Bessey." The account given of this narrative by Miss Strickland, will amply reward a careful perusal. But it is by far too long for our pages; and therefore we shall, in the first instance, content ourselves with an extract containing our authoress's remarks on the long prevailing prejudice in favour of the Salic law in the case of the princess. Says Miss Strickland,—

The treaty of betrothment privately negotiated between Elizabeth of York and Henry of Richmond by their respective mothers, was the first gleam of comfort that broke on the royal prisoners in sanctuary after the murder of the innocent princes in the Tower. The young princess promised to hold faith with her betrothed; in case of her death before her contract was fulfilled, her next sister Cecily was to take her place. But it is a singular fact, that neither at this time, nor at any other period of her life, was the slightest proposal made by the partisans of the house of York,

of placing Elizabeth on the throne as sole sovereign. Even her near relatives, her half-brother Dorset, and her uncle Lionel Woodville, bishop of Salisbury, when they raised the standard of revolt against Richard III. at Salisbury, (simultaneously with Buckingham's rebellion in the autumn of 1483,) proclaimed the Earl Richmond Henry VII., although he was a distant exile, who had done no more for the cause than taken an oath to marry Elizabeth, if he ever had it in his power. As these nobles had but just escaped from sanctuary, which they had shared with Elizabeth of York and her mother, and must have recently and intimately known their plans and wishes, this utter silence on her claims as the heiress of Edward IV. is the more surprising. In truth, it affords another remarkable instance of the manner in which Norman prejudice in favour of Salic law had corrupted the common or constitutional law of England regarding the succession. The violation of this ancient national law had given risé to the most bloody civil wars which had vexed the country since the conquest.

Taking a considerable leap, we next copy out the account of the first interview of the unfortunate Katharine of Arragon, with the house of Tudor. A number of curious incidents crowd into the narrative; while the impression which it conveys of the extent to which the Moorish customs influenced the Spaniards in their bearing to the fair sex, cannot escape the attention of the historical student. This is the account of Henry the Seventh and Prince Arthur's interview with Katharine:—

Next morning, the royal personages set forth again on a journey which was truly performed at a *snail's gallop*, and proceeded to the plains, (perhaps the downs,) when the prothonotary of Spain and a party of Spanish cavaliers were seen pacing over them, bound on a most solemn errand: this was no other than to forbid the approach of the royal bridegroom and his father to the presence of the Infanta, who, in the true Moorish fashion, was not to be looked upon by her betrothed till she stood at the altar; nay, it seems doubtful if the veil of the princess was to be raised, or the eye of man to look upon her, till she was a wife. This truly Asiatic injunction of King Ferdinand threw the whole royal party into consternation, and brought them to a dead halt. King Henry was formal and ceremonious enough in all reason, but such a mode of proceeding was wholly repugnant to him as an English-born prince. Therefore, after some minutes' musing, he called round him in the open fields those nobles who were of his Privy Council, and propounded to them this odd dilemma. Although the pitiless rains of November were bepelting them, the Council delivered their opinions in very wordy harangues. The result was, "that the Spanish Infanta being now in the heart of this realm, of which King Henry was master, he might look at her if he liked." This advice Henry the Seventh took to the very letter; for, leaving the prince his son upon the downs, he made the best of his way forthwith to Dogmersfield, the next town; where the Infanta had arrived two or three hours previously. The king's demand of seeing Katharine put all her retinue into a terrible perplexity. She seems to have been attended by the same train of prelates

and nobles enumerated by Bernaldes; for a Spanish archbishop, a bishop and a count, opposed the king's entrance to her apartments, saying, "The lady Infanta had retired to her chamber;" but King Henry, whose curiosity seems to have been thoroughly excited by the prohibition, protested that "if she were even in her bed he meant to see and speak to her, for that was his mind and the whole intent of his coming."

Finding the English monarch thus determined, the Infanta rose and dressed herself, and gave the king audience in her third chamber. Neither the king nor his intended daughter-in-law could address each other in an intelligible dialect: "but," pursues our informant, who was evidently an eye-witness of the scene, "there were the most goodly words uttered to each other, in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have." "After the which welcomes ended, the king's grace deposed his riding-garments and changed them, and within half an hour the prince was announced as present;" Arthur being, it may be presumed, tired of waiting in a November evening on the downs. "Then the king made his second entry with the prince into the next chamber of the Infanta; and there, through the interpretation of the bishops, the speeches of both countries, by the means of Latin, were understood." Prince Arthur and the Infanta had been previously betrothed by proxy; the king now caused them to pledge their troth in person; and this ceremony over, he withdrew with the prince to supper.

Here follows the story of certain courtly amusements:—

The diversions began with grand pageants of a mountain, a castle, and a ship, which were severally wheeled in before the royal dais. The ship was manned by mariners, "who took care to speak wholly in seafaring terms." The castle was lighted inside gloriously, and had eight *fresh** gentlewomen within, each looking out of a window. At the top of the castle sat a representative of Katharine of Arragon herself, in a Spanish garb. The castle was drawn by marvellous beasts, gold and silver lions harnessed with huge gold chains; but, lest the reader should be dubious regarding the possibility of such lions, the narrator (who must have been behind the scenes and would have been a worthy assistant to master Snug the joiner) explains discreetly, "that in each of the marvellous beasts were two men, one in the fore and the other in the hind quarters, so well hid and apparelled that nothing appeared but their legs, which were disguised after the proportion and kind of the beast they were in." Meantime, the representative of Katharine was much courted "by two well-behaved and well-beseen gentlemen, who called themselves Hope and Desire;" but were treated by the bride's double with the greatest disdain. At last, all differences ended, like other ballets, with a great deal of capering; for the ladies came out of the castle, and the gentlemen from the ship and mountain, and danced a grand set of twenty-four with "goodly roundels and divers figures, and then vanished out of sight and presence."

* This term means they were dressed in new clothes, or new fashions.

Our next furnishes an attractive picture of the future bluff monarch, together with a proof of his caprice. He afterwards threw off his spouses with the recklessness which characterized his treatment of his robe.

Then came down Prince Arthur and the Princess Cecily his aunt, "and danced two *bass* dances, and then departed up again, the prince to his father and lady Cecil to the queen her sister." Eftsoons came down the bride, the Princess Katharine, and one of her ladies with her, apparelled likewise in Spanish garb, and danced other two *bass dances*, and then both departed up to the queen. It is possible these were Basque dances; Katharine had been in England long enough for the introduction of her national dances. Lastly, Henry Duke of York, having with him his sister lady Margaret, the young queen of Scots, in his hand, came down and danced two dances, and went up to the queen. It appears the dancing of this pretty pair gave such satisfaction that it was renewed; when the young duke, finding himself encumbered with his dress, "suddenly threw off his robe and danced in his jacket with the said lady Margaret, in so goodly and pleasant a manner, that it was to King Henry and Queen Elizabeth great and singular pleasure. Then the duke departed up to the king, and the Princess Margaret to the queen." The parental pride and pleasure at the performance of their children manifested by Henry the Seventh and his queen, slightly as it is mentioned here, affords some proof of their domestic happiness.

Behold Henry in frolicsome humour when a youthful monarch:—

While this fine fancy ball was performing, a very different scene was transacting at the lower end of the Whitehall. The golden arbour, which was intended to receive again the illustrious performers, had been rolled back to the end of the hall; where stood a vast crowd of the London populace, who were the constant witnesses of the grand doings of the English Court in the middle ages, and, indeed, on some occasions seem to have assimilated with the chorus of the Greek drama. Their proceedings this evening were, however, not quite so dignified: the arbour of gold having been rolled incautiously within reach of their acquisitive fingers, the foremost began to pluck and pull at its fine ornaments; at last they made a regular inbreak, and completely stripped the pageant of all its ornaments; nor could the Lord-Steward of the palace repel these intruders without having recourse to a degree of violence which must have disturbed the royal ballet. Meantime, the king and his band, having finished their stately pavons and "corantos high" with the utmost success, his Majesty, in high good humour, bade the ladies come forward and pluck the golden letters and devices from his dress and that of his company. Little did the young king imagine what pickers and stealers were within hearing; for scarcely had he given leave for this courtly scramble, when forward rushed the plebeian intruders, and seizing not only on him, but his noble guests, plucked them bare of every glittering thing on their dresses with inconceivable celerity: what was worse, the

poor ladies were despoiled of their jewels, and the king was stripped to his doublet and drawers. As for the unfortunate Sir Thomas Knevet, who climbed on a high place, and fought for his finery, the mob carried off all his clothes. At last the guards succeeded in clearing the hall, without bloodshed. The king, laughing heartily, handed the queen to the banquet in his own chamber; when the court sat down in their tattered condition, treating the whole scramble as a frolic, the king declaring that they must consider their losses as *largess* to the commonalty.

Such was a specimen of Henry's robust humour when it pleased him to make sport, and to indulge the commonalty, with whom, in fact, he contrived to preserve a very considerable amount of popularity. It was his courtiers, his ministers, and his wives, that had most cause to dread his tyranny. Let us take a stride in order to catch some glimpses of the embarrassments to which even he himself was reduced in the course of his matrimonial changes. Anne of Cleves and Katharine Howard are the queens, concerning whom, the following long extract enters into details:—

Within sixteen months after Anne of Cleves had been compelled to resign the crown matrimonial of England, the fall of her fair successor took place. When the news reached Anne's quiet court at Richmond, of the explosion which had filled the royal bowers of Hampton with confusion, and precipitated Queen Katharine from a throne to a prison, the excitement among the female portion of Anne's household could not be restrained. The domestic troubles of the king were regarded by them as an immediate visitation of retributive justice for the unfounded aspersions he had cast upon their virtuous mistress: the feelings of some of these ladies carried them so far beyond the bounds of prudence, that two of them, Jane Batsey and Elizabeth Basset, were summoned before the council, and committed to prison, for having said, "What! is God working his own work to make Lady Anne of Cleves queen again?" Jane Batsey added many praises of the Lady Anne, with disqualifying remarks on Queen Katharine, and said, "it was impossible that so sweet a queen as Lady Anne could be utterly put down;" to which Elizabeth Basset rejoined, "What a man the king is! How many wives will he have?" The ladies were very sternly questioned by the council, as to their motives in presuming to utter such audacious comments on the matrimonial affairs of the sovereign. On which Elizabeth Basset, being greatly alarmed, endeavoured to excuse herself by saying she was so greatly astounded at the tidings of Queen Katharine's naughty behaviour, that she must have lost her senses when she permitted herself to give utterance to the treasonable words, "What a man the king is! How many more wives will he have?" Two days after, a more serious matter connected with Anne was brought before the council; for it was confidently reported that she had been brought to bed of a "faire boye," of which the king was the father; but that she had neither apprised him nor his cabinet of the fact. This rumour threw both Henry and his council into great perplexity, especially as the capricious monarch had honoured his discarded consort with several private visits at

her palace of Richmond; and it is moreover evident, that Anne had actually passed some days at the royal residence at Hampton Court as the guest of Henry and his young queen, which seemed to give a colour to the tale. Henry expressed himself as highly displeased with the ladies and officers of state at Richmond, for not having apprised him of the supposed situation of the ex-queen. The affair came to nothing, and proved to be an unfounded scandal, which originated in some impertinent busy-body's comment on an illness that confined poor Anne to her bed at this momentous period. The said scandal was traced by the council, from one inveterate gossip to another, through no less than six persons, as we learn from the following minute of their proceedings, forming a curious interlude in the examinations touching Henry's other queen, Katharine Howard. "We examined also, partly before dinner and partly after, a new matter, being a report that the Lady Anne of Cleves should be delivered of a fair boy, and whose should it be but the king's majesty, which is a most abominable slander, and for this time necessary to be met withal. This matter was told to Taverner of the signet more than a fortnight ago, both by his mother-in-law, Lambert's wife the goldsmith, and by Taverner's own wife, who saith she heard it of Lilgrave's wife, and Lambert's wife heard it also of the old Lady Carew. Taverner kept it (concealed it,) but they (the women,) with others, have made it common matter of talk. Taverner never revealed it till Sunday night, at which time he told it to Dr. Cox, to be further declared if he thought good, who immediately disclosed it to me the lord privy seal. We have committed Taverner to the custody of me the bishop of Winchester; likewise Lambert's wife (who seemeth to have been a dunce in it) to Mr. the chancellor of the argumentations." Absurd as the report was, it made a wonderful impression on the mind of the king, who occupied a ludicrous position in the eyes of Europe, as the husband of two living wives, who were both the subjects of a delicate investigation at the same moment. The attention of the privy council was distracted between the evidences on the respective charges against the rival queens for nearly a fortnight; a fact that has never been named in history. How obstinate Henry's suspicions of his ill-treated Flemish consort were, may be seen by the following order to his council:—"His majesty thinketh it requisite to have it groundly (thoroughly) examined, and further ordered by your discretions, as the manner of the case requireth, to inquire diligently whether the said Anne of Cleves hath indeed had any child or no, as it is bruited (reported); for his majesty hath been informed that it is so indeed, in which part his majesty imputeth a great default in her officers for not advising his highness thereof, if it be true. Not doubting but your lordships will groundly examine the same, and finding out the truth of the whole matter, will advise his majesty thereof accordingly." Dorothy Winfield, one of the Lady Anne's bed-chamber women, and the officers of her household, were subjected to a strict examination before the council; and it was not till the 30th of December that they came to the decision, that Frances Lilgrave, widow, having slandered the Lady Anne of Cleves, and touched also the king's person, she affirming to have heard the report of others, whom she refused to name, should be for her punishment committed to the Tower, and Richard Taverner, clerk of the signet.

also for concealing the same. No sooner was Anne cleared from this imputation than a great effort was made by her brother and the protestant party to effect a re-union between her and the king. The Duke of Cleves evidently imagined the disgrace of the new queen was neither more nor less than the first move of the king and his ministers towards a reconciliation with Anne. The duke's ambassadors opened the business to the Earl of Southampton, to whom Osliger also wrote a pressing letter, urging the expediency of such a measure. Southampton communicated the particulars to the king of his interview with the ambassadors on the subject, and enclosed Osliger's letter; but was certainly too well aware of Henry's opinion of the lady to venture to second the representations of the court of Cleves. The next attempt was made by the ambassadors on Cranmer, which is thus related by him in the following curious letter to the king:—

"It may please your majesty to be advertised, that yesterday the ambassador of Cleve came to my house at Lambeth, and delivered to me letters from Osliger, vice-chancellor to the Duke of Cleve, the purport whereof is nothing else, but to commend to me the cause of the Lady Anne of Cleve, which, though he trusted I should do of myself, yet he saith the occasion is such that he will not put spurs to a horse which runneth of his own courage. When I had read the letter, and considered that no cause was expressed specially, but only in general, that I should have commended the cause of the Lady Anne of Cleve,—after some demur the ambassador came to the point, and plainly asked me to effect the reconciliation. Whereunto I answered, that I thought it not a little strange that Osliger should think it meet for me to move a reconciliation of that matrimony of the which I, as much as any other person, knew most just causes of divorce. (Cranmer then declared he could take no steps in the matter, unless the king should command him. "But," continued he, "I shall signify the same to his highness, and thereupon you shall have an answer.") Now what shall be your majesty's pleasure that I shall do, whether to make a general answer to Osliger by writing, or that I shall make a certain answer in this point to the ambassador by mouth? I most humbly beseech your majesty that I may be advertised, and according thereto I shall order myself, by the grace of God, whom I beseech daily to have your majesty evermore in his protection and governance. From my manor of Lambeth, this Tuesday, the 13th of January.—Your grace's most bounden chaplain and bedesman, T. CANTUARIEN."

Cranmer, warned by the fate of Cromwell, ventured not to urge the king to put his head a second time into the yoke with his discarded consort, and the negotiation came to nothing. Perhaps Anne was herself unwilling to risk her life, by entering again into the perilous thraldom from which she had been once released. The tragic fate of her fair young rival must have taught her to rejoice that she had saved her own head by resigning a crown without a struggle.

"The Chronicles of England," by George Raymond, is a history in a guise which has not been common in modern times, the author having adopted the metrical form, because it is "the first beloved of memory in its dawn, and the latest which attends it in its journey

to decline." The work is short, being intended to be a chronicle in miniature, presenting an index of the leading events touched upon, and laying little or no claim to poetic excellence. "An attempt," says the author, "has been made, whenever fit occasions have offered, to raise the language somewhat above the common-place of laboured verse, ever keeping in mind fidelity in narrative. No incident which might well have been omitted has been retained merely for the opportunity it afforded 'to build the lofty rhyme;' nor, on the other hand, have events been slighted owing to the difficulty which may have arisen of throwing them into metre. As to poetic imagery, the writer is quite aware that any effort of that nature would not only be foreign to his purpose, but prejudicial to it; and, as this is at least a vice into which he feels there is little danger of his falling, any vindication on that head would be altogether unnecessary. It must likewise be noticed that many historic facts will occur of such peculiar kind, as not only to exclude any attempt at poetical indulgence, but which, in their prosaic nature, almost demand certain words, and these only, for their faithful expression." Now, after admitting all this, it seems to us that Mr. Raymond would have been fully as profitably employed had he compiled a chronicle in plain and sensible prose; and our readers will feel the more convinced that he has mistaken his powers and the occasion for metrical display the moment they run over the few doggrel lines for which we find room. They have neither the quaintness, nor the pith of the "Song of the Lady Bessy," quoted by Miss Strickland, although there is something so like in the metrical fancy, that we have noticed the "Chronicle" as a sort of supplement to the "Lives." This is Mr. Raymond's fashion:—

Born of Matilda and Plantagenet,
On Second Henry England's hope was set.
Heir by his sire to Anjou and Touraine,
But through his mother, the far wealthier gain
Of seven departments; and to these unites
The fertile Brittany, his Gallic rights;
Nor mightier reign'd within the Christian ring
Than Henry Plantagenet the king!
By him the people wider rights acquired,
Whereat the proud, licentious clergy fired.
To curb the craft by which he was oppress'd,
The Chancellor à Becket he possess'd
With the archbishop's see. Unmindful soon
Of Christian meekness and this double boon,
A Becket openly the king defies,
Uniting with his ghostly enemies;
And though success attended Henry's hope
To shame the traitor, he incens'd the pope;

Coerced herein t' endure the prelate's yoke,
And the expatriate Becket to revoke.
Now more inflated, by his power regain'd,
Nor law nor loyalty the priest restrain'd.
Fired by the sight, th' adherents of the king
Concert to free him from the festering sting;
Becket they sought, and, with avenging blade,
Dead at the altar's base the churchman laid.
But Henry was from imputation freed
Of guilty maintenance in such a deed,
To whom the pope his condonation gave,
Thus closely holding him the church's slave;
Whilst Becket's insolence found grace at Rome,
And scourg'd was Henry at the prelate's tomb.

ART. IX.—*The New Copyright Bill.*

THE New Copyright Bill, with which progress has been made a few days prior to the date at which we now notice its promised provisions, is likely to become law; seeing that Viscount Mahon, who brought it into the House of Commons, has amongst his supporters, the Premier, Sir Robert Inglis, and Mr. Macaulay. Lord Mahon's proposition was for a copyright of twenty-eight years, to be continued for the life of a surviving author, and for twenty-five years after his death. But this proposition was soon abandoned, Mr. Macaulay having fixed upon a term of copyright for forty-two years, or for the life of a surviving author; and, at the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Mahon added to that a provision that the copyright should continue for not less than seven years after the author's death. With regard to a variety of minor points which will connect themselves with the measure, it is unnecessary at present to enter into discussion; because these may be very considerably modified by the time that the law is passed. In the meanwhile, however, we may recur to some of those incontrovertible views that have been urged in behalf of authors having the *right* to demand of society the protection of the fruits of their labours, seeing that if labour, in producing what was not before known, will give title to property, then literary men have title, perfect and absolute.

It is universally admitted that nothing is more manifestly one's own than the products of his intellectual activity: and there is no species of the fruits of industry of which the producer has a better title to the benefits;—and never, in the annals not only of legislation and jurisprudence, but also of robbery by sea or land, was a more dishonest and insolent sentence uttered, than that of Lord Camden in the House of Lords, in Great Britain, in the case of

Donaldson *versus* Becket and Others, (4 Burr. 2408—1774) that "glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner praise." For it was a reply to the author who was asking for legal protection of his right to what was, by the universal law of nature, his, being the fruit of his labour; and to whom his Lordship, wielding his fraction of parliamentary omnipotence, says, "I take it away from you, and confiscate it to the public use, because you have received an adequate consideration for its value in the reputation of having produced it." It is as if a martyr, appealing to the justice of a tyrant, should be told that the crown of martyrdom was an adequate compensation for his life. It is a sheer and flagrant wrong, accompanied by deliberate mockery, that would be disgraceful even to the red flag.

Among the objects for establishing social institutions, one is, the guaranty to each member of the community of his private individual rights. If any one by his industry fabricates a utensil, or produces corn, the law protects him in the use and disposition of the product of his labour. But not so of the author. He, it seems, is an exception to the rule; and joins society, not as a party to the general bond, but as an outlaw, who is among us, but not of us; an infidel, to whom we good Christians, according to the old Roman Catholic doctrine, are not bound by any oath or compact,—or a Jew, to raise contributions upon, and be despoiled. He is a man of too much glory to mind hunger; and so we take away his bread, he himself protesting all the while, that, maugre the glory, he, and his children too, must needs eat.

From the time when literary property became a subject of juridical cognizance in England, down to the statute of 8 Anne, 1710, securing limited copyright, and, indeed, seventy years after the passing of that act, until the decision of the case of Donaldson *versus* Becket and Others, in the House of Lords, the perpetual copyright of the author, or his assignees, was familiarly recognised at Stationers' Hall by the booksellers, and sanctioned by the courts of justice, both in equity and at law. This is called the Right at Common Law; by which is meant that, merely by the construction of an author's rights and his acts according to the legal principles upon which every man's rights and property are recognised and protected, independently of any express legislation, and then again (at the epoch of that case) by the custom and precedents distinctly traceable through a period of more than two centuries, and, therefore, by the essential and transcendent principle of the unwritten law, an author and his assigns had the exclusive right in perpetuity of multiplying copies of his works, as long as he chose to avail himself of such privilege. This did not amount to a universal prohibition of all publications, except by authors and their assigns; for, as the absolute proprietor of land may dedicate it to the use of the

public as a highway, by his acts merely, and without any written declaration, so an author might dedicate his published book to the public use, not only for reading, quotation, and abridgment, and as materials for making other books, which is always implied by the act of publication, but also for the purpose of making and selling copies. And the public were not to be left in doubt, whether the author did thus dedicate the fruit of his labours to public use, since he was presumed so to do, unless he entered the copyright at Stationers' Hall, and gave notice of this fact. This was a notice to the public, that, though he published his work, and sold copies of it, he did this with the reservation to himself, and his assigns, of the right of multiplying copies.

This seems to be very intelligible and very just; since, undoubtedly, the author has the absolute control of his manuscript. The community never pretended to the right of compelling any one either to write a poem for the general benefit, or to publish one he had already written; and, as the author has the control of the publication of his manuscripts, it seems to be a natural inference, that he has a right to prescribe the conditions upon which he publishes and sells it; so that these conditions are a part of the contract upon which the purchaser of a copy accepts it. And these conditions, in the above case, are, that he may make use of the copy he has bought for any other purpose, excepting that of multiplying copies. What would be the effect of such a notice, in terms printed in every copy of a work published by the author, has not been the subject of judicial decision; nor do we recollect, that the right of the author has been put upon this precise ground in any of the cases in which the question of perpetual copyright has been contested. The proper subject of legislation seems to be, in this case, not whether the author shall be entitled to what is his own by the plain application of all the principles by which the great mass of individual rights are regulated, but what notice he shall be required to give, that, by publishing his work, he does not abandon the exclusive privilege of multiplying copies.

But so deeply has the notion taken root, that an author has only a temporary right to an exclusive property in what is more emphatically his own creation than any material product of labour can be, that the framers of the American constitution do not seem to have dreamed of his having anything more than such temporary exclusive right; since they provided, *for the encouragement of learning*, only that Congress might grant the exclusive privilege of publication for a "limited time." Singular *encouragement* this! It is as if Congress had, for example, been empowered to encourage the fisheries by allowing the fisherman some part, not exceeding nine-tenths, of all the fish he should take; or agriculture, by allowing the farmer some portion, not exceeding nine-tenths, of the wheat that might

grow upon his own land. Governments seem to consider literary productions somewhat in the light in which they formerly did gold and silver mines; one fifth, tenth, or twentieth part, and sometimes the whole of the product of which, was reserved to the sovereign in the old charters, still to quote America. There was some basis for these reservations, since the European governments, especially those of Roman Catholic countries, after the Pope had granted them their respective diagrams of latitude and longitude of that hemisphere, claimed the dominion and property of the soil. But to carry this doctrine of prerogative and supereminent dominion into the intellectual world, and set up an exclusive right of the public to one-tenth, or five-tenths, more or less, of the profits or benefits of the literary compositions, which all subjects or citizens whatsoever might spin out of their own brains, is really a transcendent stretch of arbitrary pretension.

In the case of Tonson *versus* Collins, which came up in 1760, Mr. Yates was one of the counsel for the defendant, and accordingly argued against the perpetual copyright. Sir William Blackstone was one of the counsel for the plaintiff, and argued very learnedly and ably in favour of perpetual copyright; and one readily recognises, in his remarks upon copyright, in his "Commentaries," the phraseology and mode of presenting the subject adopted in his argument in that case, as reported by himself. Lord Mansfield and the other judges of the King's Bench were in favour of perpetual copyright, but gave no judgment. When the last elaborate case on the question, the final decision of which, on appeal in the House of Lords, was fatal to the rights of British authors, came before the court of King's Bench, the same Mr. Yates, who had argued for Collins in the former case, was one of the judges of that court, and still adhered to his former opinion against the rights of authors, and dissented from the opinions of Lord Mansfield and the other two judges, who still maintained the perpetual right. The case occupies over one hundred pages in Burrow's "Reports," so that authors were not disfranchised without an honourable struggle. It is not our purpose to go minutely through all the arguments alleged in favour of this sweeping confiscation of literary property; it will be sufficient to state leading grounds.

The bombastic, puerile trash uttered by Lord Camden, on the occasion of the fatal decision in the House of Lords, has already been noticed. "Glory," said he, "is the reward of science. It was not for gain, that Bacon, Newton, and Milton instructed the world." Fine stuff this, to gloss a pillage.

Yates, in his argument as counsel in Tonson *versus* Collins, in 1760, and his argument of three hours in length, in Millar *versus* Taylor, 1769, dissenting from the other three judges of the King's Bench, on the subject of the copyright of "Thomson's Seasons,"

lays down, as one of his main positions, that "nothing can be the object of property, which has not a corporeal substance. There must," says he, "be something visible, which has bounds to define it, and some marks to distinguish it. The property here claimed is all ideal; a set of ideas, which have no bounds or marks whatever. Their whole existence is in the mind alone; incapable of any other modes of acquisition or enjoyment, than by mental possession or apprehension." "The subject," said Thurlow, afterwards Chancellor, who was also counsel with Yates in the first case, "must be the abstracted, ideal, incorporeal composition. It should," said he, "be something that should be seen, felt, given, delivered, lost, or stolen, in order to constitute property." "How," asked Lord Mansfield, interrupting him, "would you steal an *option*, or the *next turn of an advowson?*"—a question which presented, in a demonstratively ridiculous light, the sophistry of this objection. The law, as everybody knows, recognises many species of property which cannot be seen, delivered, stolen, &c., such as right of way, of air, light, fishery, common, and the like. The sophistry is double, therefore; first, in assuming that nothing is regarded by the law as *property* excepting corporeal substances, or things having essential reference to such substances; and, secondly, in assuming that, unless you can call the right of the author *property*, it is no right.

Both assumptions are wholly false; the first as we have seen, the second as may be familiarly illustrated. The services of a child are not, any more than the child himself, the *property* of his parent, and yet the parent has an action in case of his being wrongfully deprived of the child's services. A man's reputation is not any species of property, an article of merchandise, a chattel, any kind of goods or effects, by the common law, and yet he has an action for damages against one who libels or slanders him. If we substitute the word *right*, instead of *property*, we shall readily find, that every man has many abstract rights, which are recognised by the law, and which others cannot violate with impunity. Among these rights, an author or his assignee claims that of exclusively multiplying copies of his work. If the law is disposed to protect this right, what occasion is there for any of this metaphysical jargon about *property, substance, visible, palpable, impalpable, ideal, imaginary*, and the like, any more than in vindicating his right to his good name. It is a miserable libel upon the common law, or statute law, or any body of law, to say, that it is profoundly ignorant of whatever is not a direct object of all or some of the five senses. It is not the law, that refuses to recognise whatever is seen only by the mind's eye; the fault is in the blind judge.

But, then, say the same champions of confiscation, the author, by publishing, abandons his right, or property, or privilege, or whatever he was possessed of, or invested with, before publication. By pub-

lication, says Mr. Yates, the author's sentiments, arrangement, and language, "are thrown into a state of universal communication." "I insist," said Thurlow, "that every subscriber has a right to do what he pleases with the book he has subscribed for." "Can he complain," says Mr. Justice Yates, "of losing the bird he has himself voluntarily let out?" And yet the same judge says, "If the author had not published his work at all, but only lent it to a particular person, he might have enjoined that he should only peruse it; because in that case the author's copy is his own, and the party to whom it is lent contracts to observe the condition of the loan. But when the author makes a general publication of his work, he throws it open to all mankind." This is the *gist* of the argument, and a virtual admission of all that is claimed in behalf of copyright; for if the author can *lend* on condition, why not *sell* on contract with the reader that he may read, abridge, criticize, and make extracts from his work, but shall not multiply copies? The publisher may sell the paper, ink, and binding, with the right of reading or obliterating the printing, or writing, but not of making copies for sale. Now this is precisely what he does, when he publishes with notice of a claim of copyright. We cannot see but that the cases of loan and sale, in this respect, are precisely parallel. And if they are so, and Mr. Justice Yates is right in his position about the lent manuscript, this ends the argument, as far as this ground is concerned; and it is, in fact, the main one, and substantially the only one on which the invaders justify themselves. The rest is, for the most part, but spongy declamation, or quibbling metaphysics.

In the discussion in the House of Lords, one lord said, such a right "would be a monopoly more destructive to learning, and even to authors, than a second irruption of the Goths and Vandals." "Monopoly!" as if it were an odious *monopoly*, that a man should have the fruits of his own labour. This is upon a par with the repeal of copyright by the French National Convention, because it had been recognised by law under the description of *privilége*, and so was classed with the privileges of the nobility. What was society instituted for, but to give every man a monopoly of what is his own by the law of nature, and secure it against the rapine of Goths, Vandals, and pirates? As to such a privilege, or rather the concession of such a right, being destructive to authors themselves, the suggestion is too absurd to be seriously answered. It is very true, that publishers would be more benefited than authors themselves. This, however, is a matter of contract between them; and though we may regret that Milton received but fifteen pounds for the copyright of "Paradise Lost," which yielded his publishers as many hundreds or thousands, no doubt, yet he had no reason to complain, any more than any other person who has made a bad bargain. But how any lord could persuade himself, if he did so persuade

himself, that perpetual copyright would be destructive to authors, cannot easily be divined. As to the destruction which would ensue to the public by reason of an author or his assignee having the fruit of his labour, it is by no means to be so greatly dreaded as that likely to follow from the monopoly which an agriculturist has of the corn, or a grazier of the meat, which he produces on his own farm, by his own labour. It would have been much more plausible, had their lordships proposed the pillage of the farmers, lest we should be starved to death; for their productions we must have, whereas we really can exist without those of the author, however excellent they may be: and if, instead of scattering them at large by a sale, at a reasonable price, he chooses to limit their circulation by a high price, or to absolutely suppress them, he will starve nobody but himself.

But how ridiculous to talk of destruction to the public from the exercise of a right, which was conceded in England for two centuries and a half after the invention of printing, with entire harmlessness? It is evident that all the destruction which could accrue from a perpetual copyright, will necessarily ensue from a limited one, which the Goths and Vandals do not object to; for it never has happened, in all the copyrights ever granted, that the public were not supplied with copies in sufficient number, at reasonable prices. The publishers have suffered from surplus copies infinitely more than the public for want of them. But, if there is danger that some authors may turn dogs in the manger, this is no reason for disfranchising the whole species. The true remedy is, to take their copyright for the public use, and allow them a reasonable compensation, as we take a proprietor's land for a public highway. It is quite a new principle in legislation, to take away the plain and essential rights of a whole class, lest some of that class might, by possibility, injure themselves, for the singular satisfaction of withholding a benefit from the public. If a man should write a book for the public, and, finding the public wanted it, should thereupon withhold it, he would be a suitable subject for guardianship, so that the law already provides against the catastrophe foreseen by the sage legislators.

With regard to Lord Mahon's Copyright Bill, which is likely, as we have already stated, to lead to the passing of a law that will stand for a long period, and to prove practically advantageous as well as generally satisfactory, we may notice ere closing our paper, some of the features of the speech in which the measure was proposed. Having traced the history of the law of copyright, down to the act of 1814, which gives a copyright of twenty-eight years, or for the life of the author should he survive that period; he proceeded to answer some of the arguments which had been used against Serjeant Talfourd's bill last session, having undertaken the

conduct of the present measure at the request of the learned gentleman. For example, it had been argued that a copyright descending to heirs would sometimes result in the suppression of valuable works. Mr. Crowther, the grandson and heir of Richardson, had never read his grandfather's works; but it was not from that to be assumed that he had any hostile feeling towards those writings; and, besides, he was not the only representative of Richardson. Again, though Sir Alexander Boswell might not like to hear references to his father's life of Johnson, there was not the least evidence that he desired to suppress the book. Those who employed the argument, indeed, confounded the case of works already published, which could not be suppressed, and of manuscripts in possession, which could always be suppressed. But, to guard against the possibility of that danger, the present bill would include a clause, giving to the Privy Judicial Council power to license works for publication, provided suppression were attempted. His lordship also contended that the measure which he proposed would give no monopoly to publishers; for the increasing demand for books and the great supply, had taught publishers the advantage of publishing at cheap rates. And, emulating M. de Lamartine, who called on France to take the lead in rescuing genius from spoliation, his lordship called on England to take the lead. We may therefore hope for an early adjustment of this long and keenly-agitated question.

ART. X.—*The Works of Jeremy Bentham.* Part XIX. *Memoirs of Bentham.* Edinburgh: Tait.

THESE memoirs, by Dr. Bowring, including autobiographic conversations and correspondence, are brought down by the present half volume, to Bentham's forty-sixth year. The subject of the work was, unquestionably, one of the most remarkable men of the last generation; having, in spite of much contemporary prejudice and misrepresentation, reared for himself, while living, not only a monument which was acknowledged by many of the most independent and profound thinkers of that period, to be more glorious than the trophies of your Nelsons and Wellingtons; but, as is now generally admitted, which is destined to stamp with lasting and beneficent effect, the generations of mankind coming after the era of the philosopher. Perhaps the retired speculations and the abstract philosophy of no one mind, ever promised to achieve so much practical good as the science of morals, cultivated in the manner which Bentham pursued. The indomitable courage, and the single-heartedness with which he maintained his course, not to speak of the originality of the process, proclaimed him to be an extraordinary person. He may have been thoroughly convinced that he was

far in advance of his age; at any rate the flagrancy of the abuses which he sought to correct, and the inveteracy with which these were defended by the powerful and multitudes of the respectable must always have furnished a stimulus to a mind of such simplicity, integrity, and far-seeing sagacity. The British nation was to pass from one condition not only of physical or material power to another, but needed to be reformed in respect of almost every institution, social and political. The system of education, of class interests, being paramount in almost every branch of legislative and executive government, the absurdities which crowded the code of jurisprudence, were of the sort of strongholds of abuse which Bentham besieged, and not without finally making a breach in what were in his time considered sacred edifices; till at length, through his persevering advocacy of first principles, a light broke in upon other great spirits, to the realization by our day of discoveries and improvements which are in some degree analogous to the mighty advance made by steam-power. Such have been the triumphs of Bentham in behalf of sound constitutional principles, and which have resulted or are destined to be perfected in the course of practical application.

There were sundry peculiarities, constitutional as well as conditional, in Bentham's early history. It would be too much perhaps to assert that there was any thing very singular in his academical education, which was conducted in the fashion of the period at Westminster and Oxford. He seems to have been a precocious boy; having entered college when only about his twelfth year, and receiving his bachelor's degree at sixteen. He was extremely sensitive, possessed an uncommonly retentive memory; was dwarfish when young, but became robust when approaching manhood. Nor was his youthful eagerness for practical improvement and essential information, altogether at odds with his physical developement; for although most desirous of intellectual knowledge and affectionately alive to moral sentiments, he had to submit to parental prejudices which denied him the opportunities he so vehemently longed to cultivate. We are told in the Memoirs that in early life he keenly felt the want of acquaintances. "Desirous of instruction, few had been the means of instruction which were allowed to him beyond those which school and university afforded; and the narrow and monkish system of education which then prevailed, was not very favourable to the development of the mental faculties. Bentham, too, had strong affections, to which he would willingly have found a response from the breasts of others, but in his youth this happiness was denied him." One consequence of his want of congenial acquaintances was his falling so much into the society of servants, as to have acquired from them a nervous

feeling about ghost stories, which afterwards warred with his better judgment.

Bentham's mind was innately independent; so that any absurd restraint or mistaken denial could but only stimulate his curiosity and his desire for substantial acquirements; and as soon as he found himself at liberty to pursue objects worthy of his choice, his enjoyment of life became intense, or rather of every new conquest in the realms of speculation and information. His filial obedience seems to have been exemplary, although it must often have been severely put to the test; and perhaps never more painfully than when his father chose for him the profession of the law, and it appears with a degree of despotic authority. The son's speculative turn, however, could not be checked, and he pursued with every possible facility, we may be sure, those closet philosophical studies which were to result in a celebrated authorship. At length a fragment was published by him, which elated the elder Bentham, and probably induced him to acquiesce in the young man's choice of studies and pursuits. The following passages are from one of Jeremy's letters regarding the work mentioned, as well as concerning his experience at the bar:—

For some years before the publication of the Fragment, I had been regarded in the light of a lost child: despair had succeeded to the fond hopes which something of prematurity in my progress had inspired. On my being called to the bar, I found a cause or two at nurse for me: my first thought was how to put them to death; and the endeavours were not, I believe, altogether without success. Not long after, a case was brought to me for my opinion. I ransacked all the codes. My opinion was right, according to the codes; but it was wrong, according to a manuscript unseen by me, and inaccessible to me; a MS. containing the report of I know not what opinion, said to have been delivered before I was born, and locked up, as usual, for the purpose of being kept back or produced according as occasion served. This incident, the forerunner of so many others, added its fuel to the flame which Constantia [Philips] had lighted up. I went to the bar as the bear to the stake; I went astray this way and that way. The region of chemistry, amongst other foreign fields, was one in which I wandered. I incurred the anathema which, without my knowledge, had been pronounced against me, and against all who dared presume to accompany me or follow me in my wayward course. I walked erect in all those regions in which prostration of understanding and will, had, with such successful suit, and such illustriously consecrated authority, been prescribed. * * In my anxiety to soothe the paternal sufferings, ere yet the "Fragment on Government" had issued from the press, I could not conceal the little attempt I had made to raise myself out of that obscurity which, while on myself it sat lightly, was to him [his father] so unendurable. He would thereby see that my mind had not been totally abstracted from the country so rich in gold mines, though so unknown in the golden age. I saw the use of secrecy: I solicited at his hands, not without earnestness, a corres-

pondent promise, and obtained it. My father, it may well be imagined, was not among the last to whom the sensation produced by it was perceptible. One day, as I was at my chambers, a neighbour and friend of his, whom I had never before seen, called to offer me his congratulations. Struck all of a heap with the unexpected charge, penetrated with that abhorrence for falsehood which I had imbibed from earliest infancy, I sought refuge in the arms of evasion and found none. I remember it as if it had been yesterday. My countenance could not but have betrayed the strongest symptoms of the confusion under which I laboured: the countenance of a guilty criminal charged on the sudden with the blackest crime could not have betrayed more. * * Finding that my cheeks had been regarded as affording conclusive evidence of what my tongue had endeavoured to conceal; understanding, at the same time, from the tormentor, that direct evidence of the affirmative had been received by him from a quarter superior to all suspicion—a quarter that was suspicion-proof—I ceased kicking against the pricks, and received, as composedly as I could, the unwelcome compliment. The eagerness to obtain some little alleviation under so long a course of suffering, had, in an unguarded moment, it was but too plain, shut the door of my father's memory against the plighted promise.

It appears that the memoirs of Constantia Philips had disclosed to Bentham some legal trickeries or wrongs, leaving an abiding and disgusting impression, which influenced his long career.

In the course of years the father professed, at least, to have become reconciled to Jeremy's choice of pursuits. We find him thus expressing himself in one letter:—"As natural as it may be for a parent to extend his views and wishes with respect to his children, I have, however, become so much of a philosopher by contracting mine as to content myself with the reflection, that the satisfaction my son enjoys arises so much from himself, that no accidents of life are likely to deprive him of it, while he has that share of the health and soundness of mind which he has at present, and which seem to promise to be lasting."

And here we may appropriately utter a word or two in correction of certain mistakes which have obtained with regard to his writings and also to his character. It has, for instance, been the popular persuasion, arising no doubt partly from the logical closeness and profound reasoning of his writings, and partly from the fact that people will rather talk about the works of a great man than study them, that he is all mysticism and metaphysical obscurity. Now it is the abundance and weight of his matter that oppresses the careless and superficial reader, not its indistinctness and vagueness. To be sure his sentences are long, and often full of modifications, parenthetically introduced; but these are necessary to his positions and elucidations of doctrine. His language is also frequently a new coinage; but then it is so manifestly part of the man,—of his style and conduct of thought, that by no other means could he so effect-

ually do justice to his characteristic powers and feelings, nor so exhibit an idiosyncracy. His manner is consequently to the patient reader shorn of much of the repulsiveness which at first presents itself; the feeling becoming strong that he heartily despised affectation, and honestly strove after the most forcible utterance which the elements of language presented to his construction. It is indeed notorious that in his early writings are found some of the finest models of composition; his constant anxiety appearing to have been to divest whatever he wrote of all tawdry ornament, and to take his stand upon an extraordinary wealth of ideas; a very rare excellence.

Then as respects his personal character, people have run away with the notion that his disposition was stern and severe, judging of the man by the earnestness and the strength with which he urged his fundamental views; whereas, on the other hand, he was not only possessed of a fine and lively imagination, but he cherished a fund of healthy good humour, and a continual flow of the warmest philanthropy. He was an enemy of every species of concealment, and was candid in an extraordinary degree. He therefore, while honestly assailing the selfish and crooked policy of others, affected no tenderness. And yet when some of his most humane and enlightened projects were defeated, he spoke of the bitter disappointment with a philosophic composure, if not a playful taste. Hear how he expressed himself to his brother when speaking of the defeat of his great scheme for a penitentiary:

Next week Pitt and Dundas are to come to see Panopticon together: and nobody can say how soon in the week; for the whole school days end this week, and though they don't break up yet awhile, the next week and so on will consist chiefly of half-holidays. If you don't come in time to make the raree-show, I must turn you off, and take the jiggumbobs into my own hands. My fainting fits, at the thoughts of losing the dear body, are cured. I am assured distinctly that Panopticon would not be at all affected by it; but what is better, there is no danger of having anybody else to deal with; their myrmidons give out by authority that Dundas's exit is no nearer than it was when he came in; and that Pitt himself knows no more who is to be the successor than the pope of Rome. They professedly keep the seals dangling in the air to catch renegadoes: if they would lend them me awhile, I would set them a-dancing at the end of a fishing-rod before the bedchamber window at a certain house. Pounce would go the glass, as if the citoyen had been dashing at a mouse. Various of Pitt's friends, yea, manifold, I am told, have been at him with mallets, beating Panopticon into his head: your duke, I suppose, mediately, if not immediately, of the number. Nobody can be better known anywhere, I am positively assured, than your humble servant is, and always has been, in the cabinet,—sins and blasphemies of all sorts, of course, included: so much the better, as they don't seem to stand in the way of his salvation. What my enemies, if I have any, say of me, I am

not told; but the account my friends give of me is, that I am mad; for which I make them a low bow, for madness, forsooth, being interpreted, means *vartue.* This last offer seems to be regarded as an egregious instance: chuckle-heads, who have been used all their lives long to see chess, and battledore, and shuttlecock played at for nothing,—can't bring themselves to conceive that anybody in his senses should be able to find amusement in a game that anybody has ever been paid for playing at. The offer, such as it is, seems to have come seasonably enough, and not to be in any great danger of being rejected. The deficiency seems to have been very generally felt, and openly enough recognised; and it was observed, that if nothing be gained, nothing can be lost by the experiment.

Bentham certainly did not spare his opponents, even although the party should be identical with the sovereign; for George the Third, it appears, disdained not to come forward as a political writer. We quote a passage referring to this singular and covert office.—

In the year 1789, an attempt was made by Great Britain, or by the king of Great Britain, to break up the alliance between Russia and Denmark. The pretext was the restoration of the balance of the power, and the retention by Russia of Oczakow, which had been taken from the Turks by the Russians. In the *Gazette de Leyde*, letters were written under a feigned name by George the Third himself, urging upon the King of Denmark the propriety of his breaking his engagements with Russia, and associating himself with the policy then pursued. A private communication of Mr. Elliott, our minister at Copenhagen, to the Danish court, obtained publicity, and upon that communication, Bentham sent remarks to the Editor of the *Public Advertiser.*

Dr. Bowring thus reports relative to the correspondence which occurred in connexion with Bentham's hand in the affair:—

These Anti-Machiavel Letters excited the resentment of George the Third. He discovered their author, and never ceased to regard Bentham in the light of a personal enemy. Bentham always attributed the *veto* he put upon the Panopticon Bill, after it had passed both Houses of Parliament, to the vindictive feelings created by this correspondence. Bentham had not mentioned to any one that he had written the first two letters, signed Anti-Machiavel; but on the day, or the day after the letter appeared, (so sharply attacking the policy of his unknown royal opponent,) Bentham called at Lansdowne House, and he thus relates what passed:— "You are found out," cried Lord L., laying hold of me, "Lady Lansdowne it was that detected you," and he told me by what mark. He was in a perfect ecstacy. His fame had been grounded, in no small degree, on his knowledge of foreign politics. Guess my astonishment, when I found the whole story new to him. Never shall I forget the rapidity with which we vibrated, arm in arm, talking over the matter in the great dining-room. A day or two after, came out, in the same paper, an answer, under the signature of a *Partizan.* "So," says he, "here's an antagonist you have

got. Do you know who he is?" "Not I, indeed." "Well, I will tell you: it is the king." That he had means of knowing this, was no secret to me. For a considerable length of time, a regular journal of what passed at the queen's house, had been received by him: he had mentioned to me the persons from whom it came. The answer was, of course, a trumpery one. The word *check*, applied to the power of Russia, formed the whole substance of it. The communication produced on me the sort of effect that could not but have been intended. Junius had set the writings of the day to the tune of asperity. I fell upon the best of kings with redoubled vehemence. I sent the two Anti-Machiavels to Pitt the second. The war was given up. Who Anti-Machiavel was, became soon known to this same "best of kings," for that was the title which the prolific virtues of his wife had conferred upon him. Imagine how he hated me. Millions wasted were among the results of his vengeance. In a way too long to state, he broke the faith of the Admiralty Board pledged to my brother. After keeping me in hot water more years than the siege of Troy lasted, he broke the faith of parliament to me. But for him all the paupers in the country, as well as all the prisoners in the country, would have been in my hands. A penal code drawn by me would have become law. Of the Panopticon establishment, the character to which it owed its chief value in my eye, was that of a means leading to that end.

We shall next present a specimen of Bentham's sketches of public characters:—

Saturday Night, September 15th, (half after 10), 1781.—Arrived here a little before Lord Chatham, his brother, Will. Pitt, and Pratt, Lord Camden's son, Member for Bath. I find they had none of them ever been here before. Do you know Lord Chatham? In his appearance, upon the whole, he puts me in mind of Dan Parker Coke; but he has his father's Roman nose, and, if events should concur to make him have a good opinion of himself, will soon, I dare say, acquire his commanding manner: at present, one sees little more than a kind of reserve, tempered with mildness, but clouded with a little dash of bashfulness. Will. Pitt you know for certain; in his conversation there is nothing of the orator—nothing of that hauteur and suffisance one would expect; on the contrary, he seems very good-natured, and a little raw. I was monstrously frightened at him, but, when I came to talk with him, he seemed frightened at me; so that, if anything should happen to jumble us together, we may, perhaps, be good pax; which, however, is not very likely: for I don't know very well what ideas we are likely to have in common. After beating Miss V——, I have just been beating him at chess; an inglorious conquest, as he is scarce so much in my hands as I am in yours. Ernest and the rest of the people have been playing at crown whist. Supper being announced, I stole up here. Ernest, it seems, is the Saxon minister—an honest, good-humoured kind of man. I find it necessary to rise before six, and for that purpose go to bed by eleven. I lie on straw. Pratt has more distance and more suffisance than either of the others; yet there is a sort of giggishness about him too; he puts me in mind of a young Jew-broker in the

city. About an hour after dinner passes now quite happily; as I have established a habit of accompanying Lady S. on the harpsichord, and she is pleased with it. She has nothing at present here but a shabby little spinnet, that I should be ashamed to use myself; but I have set her agog after a variety of new-fashioned harpsichords, and she vows to have some of them. There being nothing here in the fiddle way that is tolerable, she has made me send for mine to town.

The following are sententious extracts from Bentham's Note Book:—

Truth can operate only by supporting evidence: it cannot change sensation; it cannot change the sentiment of truth and falsehood. It is the ignorance of the powers of nature, of the extent of them, and of their limits, that is the cause of the credulity of the common people. Miracles and the secrets of nature to these behove to stand upon the same footing. To remove mountains by a word, may seem as easy as to draw fire from the clouds,—that is, according to vulgar speech, from heaven,—or to make iron swim.

Offering rewards for faith, and punishments for the want of it, is, therefore, like offering rewards for, and punishing the want of, prejudice and partiality in a judge. To say, believe this proposition rather than its contrary, is to say, do all that is in your power to believe it.

Now, all that is in a man's power to do, in order to believe a proposition, and all that *all that* is so, is to keep back and stifle the evidences that are opposed to it. For, when all the evidences are equally present to his observation and equally attended to, to believe or disbelieve is no longer in his power. It is the necessary result of the preponderance of the evidence on one side over that on the other.

If it be true, according to the homely proverb, "that the eye of the master makes the ox fat," it is no less so that the eye of the public makes the statesman virtuous. The multitude of the audience multiplies for disintegrity the chances of detection.

The common-place morality which deals in assertions without proof, and rises in wrath when it should rise in argument, fights with poisoned weapons, and pleads the cause of truth with the tongue of falsehood.

We conclude our notice of, and extracts from, this valuable biography, with a few of Dr. Bowring's recollections of passages in the philosopher's conversation. The Bryant mentioned was the author of "Analysis of Ancient Mythology," &c.; and Richard Anthony Salisbury, of the "Icones Stirpium Rariorum."

"I remember Dr. Lawrence—a man of harsh physiognomy: there was a roughness in his *tout ensemble*. We met at Phil. Metcalf's. There was a silk gownsman who had never any business, but who went by the name of Omniscient Jackson. I gave the title to Macculloch (Dr.), who was all omniscience, and *preterea nihil*.—' Bryant was an acquaintance of mine. If he found in Judea a man whose name began with *Col*, he would swear he was the builder of Colchester.'—' I remember hearing a trait of young

Beckford's profusion. When about to sleep at an inn, he ordered it to be papered for him, at an expense of 10*l.*, like Wolsey, who travelled with a set of gold hangings.'—' Dr. W. Hunter was the Garrick of lecturers.'—' Dr. Swediaur brought Bentham and Baron Regenfeld together.' ' Regenfeld was the eternal secretary of the Austrian legation. He spoke English so well that he might be mistaken for an Englishman, and he got an illegitimate son of his into the English navy.' ' Through Regenfeld I got acquainted with the Tokay, which grew on his estate. He said he had still a finer wine, which he called the Essence of Tokay, and which could not come hither, the place of its production being so far inland. In my eagerness for exterior information, how glad I was to lay hold of Regenfeld,—and indeed of any body coming from that large place called *abroad.*' —' Bishop Barnard was an unbeliever. I met him at Owen Cambridge's, who had a house of which he was very proud, near Pope's at Twickenham. The bishop was much among the aristocracy,—a man of the world, and a clever man. At the same party was Baron Nagel, from whom I learnt the word *Bywerk*, (bywork,) a word we want for a picture. I made a little *quizzacious* attack upon the bishop, which he took very well,—no offence in the slightest degree.'—' Salisbury is now compelled to write for the papers. He ruined himself by gossiping,—holding people by the button, and wasting his time.'—' Wickham was afterwards Under Secretary of State, and honourable. He and Charles Abbott had a project to make me fall in love with his sister. I went there once; and after dinner an appearance of business left me alone with his wife and daughter. The net was spread, but the fish was not caught.'—' Arthur Young owned a landed estate of the value of from 300*l.* to 400*l.* a year. He is preserved from oblivion by various works, the usefulness of which has not been obliterated by the hand of time. He held a situation of no inconsiderable altitude in the good opinion of George the Third. He was the editor of the " Annals of Agriculture," and among his correspondents, if what I have heard say be true, was the monarch, who borrowed for that purpose, the name of Robinson. In the number for January 1, 1787, there is a letter on ' Duckett's Husbandry,' entitled ' by Mr. Ralph Robinson of Windsor,' (p. 65-71;) there is another dated March 4, 1787, (p. 332-6.)"

ART. XI.—1. *Trevor Hastinges.* Saunders and Otley.

2. *The Two Admirals.* Bentley.

3. *The Herberts.* Saunders and Otley.

4. *The Expectant.* Newby.

EACH novel in *three* volumes; nor would we be overstepping the truth were it added that as many more might be named for the month. These however, have more than average merit; at least they excel several of their contemporaries. " Trevor Hastinges: or, the Battle of Tewkesbury," a tale of the " Wars of the Roses," is a historical novel, and by Major Michel, the author of " Henry

of Monmouth," which was so well received as must have encouraged the same pen to proceed in this walk of fiction. Indeed, as we understand the Major, he not only contemplates a continuation of works of a similar sort, but considers himself bound to produce something better and more lasting than the amusement merely which transitorily arises from an exciting romance. He "is desirous, throughout any work that may issue from his pen, truly to delineate all historical facts connected with the times of which he may treat; that those who read his pages may rise from their perusal with a more ample and faithful knowledge of such events as he may have endeavoured to describe, than they had previously possessed. The author abjures the beaten track, which delineating historical characters under false colours, betrays the reader into an ignorance more gross, than ever an absolute want of knowledge could produce." Now, this laudable purpose has been accomplished with greater success than we could have anticipated, especially had the writer been entirely new to us, seeing the professed abjuration of "the beaten track;" a thing so much more easy to promise than perform satisfactorily, that the avowal might be apt to create distrust. The Major, we however think, wields his pen more happily when he draws characters, than when he pictures scenes or describes events. Perhaps we should rather express ourselves in this way: his *dramatis personæ* are not only finished in respect of individual portraiture, but are well chosen, and distinctly contrasted; while his scenes, although often picturesque are given with too much detail,—his incidents too similar to admit of each being so minutely stated as he has given them. We also think that had his dialogues been compressed, had the effective points been mainly attended to, that more life would have been thrown into the story; in a word, that he would have more fully accomplished his laudable purposes than has been done. The only other general objection we have to offer to "Trevor Hastinges" is, that the Major has stumbled upon certain characters introduced by Scott in his "Quentin Durward;" viz., the subtle Louis, and his still more subtle minister Oliver Dain. Not that these are feebly or unfaithfully dealt with, but for obvious reasons. When our author presents to us the queen of Henry VI., the proud and austere Margaret, with the king-making Warwick, and with sundry other historical personages, it is seen how well he can walk alone, how easy it is for him to avoid a trodden path. His fictitious characters are happy creations, and illustrative of the manners as well as the costume of a period when the deadliest contests for a crown distracted Old England. In a word, "Trevor Hastinges" may be recommended as a novel of skilful construction, even as a historical romance of stirring interest and instructive effect.

"The Two Admirals, a Tale of the Sea, by J. Fenimore Cooper,"

may not rank with his early marine stories; but it is one which is creditable even to the author of the "Water Witch" and the "Pilot." The Tale carries us back to the middle of the last century, when the British fleet is commanded by Admirals Oakes and Bluewater, who, although sterling mutual friends, do not cherish precisely the same sympathies with regard to the Hanoverian succession. This diversity of feeling threatens to lead to serious consequences at the moment when Charles Edward lands in Scotland, Bluewater's Jacobinism tempting him to keep aloof from taking part in an action with the French, until friendship and remembered services in many a peril and victory where both had earned laurels, determined the reluctant hero to speed to his brother's aid, just as Admiral Oakes is about to lose the day. We have only to observe, before quoting the scene to which allusion has been particularly made, that whatever rivals Mr. Cooper may have on this side of the Atlantic in stories of love, —and we think many are superior to him,—he certainly has no competitor the moment he takes to the sea. Now for our extract:—

The reader will not overlook the material circumstance, that all we have related occurred amid the din of battle. Guns were exploding at each instant, the cloud of smoke was both thickening and extending, fire was flashing in the semi-obscurity of its volumes, shot were rending the wood and cutting the rigging, and the piercing shrieks of agony, only so much the more appalling by being extorted from the stern and resolute, blended their thrilling accompaniments. Men seemed to be converted into demons, and yet there was a lofty and stubborn resolution to conquer mingled with all, that ennobled the strife and rendered it heroic. The broadsides that were delivered in succession down the line, as ship after ship of the rear division reached her station, however, proclaimed that Monsieur des Prez had imitated Sir Gervaise's mode of closing, the only one by means of which the leading vessel could escape destruction, and that the English were completely doubled on. At this moment, the sail-trimmers of the *Plantagenet* handled their braces. The first pull was the last. No sooner were the ropes started, than the fore-top-mast went over the bows, dragging after it the main with all its hamper, the mizen snapping like a pipe-stem at the cap. By this cruel accident, the result of many injuries to shrouds, back-stays, and spars, the situation of the *Plantagenet* became worse than ever; for, not only was the wreck to be partially cleared, at least, to fight many of the larboard guns, but the command of the ship was, in a great measure, lost, in the centre of one of the most infernal *mêlées* that ever accompanied a combat at sea. At no time does the trained seaman ever appear so great as when he meets sudden misfortunes with the steadiness and quiet which it is a material part of the *morale* of discipline to inculcate. Greenly was full of ardour for the assault, and was thinking of the best mode of running foul of his adversary, when this calamity occurred; but the masts were hardly down when he changed all his thoughts to a new current, and called out to the sail-trimmers to "lay over, and clear the wreck." Sir Gervaise, too, met with a sudden and

violent check to the current of his feelings. He had collected his Bowlderos, and was giving his instructions as to the manner in which they were to follow, and keep near his person, in the expected hand-to-hand encounter, when the heavy rushing of the air, and the swoop of the mass from above, announced what had occurred. Turning to the men, he calmly ordered them to aid in getting rid of the incumbrances, and was in the very act of directing Wycherly, to join in the same duty, when the latter exclaimed—"See, Sir Gervaise, here comes another of the Frenchmen close upon our quarter. By heavens, *they* must mean to board!" The vice-admiral instinctively grasped his sword-hilt tighter, and turned in the direction mentioned by his companion. There, indeed, came a fresh ship, shoving the cloud aside, and, by the clearer atmosphere that seemed to accompany her, apparently bringing down a current of air stronger than common. When first seen, the jib-boom and bowsprit were both enveloped in smoke, but his bellying fore-top-sail, and the canvass hanging in festoons, loomed grandly in the vapour, the black yards seeming to embrace the wreaths, merely to cast them aside. The proximity, too, was fearful, her yard-arms promising to clear those of the *Plantagenet* only by a few feet, as her dark bows brushed along the admiral's side. "This will be fearful work, indeed!" exclaimed Sir Gervaise. "A fresh broadside from a ship so near, will sweep all from the spars. Go, Wychecombe, tell Greenly to call in—Hold!—'Tis an English ship! No Frenchman's bowsprit stands like that! Almighty God be praised! 'Tis the *Cæsar*—there is the old Roman figure-head just shoving out of the smoke!" This was said with a yell, rather than a cry, of delight, and in a voice so loud that the words were heard below, and flew through the ship like the hissing of an ascending rocket. To confirm the glorious tidings, the flash and roar of guns on the off-side of the stranger announced the welcome tidings that *Le Pluton* had an enemy of her own to contend with, thus enabling the *Plantagenet's* people to throw all their strength on the starboard guns, and pursue their other necessary work without further molestation from the French rear-admiral. The gratitude of Sir Gervaise, as the rescuing ship thrust herself in between him and his most formidable assailant, was too deep for language. He placed his hat mechanically before his face, and thanked God, with a fervour of spirit that never before had attended his thanksgivings. This brief act of devotion over, he found the bows of the *Cæsar*, which ship was advancing very slowly, in order not to pass too far ahead, just abreast of the spot where he stood, and so near that objects were pretty plainly visible. Between her knight-heads stood Bluewater, conning the ship, by means of a line of officers, his hat in his hand, waving in encouragement to his own people, while Geoffrey Cleveland held the trumpet at his elbow. At that moment three noble cheers were given by the crews of the two friendly vessels, and mingled with the increasing roar of the *Cæsar's* artillery. Then the smoke rose in a cloud over the forecastle of the latter ship, and persons could no longer be distinguished. Nevertheless, like all that thus approached, the relieving ship passed slowly ahead, until nearly her whole length protected the undefended side of her consort, delivering her fire with fearful rapidity. The *Plantagenets* seemed to imbibe new life from this arrival, and their

starboard guns spoke out again, as if manned by giants. It was five minutes, perhaps, after this seasonable arrival, before the guns of the other ships of the English rear announced their presence on the outside of Monsieur des Prez's force; thus bringing the whole of the two fleets into four lines, all steering dead before the wind, and, as it were, interwoven with each other. By that time, the poops of the *Plantagenet* and *Cæsar* became visible from one to the other, the smoke now driving principally off from the vessels. There again were our two admirals each anxiously watching to get a glimpse of his friend. The instant the place was clear, Sir Gervaise applied the trumpet to his mouth, and called out—"God bless you, Dick! may God for ever bless you—*your* ship can do it—clap your helm hard a-starboard, and sheer into M. des Prez; you'll have him in five minutes." Bluewater smiled, waved his hand, gave an order, and laid aside his trumpet. Two minutes later, the *Cæsar* sheered into the smoke on her larboard beam, and the crash of the meeting vessels was heard. By this time, the wreck of the *Plantagenet* was cut adrift, and she, too, made a rank sheer, though in a direction opposite to that of the *Cæsar's*. As she went through the smoke, her guns ceased, and when she emerged into the pure air, it was found that *Le Foudroyant* had set courses and top-gallant-sails, and was drawing so fast ahead, as to render pursuit, under the little sail that could be set, unprofitable. Signals were out of the question, but this movement of the two admirals converted the whole battle scene into one of inexplicable confusion. Ship after ship changed her position, and ceased her fire from uncertainty what that position was, until a general silence succeeded the roar of the cannonade. It was indispensable to pause and let the smoke blow away. It did not require many minutes to raise the curtain on the two fleets. As soon as the firing stopped, the wind increased, and the smoke was driven off to leeward in a vast straggling cloud, that seemed to scatter and disperse in the air spontaneously. Then a sight of the havoc and destruction that had been done in this short conflict was first obtained.

"The Herberts," by the author of "Elphinstone," is a tale of familiar life, if not of daily experience. A son and daughter, the descendants of a family who for generations have held an honourable rank among the English gentry, and kept their heads high in their native county, find themselves in a decayed condition on the death of their father, whose last struggle to maintain an elevated position may be said to have resulted in getting himself elected to sit in Parliament. The young and bereft people, however, choose a wiser and nobler course; for they not only descend into poverty without vain and undignified efforts to uphold an empty show, but they struggle with privation and misery without compromising their honesty or their pure mindedness. The son, who is educated for the church, in his worldly downfal turns author, thence linen-draper's shopman and lawyer's clerk, but is baffled every-where. The daughter's career—the orphans having been separated, and each

obliged to pursue a distinct although not a very dissimilar course—is that of a governess, with all the painful sacrifices which a person of superior birth and education has to make in such a situation, together with encountering numberless insults of a vulgar nature. She is also exposed to the wiles of a seducer, in the shape of a nobleman, and is in imminent danger of becoming innocently his victim. Brother and sister, however, are each rescued at last, and restored to an enviable position in society; the latter being indebted for her deliverance to a person who had attained to great wealth, but who, when a ploughboy, received the rudiments of reading from the Herberts; and, what was better, had instilled by them into his mind those high principles which conducted him to honour.

The author has made use of a really interesting story, whose current and complexion we have but very slightly indicated, to introduce a number of domestic occurrences, a variety of striking vicissitudes, and a large diversity of character, in order to illustrate the ways of the world, to castigate selfishness and many questionable practices as well as sentiments which characterize the English. He has dexterously contrasted the bad and the false with the good, the gentle, and the true; while the homely and the utilitarian are seen in his pictures to be far more worthy of pursuit and adherence than the excitements of the imagination, or the sentimental dreams of enthusiasm,—the flowery and the fanciful. Now all this and much more is done by the author of The Herberts, with power which is often sarcastic, observation that is keen and close, and feeling that is healthy and deserving of imitation. There is, indeed, much mind in the novel, and much clever writing. Our first specimen of the sterling and biting matter found in it to overflowing, presents an unexaggerated sketch, we believe, of the Tory by birth and the Tory by acquisition:

Before the present generation, the Mixens could hardly be said to belong to a family; for not only was Sir Thomas unable to point the particular department of state in which his ancestors had distinguished themselves, or the great families whose arms they had quartered, but if he were a conscientious man, he would have been loath to swear that he had ever had any ancestors at all, unless a father and grandfather might be so called, beyond which two of his progenitors no written document or human memory contained a notice of his race. Mr. Mixen, the grandfather, had been a respectable old-fashioned tradesman in a small seaport town, where he saved a considerable sum of money. Mr. Mixen, the father, had employed this money to advantage during the war, in dealing in ship-stores, and finally in ship-building; and becoming possessed of a large fortune, to which he thought a title would give great dignity, he built a frigate, which he stored and manned, and very patriotically made a present of her, men and all, to the government, for which, in the course of the same summer, he acquired the supreme felicity of beholding his letters addressed Sir Michael Mixen, Bart. But the grandfather all his life, and

his successor, so long as he was working doubtfully for a fortune, had been very democratical in their principles, and violent denouncers of all ranks above them, and especially of the great landlords; but it was curious to observe how all this patriotic love of liberty and equality wore away as fortune became assured—until, as the war ended, Sir Michael, contriving to sell off his business just in the profitable nick before it finally ceased, invested his money in the purchase of land; he of course became as high a Tory as ever proclaimed the divine right of kings, bishops, and squires. Nor is there any thing uncommon about this little history, for every successful tradesman or merchant is dissatisfied with his acquired fortune, until he has become one of that class he has always despised—country gentlemen; and you never see a tradesman or merchant turned into 'gentleman,' without seeing the bitterest of Tories; one reason for which is, that wishing to give their own family the character borne by the old aristocratic families, they imitate the most prominent feature of their public life, while their own habits of thought prevent their discerning those points of private character which go far to redeem the public ones which are offensive. Thus the old Tory, if he hates the liberty of the people, and claims an absolute power over the minds of his dependents, is the very best person for them to resort to in distress or danger. He will make an obedient tenant comfortable; he will listen to his complaints with attention, so long as he does not disobey him. In his own person he is humble, because his own position is steady and assured; nor will he oppress any member of the community, saving by the operation of bad laws, which he strenuously supports, not from hatred of the people, but from prejudice and hatred of change. But the man who has to acquire for his family what antiquity has done for the other, seeing that the old Tory family will command the opinions and votes of their dependents, supposes that high birth and dignity are shown by universal superciliousness and arrogance towards all below the rank to which he aspires. The tyranny which the old Tory exerts over a district, almost unfelt because the custom of centuries, the new Tory carries out into every possible circumstance of society, and becomes not only the supporter of bad laws, but the sneering, the gaudy, and the brutal tyrant over every one who is so unfortunate as to be poorer than himself. God defend me from a patriotic tradesman turned country gentleman!

The hero of the novel is introduced in the following passage:—

This much has been said to introduce fairly to the reader's notice young William Herbert; for I would not sound a trumpet before him, and make proclamation of his qualities, to forestal the reader's opinion. When, therefore, I assert, as I am to do, that William Herbert seemed by his natural qualities marked out from childhood to adorn the sacred office which his father intended him to fill, if the reader will remember the above metaphysical doctrine, will see that I mean not to praise him, but merely to state indifferent facts, that leave the reader to form his own opinion from incidents to be mentioned in the course of this narrative.

By natural qualifications for the church, I trust the reader will not suppose me to mean that, while yet an infant, William Herbert discovered

the qualities adapted to make a sycophant to the rich, a conniver at the vices of the great, or an instrument in the hands of the powerful for oppressing the weak, by the triune tyranny of a reverend Tory magistrate. On the contrary, I mean to say he was meek and humble, obedient to just authority, and bold and refractory only when injustice was intended.

We next cite a passage which is full of truth and fresh life, the life of an inexperienced young man, whose hopes are not less generous than his steps as he bounds along, cheered, trustful, and intent, are elastic. William is still the personage :—

It was a fine morning—but that was a matter of course; he was in perfect health, and his heart was elated with a certainty that his dearest hopes were about to be accomplished, and hope and health could throw a charm on any outward prospect. A glory had not passed away from the earth before his eyes; he had not yet met with any misfortune, saving what the hand of nature had caused, and which tended to soften the heart. The world was to him what his hopes, and not what his experience, made it; and he could still believe that generosity, sincerity, and the other virtues which he had been taught to love, were common among mankind—he had confidence in human nature. With this exalted opinion of beings with whom he was to struggle, and on whom he was to depend, his cheerfulness was not to be affected by the outward appearances of nature, or the quantity of labour he had to perform. His own gentleness of heart and reverence for the world, gave him a more than common sense of the exquisite sweetness of the commingled melody of the myriads of hearts in the hedges, and groves, and skies, kindled into music by the golden brightness of the morning, and of the beauty lavishly scattered over every bit of meadow-ground, and every little sprig that sparkled like silver as it waved to and fro in the sharp sunlight. But his cheerfulness was independent of these, and could have thrown a charm on the gloomiest desert. He was now at that most anxious moment of life which perhaps must be experienced by every man whom Providence has fated to labour for his bread,—namely, when the individual is seizing an opportunity which, if it does not insure success, affords ground for hope. With this powerful feeling in his heart, it may be supposed that the unaccustomed labour of walking between thirty and forty miles was unregarded, and that his mind had not leisure to be conscious of such a petty circumstance as tender toes or aching knees; and indeed he did persevere with so much spirit, that early in the afternoon, much less fatigued than might have been expected, he made his appearance at Mixen Hill, the residence of Sir Thomas.

"The Expectant," by Miss Ellen Pickering, author of "Nan Darrell," "The Fright," &c., is another of those contributions to the circulating library which is sure to find plenty of readers. Like all of this fertile and fluent lady's fictions, the present possesses many features of the Minerva Press order; but with far superior traits than nine-tenths of that school exhibit, in respect not merely of composition, but knowledge and ability. The tale is interesting,

and may prove useful; although it is to be regretted that Miss Pickering depends for the development of a story much more on worn-out melodramatic incidents, however improbable, and on romantic surprises of the nick-of-time kind, than on that of natural character, or as that character is influenced and moulded by circumstances. We have alluded to her knowledge, and may instance as a proof of her observation and skill in delineation, the sketch of a baronet, which may be hung up in the same gallery with that of Sir Michael Mixen:—

The talkative Baronet, by dint of thrusting a finger into every body's loaf, had at length succeeded in establishing his right to insert his whole hand into the county pie; so that nothing could be done throughout all ——shire, from a meeting of the nobility, gentry, and freeholders, down to a meeting of flirts, fiddlers, and dandies, in which Sir Thomas did not usurp the rule. A poacher could not be committed, a burglar tried, a road turned, a rate imposed, an election carried, without his having the greatest art and part in all. Even in cricket-matches he sought to name the two elevens and the umpires, besides bestowing gratis—for nothing—an infinitude of advice touching bats and balls, bowling and fielding, to which said advice, according to him, the cricketing excellence of ——shire was solely to be attributed; whilst if a hop were but hinted at, he took upon himself to determine the day, the place, the terms, the musicians; nay, he would even have drawn out a list of the quadrilles, valses, and galopes, as he did the toasts at the public dinners, had not the dancers and fiddlers rebelled so stoutly against his rule, and laughed so immoderately at his jumbling of tunes and jumbling of names, which his English tongue, as he called it, found quite unpronounceable, that he deemed it most prudent to leave that one matter to the adjustment of others, covering his vexation by a laughing assertion, that the musicians took him for a flat, but he might prove too sharp for them yet. Having had a grandfather who might be talked of, (his great-grandfather was never alluded to,) he counted himself of an ancient family; and possessing a middling estate, whereon stood a handsome modern mansion, he considered himself, and thanks to his busy meddling and readiness to aid all possessed of rank or wealth, was considered by many, one of the leading men of the county.

It is certainly not from an incapacity to observe, or to describe, or even to dramatise that which she wishes to embody, that Miss Pickering fails of reaching the highest rank of our living novelists. Neither is it for want of feminine grace, lively conceptions, strong emotions, or of sound and clear judgment in the working out of that which she intends. She is very clever in dialogue, and appears to find no difficulty in making her characters tell, with good keeping, their own story. But still there is about her fictions something that mars the satisfaction we are always longing and even trusting to meet with. It is not so much nature and real life that we find in the construction of her plots as melodramatic acci-

dents, as has already been hinted; while in the sentiments there is far too often the adherence to the conventionalities of society, when freshness, independence, and truth, should be the essence of the thought, feeling, and sympathy.

To haste and the consequent rawness of the materials as well as immaturity of plan, considerable faults and deficiencies must be set down. But the great oversight and error we take to be in this, that having fallen upon some impressive incident in life, or opportune idea, such as that of a young man of excellent parts, of a high-souled nature, amiable and generous, heir-apparent to a magnificent estate, and quite an "expectant,"—and learning or fancying that such a youth of promise and of hope, has been doomed to experience bitter disappointment, and obliged, after an up-bringing of indulgence and brilliant ease, to tread the path that is planted with thorns;—she does not think of the moral vicissitudes and results, or of tracing these in relation to such a character and mind, so much as by what number and kind of romantic accidents, escapes, and singular freaks of fortune, she is to astonish and excite the reader, as will take three volumes to narrate; the said reader all the while forseeing that the hero is to be as surprisingly brought back to his proper sphere as he has been driven from it. In all such tales there is no more reason for three volumes than there would be for nine; for it is quite clear that the fictionist can at any time, by a sudden death, the remorse of a villain, or some such event as finding a door ajar, put every thing to rights, and so there is an end of it.

Our opinion, therefore, is, that Miss Pickering does not attend to the high purposes, nor consider the undoubted capabilities of the legitimate novel. Having said this much, we dismiss "The Expectant," after inserting a passage which shows that the lady could, if she would, develope in a truthful manner, and so as to elicit as well as to engage thought, the moral vicissitudes of what has been called a spoiled man in adversity and under disappointment.

To sleep seemed to him impossible; so, closing the window, he seated himself in an antique chair beside it. And there sat the pampered minion of fortune, fretting, rebelling at his first cross, making it more intolerable by this very rebelling, and deepening the gloom of the present by fearful forebodings of the future; a future which it was not in his power to foresee or control, and which, if he even had might to rule, in man's finite folly he might have ruled to his own misery, not happiness. His wealth and amiable disposition had failed to save him from trial. Why not? They were blessings to be received with thanks, and used carefully by the guidance of God's Spirit, not earnests of an exemption from the lot of sinful man, who needs to pass through much tribulation to wean his heart from earth.

He thought not of the many who are born to pain and trouble; who know nothing of the joys of a happy childhood; who, pinched by poverty and surrounded by crime, grow up in squalid wretchedness—their pangs unsoothed by the caresses of fond parents, or the thought of a blessed hereafter, where there shall be no more sorrow, no more pain for the trusting and humble. He thought not of the many in the strength of manhood, in the feebleness of age, the sturdy man, the gentle woman, worn down by want and suffering to the brink of the grave, who would have held themselves blest with a tithe of his superfluities; he thought only of one —and that one himself. Others had been parted from those they loved before, and with a thousandfold less hope of a happy meeting; but he remembered not this. Sorrow was to him as a strange thing, and he had not learnt to bear it. We envy those whom we count prosperous: there is many a heavy heart joined to a smiling fortune; or if not so, the thwarting of a moment's wish causes a sharper pang, from the contrast, to him who enjoys, than the blighting of a life's long hope to him who endures.

ART. XII.—*The Mythology of Greece and Rome; for the Use of Grammar Schools.* New York.

No mere dictionary of mythological names, no compilation of the principal fables of classic religion, will ever be found, however useful as a book of reference for pupils or the general reader, to supersede the necessity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the authors of Greece and Rome, if you wish and profess to have a knowledge of classical mythology. Translations and learned commentaries will not suffice. The scholar and the teacher must have recourse to the very source of these fables, or at least to the early epics, the darker tragedies, the devotional lyrics, and the pictured page of the oldest historians, if he desires to give a genuine interpretation to the worship and to the worshipped of classic antiquity.

The Greeks appear to have regarded their mythological fables with nearly the same veneration with which the Hebrews regarded the books of their sacred writers. The poems of Homer, Hesiod, and a few others of their early bards, constitute what may be called a Greek bible. They give, according to the popular notions, a history of the creation and of the gods, and then, devoting themselves to the particular history of one nation, they detail the origin and progress of Greece. The Greeks believed themselves to be the favoured people of Heaven; the mighty heroes the ancestors of their race, were allied to, and descended from the gods; not a hill-top in their land, not a river nor a fountain, but was the chosen abode of some deity. Their faith, though not based on truth, was sincere and deep; it was perhaps as true as human invention and the highest refinement of unaided nature can ever reach.

One thing, however, is certain, the religion of Rome, at least as found embodied in Latin literature, was not so elevated and far from being so sincere, as was that of Greece.

The characters of the gods, as they were portrayed by the Greek poets, are more dignified and pleasing, than they are made to appear by Roman writers. The fact is that the poets of Greece were, in some degree, believers in the religion which they celebrated; the poets of Rome, whatever may have been the sincerity of the uneducated classes in the less degenerate ages, were not. The general features of the two systems of faith are the same; for the Romans derived their worship, in a great measure, from the Greeks. The gods of both are chargeable with great deficiencies, as human creations must ever be. They were haughty, tyrannical, passionate, often licentious, and occasionally displaying the most ridiculous weaknesses of humanity. But in the Greek poets these deities are invested with the majesty and glory of immortals, so far as mere humanity can carry its conceptions; while in the Roman poets, unless a mere repetition of the Greek fable be given, the gods are not endowed with immortal natures, but only with more than human power; and are essentially human in their language and actions.

The Greek writers abound in descriptions of the personal appearance of the gods; exhibit them in every variety of situation and employment, with a minuteness which not only proves their sincere belief, but which is so distinct as to have served as a guide to the painter and sculptor ever after. The Latin poets, on the contrary, give but few such descriptions. Many of the gods are not even mentioned in the Æneid; whereas the Iliad embodies almost an entire theogony.

The cause of this difference is obvious. To Homer and Hesiod was allotted the proud duty of making known to their countrymen the gods who watched over them, and from whom they were descended. They rose at once to the rank and dignity of prophets. To them had been revealed the splendid vision of Olympus, the pavement of gold, the gorgeous throne of Jove, the flaming car of Minerva, the portals of heaven, watched by the Hours, and spontaneously unfolding at the approach of the celestial messengers. For them the impenetrable veil of the past had been removed, and they had gazed upon the infancy of creation,—they had seen primeval Chaos, and Love, eldest of the immortals, moving in solitude over the tenantless earth,—then, as a glorious vision, rose up before them the children of heaven in glittering array, immortal in their nature, and irresistible in their power. They had listened to the hymns of the Muses, and received from their hands the laurel bough, the token of kindred inspiration; and they knew that from their lips would proceed, as the responses of an oracle, the religion of their land.

In the days of Virgil, Ovid, and Horace, nothing remained to be declared respecting the gods. The early Greek poems were familiar to all readers, and the statuary, which was brought from Greece, had so established the persons and attributes of the deities in the minds of the people, that description seemed superfluous. It was only when allegory assumed the place of simple faith, as in the celebrated instance of Fame in the Æneid, that there was any occasion for minute or accurate representations of the celestial forms.

To the modern student the most important consequence of this difference in the degrees of faith of the two nations is to be traced in the moral effect of the study, as pursued in the one language or the other. In forming an opinion of the propriety or indecency of any work, the first and most important consideration is the intention of the writer. Was his object a bad one? Did he intend to excite the passions, to throw a false lustre upon vice, to bewilder the ideas of right and wrong? Was his mind, in a word, filled with impurity, a source from which no good thoughts could proceed? It is the spirit, not the letter, which constitutes the objection to a work. Who would think of applying the term indecent to a work upon surgery or natural history? And, on the contrary, how easy it is to clothe the most revolting ideas in the language of refinement! Moreover, the mind of the reader must be in a depraved state to discover indelicacy where the thoughts of the writer were unsullied;—none but the falsely educated, or the depraved in their imagination, would discover food for the passions, for instance, in the sculpture of Greece; and so it is with regard to the descriptions of the gods.

It is with such views, that we must examine the Greek and Roman mythology. In the former we shall find, it is true, a few passages which should be sealed up from the student; but they are very rare, and do not appear to have been dictated by impure minds. In general, the Greek writers are singularly free from the charge of indecency;—their own thoughts were evidently unsullied; they never degraded their beautiful theology, by rendering it the exciter of unholy passions; they never descended from the lofty station they occupied as the interpreters of the gods, to minister at the altars of indecency and wantonness.

But the same undefiled spirit is not always discoverable in the poets of Rome. Their poetry was the growth of a dissolute age. Epicurianism had usurped the place of religion, and had ensnared many of the greatest minds, even the feelings and sentiments of such poets as Lucretius and Horace; while others sung still more voluptuous lays, and wrote as if they had been for ever revelling amid luxuries and breathing perfumes. By such means as these, the stately as well as the comparatively graceful religion of Greece was perverted to the channel of cold belief or licentious dreams.

But with every exception which may be taken to the basis and

superstructure of classic mythology, whether studied in the Greek or in the Latin language, we shall still find so much of beauty and of grandeur as to excite admiration; especially if we confine ourselves to its more remarkable and interesting characteristics.

The first and most important of these characteristics is that it invests matter with mind; it beholds in the visible world only the embodying of spirit,—the dwelling-place of the unseen essence of life. In the view of the early Greeks, the world was not only instinct with life, it was the habitation of divinity. As the human body is the tabernacle of the soul, so they believed the universe,—the heavenly bodies, the earth and sea, rivers and fountains, trees and flowers, mountains and valleys, to be only the haunts of superior and more ethereal natures. But they saw that the frame of man is perishable; it grows old and dies, and is no longer the habitation of the spirit. On the other hand the elements seem to be eternal; the world shows no signs of age; the rivers flow on in undiminished grandeur through countless ages. The ceaseless rolling of the immeasurable sea, the undimmed lustre of the sun, and moon, and stars, the everlasting hills, the freshness and glory of returning spring, all spoke to them of eternal duration; and they believed that the Soul, which had enshrined itself in a home, over which time has no influence, must likewise be eternal; it was more enduring and of greater power than the soul of man, which needs its habitation but a span of years, and then consigns it to decay and oblivion; it was divine in its nature; it was God. Hence, in their eyes, outward nature was invested with a dignity and grandeur, which rendered it holy, and impressed them with veneration and awe. It was the embodying of the divinity; their deep and dark groves, their fountains, the mountain tops, the firmament, the unexplored caverns of the ocean, were consecrated as the permanent habitation of their gods.

It was this trait in the classic mythology, which rendered it so highly poetical. With the Greeks, all that belonged to poetry belonged also peculiarly to religion. The same name was applied in their language to the prophet and the bard; and they hailed the fancies of the poet as revelations from their gods. Hence, as the Grecian bard sang the praises of the immortals, the lively minds of that gifted race welcomed and repeated the beautiful fictions, which added new charms to their religion. In man's connexion with the outward world, they beheld his communion with the gods. Was the fair youth drowned in the dark waters of the sea? It was the tutelary nymphs who, enamoured of his beauty, had carried him down to their blissful abodes, to enjoy with them an eternity of happiness beyond the reach of the pains and sorrows of human life. Was the lovely maiden lost to her companions, as she gathered flowers on the fields of Ætna? She was not dead; she was reigning in awful

pomp over the world of shades, by the side of her stately consort, who had braved the hated light of the upper earth to win her. The fires that blazed from the unfathomed crater of the volcano, the planets that glittered in the firmament, the golden clouds, bathed in the effulgence of the setting sun, the winds that wafted perfumes from the balmy south, or rushed in their terrors from the unknown north, the mysterious songs that echoed from the shores of Ausonia, the enchanted fruit that ripened in the garden of the Hesperides, the trees that dropped amber on the banks of the king of rivers, were all intimately connected with this poetic religion, and spoke to man of his dependence on the gods.

The effect of thus embodying divinity in the outward world was to increase very rapidly the number of deities. Every spot had its peculiar genius; each element was the habitation of a god; no portion of the varied universe was without its tutelary deity. The number of gods worshipped therefore increased till they are said to have amounted in Greece to about thirty thousand; and they became so numerous in Rome, that it was at length found necessary to dispose of them by colonization. There are two ways in which this multiplication has been viewed; the one disparaging, the other extenuating; the one regarding such an endless creation as a most disgusting feature of idolatry, and continually demonstrating how the heathen mind inclines to deviate from the worship of the true God. The other view of the matter is this,—that while such minds are at work as characterized Greece and Rome, and relative to religion, their natural tendency must be, so long as they are unenlightened by revelation, and yet able continually to discover the traces of more than mortal power in every object of the universe, to assign to each varying department a peculiar divinity; that could such minds have extended their researches still further, they undoubtedly would have found in the endless wonders which present themselves the proofs of a still greater number of deities, and have multiplied the theogony far beyond the point to which it was actually carried. This is not the whole of the favourable view; for it is imagined that such a progress in polytheism would at some period have been arrested by enlightened and reflecting worshippers perceiving its absurdities, and at once proclaiming the mystery of the universe to be alone explainable by referring everything and every phenomenon to one infinite Creator. Seeing that there was in every object and element the same all-pervading nature, would not the belief in one Omnipotent, Benevolent, and Wise Being have been discovered and universally established? And were not Socrates and Plato on the verge of disclosing the grand key-stone,—of pronouncing the word, "There is but one God?"

The latter theory, however, appears to us to be at odds not only with facts, but with principles and truths taught us by the highest

authority. The facts are, that the Greeks and Romans were continually tending towards a grosser and more licentious idolatry, so far as the multitude were concerned; while the educated and the philosophic were inclining rather to a cold scepticism than towards a simple and consoling creed. Then as to Scriptural doctrine, the fulness of time had arrived without the fulness of truth; and had not the promised Messiah appeared, or some mighty heavenly interposition occurred, the world at the present day, in all probability, would have been in a far darker condition than it exhibited when Socrates and Plato, or when Cicero flourished.

Another remarkable characteristic of the classic religion was its intimate connexion with the concerns of life. The craving and capacious minds of the Greeks and Romans inclined to regard every branch of industry, every pursuit in which body or mind is engaged, as having some relation to a deity. This characteristic is observable in the domestic worship of the ancients; especially of the Romans, at whose hearths the Penates presided, and who never abandoned the individual over whom they had peculiar charge,—who shared with him alike his prosperity and his misfortunes. For every branch of industry, as already stated, for every recreation, every enterprise, civil and military, there was some peculiar tutelary god to whom homage was offered.

Finally, the classic mythology was characterized by the ideas which it revealed, and through which it acted with vast power on the national mind both of Greece and Rome. It certainly taught the doctrine of immortal life after death; of happiness for the good, and punishment for the wicked. The belief in the soul's annihilation seems never to have been generally entertained in Greece. Homer speaks of a dim and shadowy existence which continued after the termination of the present life, though not of a nature to console and cheer by the prospect. Achilles gives a melancholy representation to Ulysses of his existence in the world of shades. But visions of a happier existence seem also to have visited the mind of the great poet. In the fourth book of the Odyssey, where Menelaus relates to Telemachus the splendid prophecy of Proteus respecting himself, we find a beautiful description of the Elysian fields.

Pindar, in his second Olympic, gives this picture of the habitation of the virtuous after death:—

> ————they,
> Alike by night, alike by day,
> Behold the glory of the sun;
> Their lives unlabouring pass away;
> They harrow not with sinewy hands the ground,
> Not yet upturn the waters of the sea
> For empty aliment:

But in the blessed company
Of spirits, by the gods with honour crowned,
Men who rejoiced to keep their oaths unshent,
Their days through tearless ages run.
And they that thrice above, below
This earth, with transmigrating entity
Have stood their trial, passing to and fro,
And from the unjust society,
Have kept their souls aloof and free;
They take the way which Jove did long ordain,
To Saturn's ancient tower beside the deep;
Where gales, that softly breathe,
Fresh springing from the bosom of the main,
Through islands of the blessed blow.
And flowers, like burning gold of hue,
Some on the green earth creep;
Some bourgeon on the splendid trees;
Some in cool nurturing streams their blossoms steep;
The blissful troops, of these,
For their twined wrists interwoven bracelets wreathe,
And garlands for their brow.

But besides this, there was still a higher state of being, which though attained by very few, seems to have held out hopes and encouragement to all. Those great men who, by their splendid achievements, by the good they had done to their country and to mankind, by their patience under labours, perils, and suffering, their piety and obedience to the gods, their incorruptible faith, their justice, their filial reverence, had far distinguished themselves above their fellow-men, were not merely rewarded by a life of peace and pleasure in the Elysian fields, or the islands of the Blest; but were transferred at once to the glorious mansions of Olympus, allied to the gods, and worshipped by grateful mortals.

The apotheosis of their heroes appears to have been more distinctly impressed upon the belief of the Greeks, than the after-existence of the virtuous. Death was to them the greatest of enemies; and the hope of a future life does not appear to have been sufficiently strong to deprive their last moments of terror. The great object, the prevailing wish of the Grecian hero, was to conquer death, to which he believed that his gods were not subject. The religion which held out to him the hope of allying himself to the immortals, and thus escaping the passage of the dark valley, must be regarded as reaching a point of sublimity beyond anything that paganism had previously offered.

It is further worthy of remark that the classic mythology acted upon the minds of its believers in regard to the new ideas of power which it disclosed, as well as in the hopes it held forth. It was distinguished by making known the existence of greater Power than

had before been conceived by any save those who worshipped the true God. It assigned to the universe a Master; it spoke of a superior Intelligence. Important consequences attended this doctrine and belief. It was like the revelation that mind governed matter; and this again could not but lead to an increase of capacity in the mind to which this knowledge was conveyed. When the sublime idea of Infinite Power has dawned upon the soul, it increases capacity by awakening thought. It appeals to the deepest and most intense interests of man; it speaks of his eternal nature, his powers, prospects, hopes, and destinies. Such knowledge, also, gives the proper direction to thought, leading it into paths which terminate in the Infinite, and preventing the waste of strength on subjects which are obscured by falsehood, and which can never afford satisfactory results. It directs the mind to all that is immutably true, reveals the everlasting laws of taste, and leads to the study of the intrinsically beautiful. It increases the powers, because it addresses itself to a kindred immortality; because it speaks to the profound and eternal principles of the mind, as "deep calls unto deep."

The worship of mind therefore was established, instead of the worship of nature. Religion then began to elevate instead of to degrade the mind, as it had done before; hope was held out as a motive, instead of fear; morals began to be inculcated, and higher duties taught; and to this influence of the classic religion has been attributed in a great degree the learning, refinement, and power of the Grecian nations. With superior intelligence superior power necessarily came, and a mighty progress in the arts and literature. It was also then made known that the most precious possessions of a country are its worthy children, that the best riches are freedom and its companion, intellectual culture.

The religion of Greece, then, accomplished a great work: it actually advanced mankind certain steps never again to be retraced, on the way to that degree of knowledge and refinement for which our race appear to be destined. Now, if all this be true, the study of classic mythology may not only be rendered harmless, but interesting and instructive.

In the first place, the study of this pagan system is the key to ancient art; it explains and renders interesting what would otherwise be vague, incomprehensible, mysterious. Without the knowledge of the mythology, the collections and remains of Grecian and Roman art would be devoid of meaning, and of comparatively trifling value; whereas this knowledge is equivalent to a revelation to us what was the spirit of ancient art, what the causes which called it into being, the secret of its developments, and the secret of its perfections.

Again, the classic religion not only illustrates literature as well

as art, but it absolutely called it into being, and constitutes the very spirit of its existence. The deep devotion of the early Greek poets, connecting the history of their nation with the worship of the gods, and ennobling their origin by the revelations of their religion, first gave birth to their literature. It was the result of profound faith and ardent devotion; the picture of a mind, in which patriotism and poetic imagination were beautifully blended, and fixed their stamp indelibly upon the thoughts. To appreciate this literature, it is necessary to assume, as far as possible, the state of mind which dictated it; to stand in the place of the poet; to look back with him upon an ancestral race of heroes and demi-gods, now enshrined in the palace of Olympus; to behold with his eye the glorious train of the immortals, watching over the concerns of man, and directing the universe; in short, to comprehend the spirit, not merely the outward form, of his religion.

The different influences exerted upon literature by the classic religion and by Christianity, may be remarkably illustrated by a comparison between ancient and modern tragedy. The leading characteristic of Greek tragedy, as Schlegel remarks, is the idea of fate upon which it was founded. The notion of fate, as thus illustrated, was of the most dark and awful kind. As understood by the tragedians, fate was consummate and irresistible; power swaying alike the gods and mortals; for man it was the most dreaded of enemies, uncompromising and merciless, propitiated neither by prayers nor sacrifices, accepting no worship, offering no good. It was manifested in the power of the elements, which conquered and destroyed him; in the majestic rolling on of time, in the misfortunes and sorrows of life, and, lastly, in the dreaded event of death. Nor were the gods more exempt from its terrible influences: their immortality only subjected them the more surely to its power; in the sufferings it inflicted upon them, they longed for death; but they longed in vain.

Fate, as thus conceived, seems to have resembled, in respect to its power, our idea of the power of Providence; but in all other respects the ideas of Fate and Providence are widely at variance. Providence is a power which calls into being, clothes with beauty, and develops in perfection. Fate exerted no influence but to crush, torment, and destroy: it gave birth to no new existence, nor added anything to the beauty of creation; it found no pleasure in happiness, no sorrow in misery; dark and mysterious as the night, it was only seen by the lurid glare of the ruin it wrought. Providence exerts a benign action on the mind, calling forth thought and developing moral worth. Fate operated upon the mind only through physical suffering; it carried on an eternal warfare with the soul, whose indomitable will defied, while it submitted to necessity. Providence confers inward power; Fate sports with outward weak-

ness; the former unfolds the immortal principle contained in the soul, and reveals the prospect of eternal life; the latter encompasses the mind with the dark shadow of death, or terrifies it with the prospect of an eternity of unintermitted misery. Fate, as thus viewed, constituted the spirit of Greek tragedy. A power, from which there is no hope of escape, and no appeal, which is superior to the might of the gods themselves, implacable as the storm and inevitable as time, afforded subjects for tragedy in the ordinary pursuits of life; but still more in the immortal existences, the splendour of whose station only rendered their sorrows more conspicuous and awful.

This idea of Fate led to a very remarkable difference between ancient and modern tragedy, in the choice of subjects of suffering. Ancient tragedy sought for its heroes the most exalted, powerful, and even virtuous characters; it delighted to exhibit the sublime spectacle of an immortal nature, overwhelmed by the power of fate, yet in the midst of calamities and sufferings not to be imagined without horror, bearing up against an eternity of woe, and defying and even insulting the force to which it is compelled to yield. Unlike the awful creation in which the interest of the Paradise Lost is centred, the heroes of ancient tragedy were often the friends and benefactors of mankind; or if they were stained with crime, it was not the result of their own will, but of the malignant operation of a destiny which they could neither foresee nor avert. Modern tragedy, on the other hand, seems to choose for subjects characters which, however virtuous and attractive, fall short of the splendid attributes with which the ancient heroes were invested. They have not the same power of endurance and indomitable will; they yield to sorrow; they make us weep for their frailty, their tenderness, their misery; they seek relief from the weight of woe in death; and the genius of modern tragedy chants over them, as they go down to the tomb, her solemn and heart-melting requiem, far differing from the sublime and triumphant strains which are sounded forth by the unconquered and immortal heroes of the Grecian drama. In general, the characters to which the interest of Shakspere's tragedy principally belongs, are not of the highest intellectual or moral power. Goëthe's remarks upon Hamlet will apply, in this respect, to many of the other characters. In his fine critique upon this play, he remarks, "To me it is clear that Shakspere meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view, the whole piece seems to me to be composed. There is an oak planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and

must not cast away. All duties are holy for him, the present is too hard. Impossibilities are required of him, not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind; at last, does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts; yet still without recovering his peace of mind." There is a yielding to misfortune, a feebleness, which equally seems to mark the characters of Lear, Romeo, Othello, and Macbeth. The character in Shakspere which appears in some points to approach nearest to the subjects of the ancient drama is Lady Macbeth. In the power of her mind, in the boldness and decision with which she plans and executes crime, in her scorn for weakness, her freedom from fear and remorse, she may well be compared with the Medea of Euripides. Still, there are vast differences between the two. Lady Macbeth is absorbed by one ruling passion,—the love of power, the burning desire to reign. In the horrors of the chamber of murder, at the awful feast where the dead mingle with the living in their revels, in the haunted sleep-walk, she still clings to the blood-stained diadem with which crime has encircled her brow. There is no tragedy for her; her march is triumphant to the throne; and the last words we hear from her reveal a mind still victorious over remorse. She is to be regarded as the source rather than the object of tragedy: she seems in a degree to supply the place of fate; through her influence Macbeth is urged on as by the impulse of destiny, to the commission of crime; her power sustains, nerves, and encourages him, and opens the path of ambition through torrents of blood. The veil is drawn over her fall; to witness it would add nothing to the interest of the drama; she retires when her task is finished, and the victim of her power and her crimes gathers into himself the depth of tragedy which marks the close of the piece.

Like Lady Macbeth, Medea is endowed with uncommon powers of mind, boldness in crime and remorselessnes of conscience; like her, she is absorbed by one ruling passion, her love for Jason. But the tragedy of the piece consists in the misery and despair with which she is surrounded. She has severed, one by one, the ties which bound her to the society of man. An outraged parent, a murdered brother, a home abandoned and left desolate, monarchs insulted and destroyed, are the sacrifices offered on the altar of her fidelity and affection for one to whom she clings as her last solitary hope. There seems no farther retreat for her; one green spot alone remains in the wilderness her crimes have created around her; if the storm sweep over it she is lost. The extreme misfortune, the uttermost extent of woe, is now impending; the play represents her at the moment when Jason, forgetting all that she has accomplished, and all that she has sacrificed, is about to repudiate her and espouse another woman. We follow her with a dreadful inte-

rest through the ravings of despair, the conception of new and more daring crime, the struggles and agony of a mother's tenderness, contending with the pride, and hatred, and revenge of an immortal; and when, triumphant over herself and almost over fate, she disappears at last with the words of taunting and scorn on her lips, we know that she has lighted a fire in her bosom which will burn and torture her for ever.

Such is the power of ancient tragedy, manifested in the voice of wailing, mingled with pride and scorn, which comes from the rock of Prometheus; in the depth and intensity of hatred and despair in Electra; in the involuntary crimes of Œdipus, and the awful revenge of Orestes.

The cause of this difference between the subjects of ancient and those of modern tragedy is obvious; it consists in the belief of the omnipotence and the benevolent character of the Deity, which has taken the place of the dark visions of fate that terrified the ancients. Their supreme power was malignant, inexorable, hostile to man. The Christian beholds in Omnipotence goodness equal to its power; the one depresses and renders desperate; the other sustains, encourages, makes triumphant; the former was the source of tragedy; the latter conquers woe. For the Christian, there is a power which upholds and consoles in the midst of sorrow; which renders misfortunes easy to bear; which robs death of his sting, and the grave of its victory. The great mind, which is fortified by this power, is beyond the reach of tragedy; in the midst of the trials and sadness of a mortal career, there is still open beyond it a blissful existence, a light shining from heaven, which sheds its lustre upon the vale of tears, and cheers the heavy-laden wayfarer to his eternal home.

Classic mythology is worthy of attention, as making known to us our own nature. This we deem the highest object of study, and the one which all efforts of learning ought to keep constantly in view. The erudition of editors and commentators, the researches of the antiquarian, the lore of the university and the monastery are wasted, except inasmuch as they tend, directly or indirectly, to promote this great object. The literature that does not contribute to this end is of little value, and soon perishes. Poetry must show forth the nature of man by harmonizing with it, by resting on its principles, by proceeding from its depths, by reflecting as a mirror the human soul, or it will not be enduring. The same may be said of history. He who supposes that the importance of this branch of learning consists in the precedents it affords, in the amount of experience, the wisdom of ages which it sums up, errs greatly. The history of one age can be no guide to the statesman of another, except as far as it makes him acquainted with human nature, reveals to him the secret springs of action, and shows the

influences by which man may be acted on singly, or in masses. Its true object is to portray an eternal nature, by representing its operations. But nothing shows forth the soul with such undisguised clearness and fidelity as religion, the embodying of the profoundest thought, the most ardent and devout inspirations, the most far-reaching hopes. Whether religion be revealed from God, or the result only of a mind speculating upon itself and the universe around, it is in harmony with our nature, it speaks to the thoughts which previously existed, and unfolds the germs which are innate in the soul. In this way alone can it find any response. Were religion to speak to us of attributes and qualities of which we are not conscious, it would gain no credence, but would be a dead letter, powerless and transitory. All religion, which is sincerely believed, which is enshrined in the heart, is in the likeness of the mind; and it reveals our nature more than any thing else, because it embraces the whole circle of our faculties, and calls them forth in their just proportions; because it is the most solemn and unfeigned outpouring of the heart. Hence, one of the first inquiries respecting newly discovered tribes or nations, is with regard to their religion; and from the answer we draw more certain deductions with respect to their intellectual and moral qualities, and their general character, than from any other facts concerning them. If we could become intimately acquainted with the religion of every country and every period, we should perhaps know far more of the variety, power, and beauty of the mind, than we do at present.

There is much, however, of which history takes no note; many of the deepest and most sacred attributes of man. Millions of high and noble minds, unknown to observation, and seen only by the Author of their being, have uttered and felt the most ardent devotions. Their longing desires, their deep-seated hopes, the offerings of gratitude, the faith of the mother weeping over the tomb of her children, yet believing that her treasures are laid up in heaven, the love which death cannot conquer, and the friendship which the grave cannot sever, may have passed without notice on earth; but let us hope that the history of these things is written in heaven;—the history of man as a trusting, longing, religious being. Let us hope this, too, of many amid the darkness of paganism, who, although fearfully stumbling, were yet making efforts to invade the kingdom of light, towards which the ancient nations of Greece and Rome made the utmost strivings that have ever been recorded of man, unaided by the light of revelation.

ART. XIII.—*A Letter to Philip Pusey, Esq., M.P., on General Drainage and Distribution of Water.* By J. B. DENTON, Land Agent. Ridgway.

THIS Letter is in answer to the question, What can now be done for British Agriculture? and advocates a general and uniform system of Drainage throughout the kingdom, with a profitable distribution of the surface and drainage waters, and the refuse of towns. The same gentleman's "Outline of a Method of Model Mapping" was lately noticed by us, and considerable space was allotted in our pages to extracts from it, on account of the economical as well as curious points which the pamphlet presented. In that publication Mr. Denton was led to offer sundry remarks relative to the data which the uses of the Plan and the Section afford to the agriculturist for draining, irrigating, and the application of surface waters. To these agricultural subjects he again returns; and although he may ride his hobby stoutly, or be too sanguine as a projector, or contemplate possible and profitable measures, but of such sweep and enterprise as cannot reasonably be expected to be realized in our generation, yet the ends proposed and the processes described as necessary to those ends, are so important and striking that the scheme appears to have a right to be at some length detailed in our journal. At a moment when the Corn Laws, the condition, the prospects, and the efforts of the agricultural interest are the theme of the keenest discussion and most discordant opinions, no suggestions which are in any considerable degree feasible, and which have such a large object in view as the salvation and permanent prosperity of that interest, can decently be treated with indifference; and when, besides, the points raised fall not within the range of those that have been worn to rags, or that have excited violent contention, but, on the contrary, are pleasant, curious, and in some degree novel, we feel ourselves the more called upon to invite attention to the present Letter.

Mr. Denton, at the commencement, offers some general yet pertinent remarks on British cultivation, its protection and advancement, in way of explanation of certain points necessary to be borne in mind, in order to the proper appreciation of his proposed system. His observation that many of the legislative enactments intended for the benefit of the agriculturists have been merely bounties on the cultivation of lands not worth cultivation, is obviously correct. But this is not all; like every other erroneous principle or practice, the evil fruits of such a preposterous and fictitious state of things must sooner or later be felt, and will assuredly be witnessed on the total repeal of the Corn Laws. The plough will then be withdrawn from the inferior lands now in forced cultivation, to the ruin of those

who have cultivated them. It is therefore necessary that tenants, landlords, and parliament-men be instructed how to avert the threatened evil, "and turn the bane into a blessing." Now, Mr. Denton not only argues that a very considerable portion of the inferior land to which he alludes is capable of being brought into a state of fertility and profitable culture, but that many acres now lying waste are capable of the same beneficial change; "and this not by the fiat of the legislature, *though they must give commencement and union to the measure*, but by that knowledge of the subject, and hearty devotion to the furtherance of it, which are the only means whereby any profession or pursuit can be rendered more valuable, either in an individual or national point of view."

Mr. Denton maintains that the country can grow sufficient food for its population. He says,—

Considering our advantages, we ought to have a very considerable surplus of corn, instead of a deficiency; for we have the means of growing it, if we would turn them vigorously into execution. It is admitted that it is now rather late to make up altogether for our past want of energy; but it is not too late for taking care of the future. The evil day may come upon us, and we may enter into a war with France and America, 1,500,000 quarters of wheat annually short of our necessary supply, independently of Scotland and Ireland. In such a case, the ports of both continents would be shut against us, while we should have to victual fleets and armies. What would be our resource in such an emergency? Clearly the bringing of more waste land under culture, and consequently much higher prices and greater loss to the cultivator, while we were less able to pay the one, or bear the other. The increase of population in England and Wales, from 1821 to 1831, was sixteen per cent., and the increased produce of wheat per acre is averaged at about eighteen per cent. for the whole country, so that, in the present state of things, the quantity of wheat has increased faster than the population by about two per cent. But it must be borne in mind, that, while the increase of population is founded upon authentic documents, that of the quantity of corn is only assertion; and as the number of consumers of wheaten bread has in several parts of the county increased faster than the population, it is probable that the demand bears as great a ratio to the supply, as it has done since the general peace. 3,800,000 acres is considered the breadth of land which is annually under wheat in England and Wales, and, according to the highest estimates, the average annual produce of this is 3¼ quarters, or 26 bushels an acre; in the whole, 12,350,000 quarters annually. The consumers of wheaten bread are estimated at 14,000,000, and allowing a quarter of wheat to each individual, which is considered the average consumption, we find that rather more than a million and a half of quarters are annually deficient. This deficiency is the grand argument of the opponents of the corn laws; and, therefore, to show how this may be made up, and thus disarm that party of their grand argument, would be a triumph to the cause of the agriculturists.

Mr. Denton goes on to observe that where drainage is properly conducted, *one* quarter of wheat is added to the annual produce; and he calculates that five-sixths of the land under wheat crops may, by being drained, yield a quarter more per acre on an average, which will be a little more than 3,000,000 of quarters annually. He regrets that there are no means of estimating the quantity of these lands with anything like accuracy; and in relation to this want of information, he interrogates and suggests in the manner following:—

Sir, permit me to appeal to you, and to other influential members of the legislature, whether the increasing demand for statistical information, to enable us to get at the truth upon this and other great public questions, is not of sufficient importance to be obtained and granted at the public expense. Why, permit me to ask, is not every document obtained by the nation avowedly for national purposes, so framed as to be available to every purpose which such a document can serve? Why is there not an accurate report of the produce of the land taken decennially along with the census of the population? Would not the usefulness of the ordnance map be greatly increased, by inserting in it information which is much wanted, but nowhere to be found? At present, it is a correct topographical delineation, showing the positions and shapes of the more important hills and mountains, the woodlands, parks, and other features of the surface. There is no notice taken of what land is under the plough, or what is not, or what is fit or unfit for tillage; nor are the elevations above the level of the sea indicated, except in cases of extraordinary heights; and yet these are points upon which every one who is concerned in the resources of the country and their improvement, should be well informed, and the ordnance map is the vehicle in which much of this information might be expected. The information most wanted in this great national document, is, the position and quantity of cultivated lands, with their subdivision into arable and pasture, and the geological formation of the subsoils, but more especially correct data for ascertaining how water may be most advantageously distributed over the surface of the country. This last is most essential information, not only with reference to the best mode of applying a general Drainage Bill, but as intimately concerned with the most valuable improvements of the land, whether as arable or pasture. On this subject, we have no information to guide us, and therefore we know not the capabilities of the undulated surface of the country. As suggested by Mr. Dudgeon, in his article of British Agricultural Statistics, the time of taking the census would be a very proper time for collecting accurate information, respecting the culture of land; and if, in addition to this, we had the requisite data for ascertaining the best general mode of drainage, and distribution of the drainage and surface water, improvement would never be carried on in the dark, as is too often the case at present.

Even as it is, England is singularly favoured as an agricultural country. "Our grain crops alternate with the most valuable grasses, and other green food for cattle in the stall. From these and the straw, and small grain not marketable, we obtain more animal

matter for our fields, and more and better animal food for ourselves. All these of course would diminish with a decrease of corn, and this would be the beginning of national poverty." Mr. Denton therefore holds that the quantity and quality of our cattle depend on our quantity of corn, and that the corn, in its turn, depends on the number and value of our domestic animals. This is an important idea; and in connexion with it he gives us the calculation we are next to quote relative to Prussia and Britain, taking for his guide in part, certain reports found in Jacob's "Agriculture of Northern Europe."

The principal species of domesticated animals, and the only ones that furnish manure in quantities worth mentioning, are horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. Mr. Jacob, in his report on corn and its production, in the countries immediately south of the Baltic, found, from the official returns, that in the three provinces of East Prussia, West Prussia, and Pomerania, having a surface of 25,500,000 acres, the total number of all these animals was 4,395,384. The British islands, according to the accounts, which, though not correct in some of the minor instances, are near approximations on the average, have a surface of 77,000,000 acres, and the total number of domesticated animals is 49,000,000.

Comparing these, we have more than 3½ times as many domesticated animals, on an equal breadth of land, as there are in those parts of Prussia; and, of course, supposing all other circumstances equal, more than 3½ times as much of the land can be manured in Britain as in Prussia; but the British animals are of superior breeds, and the stall-feeding of them increases the quantity of manure in a much greater ratio than the number; and therefore I do not exceed the truth, when I state that, independently of our dense population, and the sewerage of our towns, which I shall notice afterwards, we have five times the quantity of manure to the same breadth of land that they can have in Prussia.

Immediately before proceeding to give us his view of the data and the means for carrying out his drainage and distribution scheme, Mr. Denton thus speaks of the moment at which he writes as respects the fitness of the present opportunity for such a measure:—

No time more favourable than the present could present itself for the consideration and adoption of these most desirable objects. Our Corn Laws are on the eve of alteration, and are, in the opinion of many, in jeopardy of total repeal; the tithe cart has been for ever banished from the field of the farmer; the Poor Laws have secured an equitable apportionment of labour, and effected a reduction in parochial expenses; and the discussions and attention bestowed by land-owners upon these subjects, have produced inquiry, and a knowledge of the resources of the country, which could not have been suggested by less important measures; whilst the unusual fall of rain during the last twelve months has, by inundating the country, and injuring the autumn-sown wheat, made the farmer alive to the necessity of some general system of drainage, and to the correcting of

past inattention to the main outfalls of rivers. In addition to these, I would further remark, that as Government has promised to introduce a Bill for the sewerage of towns, to supersede that of the Marquis of Normanby, an opportunity such as is never likely again to occur, presents itself of securing to the land as manure the refuse of the towns, of which there are in England and Wales 230 with populations varying from 262,000 to 20,000, exclusive of the metropolis, producing annually above 3,000,000 tons of disposable manure, capable of enriching an area of 1,000,000 acres. By a junction of the plan I propose for drainage of land with the measure for the sewerage of towns, the levels and outfalls would be so managed as to effect the object. If the legislature should sanction and direct this truly national undertaking, land-owners and occupiers would unite in carrying it out with spirit and effect in the subordinate drainage of their lands; and the productiveness of the country would, from that time, become susceptible of the beneficial application of all those various improvements which mechanical science and chemical knowledge could suggest.

There are, according to Mr. Denton, three subjects which an improving farmer ought to understand: these are the stimulating energies of light, heat, and water. Of course he is speaking with reference, in a considerable sense, to sorts of scientific knowledge. Water is obviously far more than the other two elements under the controul of the cultivator. To be sure, with regard to light, the very improvements which are most imperative, such as draining, weeding, and clearing, will have some influence in preventing fogs and shades; whilst as to the heat of manures, the growth of plants, and shelter in the form of belts of plantations, his agency may be considerable. But it is over water that his power chiefly extends. Not that he can increase or diminish it; but he can regulate and distribute the element, as if with a fantastic playfulness at once indispensable and beautiful. His occasions and scope are surfaces and seasons; the points for his study, that the water "be in the most wholesome state, and co-operate with other natural and artificial causes in producing the most healthy, vigorous, and profitable vegetation, both on tillage lands and pasture." With regard to water and draining we further copy out these paragraphs:—

As no species of plant cultivated in Britain for human food, or for that of domesticated animals, vegetates in stagnant water, the cultivator can derive no benefit from it, but rather the reverse, unless where it is accumulated or stored up in tanks or ponds to serve some useful purpose, such as that of collecting a fertilizing sediment, or for use as a power in turning machinery, or performing some other labour. Living water, or water in a state of motion, is what is required for the production of useful vegetables; and wherever this is not supplied naturally, art must be called in to assist. Stagnant water is always injurious, whether it stagnates on the surface, or in the soil or subsoil; and, therefore, the portion of it

which is requisite must be put into motion and action, and the surplus removed by drainage, and, if circumstances will admit, conducted to other places where it may be useful. The distribution of living water over the surface of the ground is what is termed irrigation, and in Britain it is applied and applicable only to grass lands, either for hay or for pasture, though in warmer countries rice and some other plants which are grown for food, require to be even more copiously supplied with surface water than our irrigated grass. The removal of surplus and stagnant water is drainage; and it may be surface drainage by open furrows or channels, under-ploughing or loosening the subsoil, or drainage, properly so called, by watercourses formed below ground, and covered up so that the surface of them may be cultivated and cropped the same as the rest of the fields in which they are situated.

Again:—

The usual estimate is, that 10,000,000 of the 12,000,000 acres of arable land in England and Wales require drainage; and in order to carry the system of irrigation as far up the hills as possible, 10,000,000 more out of the residue, and which require draining, would be added to that amount. All this could not be done in a year, or probably in a century; but it is a result which could be aimed at, and therefore it may be kept in view. Water sufficient to irrigate about 20 acres would, on a wheel 20 feet in diameter, give one horse power: and if we divide by this, the 2,000,000 acres, irrigated by the drain water of 20,000,000 acres, it would give us a power of 100,000 horse power, upon a single fall of 2½ feet. But when tanks and reservoirs are used, the last, if there are more than one, should be made to answer as mill-ponds. During heavy rain, this would retain the flood water, and the substances with which it was charged, and thus conserving both the fertilizing and the mechanical power in those places where they might be most advantageously applied.

These are but approximations to accuracy; but the principles are nevertheless perfectly sound. The next point considered, is the nature of the substances by which water should be impregnated for irrigation; and also the increase of manures for cultivated land that might be obtained by preserving the sewerage and refuse of towns.

A moment's reflection will convince any person that water to produce the proper effect, must hold in solution fertilizing ingredients. These consist of the fine alluvial particles brought down from the higher grounds by natural streams or artificial watercourses, and manures from any source whence they can be obtained. Now, until a good deal of thought is bestowed upon the subject of manures, as derived from animals merely, no one would readily credit how extensive and suggestive it becomes. We quote a paragraph which contains the results, of course, of careful examination:—

In the case of stall-feeding, and farm-yard keep, it is estimated that each head of cattle so kept all the year round, will afford manure for an

acre; and a horse which is much in the stable will not furnish a great deal less. There are no data from which to obtain the amount of cattle stall-fed, or kept in the farm-yard, or for the number and time at pasture in the fields; and the same want applies to the in-door and out-door keep of horses; but if we take them altogether, adding such composts and caustic manures as are often used, together with crushed bones, bone dust, and various kinds of refuse obtained from those who use animal substances in their manufactures, there is, exclusive of the quantity that might be obtained from towns, abundance for manuring and top-dressing the whole of the arable land once in three years, which is sufficient to keep it in perfeat good heart, under the most scourging rotation: and thus, allowing the farm-yard manure to be sufficient to keep the present arable land in good heart, the refuse of the towns would be adequate to the bringing one million of acres under the plough, and treating it as liberally as the present tillage land is treated. That all the effect of every kind of manure may be turned to the production of the best crops, we should always remember that it is necessary that the land should, in the first instance, be well prepared by drainage, for, if this is not done, the benefit of all manures will be lessened, while in some cases there will be no benefit at all.

Mr. Denton having stated, on the best authorities he could find, the amount of disposible water and available power that can be obtained by a systematic conservation of the surface water, and of the amount of manure which is now lost to the country, he goes on to explain more minutely the measure he proposes for carrying out a general plan for the improvement of land. We shall let him be heard at some length:—

As to the first point, viz., the survey of the outfalls with a view to their being rendered sufficiently capacious and clear for carrying off all the surplus waters of this country, it would be presumptuous in me to offer any observations, further than that the magnitude and importance of the object demand that an engineer, or three engineers, of the highest eminence, should be the parties by whom this matter should be performed, who should act as a central and presiding board of commissioners for the whole kingdom, to direct or superintend the working of the measure by subordinate engineers, or other competent persons appointed by the several counties as county commissioners.

On the second point, viz., the organization of the main drains and reservoirs, &c., which would be carried out by the county commissioners, subject to the approval of the central board, my observations will be few. In tropical countries, the heat is a maximum, and drainage is not wanted, because there is not generally a sufficiency of moisture for the heat to work; and the extreme contrast to this is in countries near the Poles, where the moisture far exceeds the action of heat; while the showery climate of Britain gives it more of the latter character than it would have from its temperature only, and in very many cases this is augmented by the retentiveness of the surface sail and subsoils, which keep the water upon or near the surface.

The total remedy of this evil, or any very great improvement of the atmosphere, by any system of drainage, however scientific, however systematic and vigorously carried on, is a work of such gigantic magnitude, that no one would recommend it under any circumstance, and its accomplishment would require centuries. The drainage which I would in the mean time recommend, is on a more limited scale, and has a more immediate object, the repaying of its expense, and yielding a profit as speedily as possible, from the greater quantity and value of produce which could be brought to market.

The effect of making main drains or receivers along the principal valleys of a district, and of widening and cleansing existing watercourses, would be to influence the subordinate and private drainage of all the lands in that district, while the more immediate object of the commissioners, in setting out and appointing such receivers, would be to secure the surface water, and so prevent stagnation on the land, a national evil, the continuance of which should not depend upon individual influences. This object would be gained without interfering with, or encroaching upon, the prejudices of agriculturists, who would not be compelled to use the main receivers unless they pleased, nor would they be dictated to as to the manner in which they would perform their own works of draining, otherwise than by obliging them to follow certain directions as to the manner in which their collateral drains should enter the main receivers, so that those receivers might not be choked up, or otherwise injured. Now this point, that of intuitively leading the whole country into a general system and order of drainage, is a desideratum of such consequence, that an effort to effect it is well merited. Mr. Handley's Bill of last session, from being an optional measure (by which the smallest fraction above one-third of the proprietors could put a veto upon the desires of the greater portion of the district proposed to be drained,) was very far from tending to improve the country in a national point of view; on the contrary, the effect of that measure, and indeed of any which does not include the whole country, would be to throw it into a confusion similar to that experienced at the present time in the metropolis, where the different districts, after preserving an independence of one another, have at last found the inconvenience of general disorganisation.

In the arrangement of the mains and receivers of the country, great attention should be directed to a judicious concentration of the waters, for the most advantageous securing of which works of considerable magnitude would be required. The main feature and design of the system followed, should be the subsequent application of the waters.

The instances to which I am about to allude in conclusion, bear forcibly on the remaining objects of the measure I am now advocating, and for the promotion of which I am desirous of securing your parliamentary influence, viz., the conservation of surface and drainage waters, and the refuse of towns, and their applications.

There are many works in the United Kingdom affording us instances of the conservation of waters derivable from mountain and hill streams, and being analogous to the subject, clearly prove the practicability of saving and collecting the surface waters. There are the Bann reservoirs in the

County Down, Ireland, which receive the streams from the Mourne mountains. Previous to their construction, the lower lands in the neighbourhood were devastated by floods at one season, while at another they had not a sufficiency of water for agricultural purposes. The mill-owners, too, were deficient for months together before these works were completed, and now they have not only a constant supply, but a superabundance, all the year round. It is so, likewise, in many places in Wales, and in considerable mill-works, the proprietors of which would otherwise be at a loss for motive power. At Greenock, there is a striking instance of the economy of this means of collecting water when there is abundance, to provide for the time when the dryness of the season would cause a failure of the springs; in this case, the whole town is supplied with a sufficiency all the year round for the wants of its inhabitants. But, as I have taken upon myself to answer the question, "What is to be done for British agriculture?" I refrain from adducing further and more numerous instances of the application of water for uses such as these, which are only collaterally connected with the subject.

Irrigation must take precedence of all other applications as being the most general and profitable and least expensive means of using surface waters.

The process similar to that which was adopted by the Indians is what I would recommend for the higher grounds of this country where there are no streams.

Hitherto irrigation has been adopted only on the low and flat meadows, where water could be obtained from rivers or streams, but if tanks and drainage were properly introduced, sloping pastures might be irrigated to great advantage. There is no doubt that these low and humid meadows grow by far the weightiest crops; and it is not unusual to put ewes and lambs upon them in the spring, and afterwards obtain two or three crops of hay, whereas, if the same grounds had not been drained or irrigated, they would not have yielded one tolerable crop, but only have produced a coarse vegetation, introducing the rot among sheep.

In the reports of the commissioners on the nature and extent of the bogs in Ireland, frequent mention is made of irrigation, and a plan was recommended by Mr. Nimmo for bringing the waters of one bog, which was situated higher than another, to the lower bog, as a power of compression as well as a means of fertilization; and other scientific men, among whom were Sir H. Davy and Mr. Longfield, strongly urged upon the commission a system of this sort. But what has been done by the Duke of Portland in Clipstone Park clearly shows, that it does not necessarily follow that a meadow to be irrigated must be formed in a valley, with just sufficient fall to let the water off into the river which is to receive it. The dyke supplying the Clipstone meadows is 49 feet above the river Maun—a considerable fall for a distance of only 381¼ yards.

Then, as to the application of the refuse of towns, the commissioners, having discretionary power, would not take advantage of the measure by ordering the conservation of the refuse, should it appear to them that it would be detrimental to the public health; in fact, their duty would be

as much to prevent prejudicial effects as to propose and carry out improvements. The sewerage and the irrigation of the environs of Edinburgh is a case in point, as the prosecution of the plan has been objected to, though it proves most efficiently the value of such a course of irrigation. "Edinburgh has many advantages over most of her sister cities; the large supply of excellent spring water is one of the greatest blessings to her numerous inhabitants, both in respect to household purposes and of keeping the streets clean, as well as irrigating the extensive meadows situated below the town, by the rich stuff which it carries along in a state of semi-solution, where the art of man, with the common sewer water, has made sand hillocks produce riches far superior to anything of the kind in the kingdom.

"The grass is let every year by public sale in small patches of a quarter of an acre and upwards, and generally brings from £24 to £30 per acre per annum. In 1826, part of the Earl of Moray's meadow fetched £57 per acre per annum.

"One hundred and ten acres of Mr. Miller's meadows, in 1827, gave a clear profit of £2300."

An instance analogous to that of Edinburgh is afforded at Crieffe.

In the parliamentary reports on the health of towns, these two cases were pointed out as the most flagrant in which public health had been sacrificed to private advantage and profit, and no doubt the objections were strong and of importance; but it does not appear that efforts have been made to qualify the evil by chemical means, by planting round the meadows, or in fact by any of those means which a board of commissioners, composed of scientific men, would propose. We know the power of lime; but perhaps the most easy way of meeting the objection would be to direct that the refuse should be carried to a sufficient distance from the town by covered drains, into reservoirs, which might also be covered or arched over with shafts or chimneys, to expedite fermentation. This is only one of many plans which would be suggested, the moment a public body were instituted to determine the best manner of executing this truly national measure. We do not hear so much objection to the pits of Montfauçon, near Paris, where a regular commerce is maintained for the sale of manure and the manufacture of ammonia, as was raised during the inquiry into the health of towns, to the irrigation of Edinburgh.

I have one other point I would wish to state, in which the Commission would be preeminently useful, and that is, in the straightening of watercourses and rivers, and effecting of exchanges between properties, the division of which is now a tortuous boundary of the character alluded to. How many cases may be found which are incurable because the property is entailed, or under trustees, or because the land on one side belongs to a corporate body? In these cases the Commission should have summary power of executing such exchanges.

Many other advantages of vast importance might be stated as the certain result of systematic drainage, and would certainly be elicited by a parliamentary committee of inquiry into the subject. For the present, it may suffice, in conclusion, to glance at a few particulars;—in the first place, independently of other crops, the increase in the produce of wheat

by proper drainage, seconded by manuring, would not be less than one-third of the quantity now grown;—in the second place, the increased value of grass crops (including the increased quantity and quality of stock upon upland farms), to be gained by systematic irrigation, and the application of the refuse of towns, would not be less than one-third of their present value;—and in the last place, by a judicious distribution of the surface and drain waters, a motive force would be obtained equal to 2,100,000 horse power.

We have shown by the space which we have allotted to the Letter our wish that the subject discussed be pressed upon the attention of all. The day may not be distant when it will be taken up by Parliament. Mr. Denton naturally and we think rationally is very desirous that a general drainage, irrigation, and manure-conserving Bill be passed along with, or reciprocally agreeing to, the Drainage of Towns Bill. We should suppose, however, that Parliament will not at once move far with such a large scheme, although the opportunity is not likely to be lost without its principles being urged. Indeed, the Member to whom the Letter is addressed was instrumental, we learn from its author, in passing the Act "enabling the Owners of settled Estates to defray the expense of draining the same by way of Mortgage;" and Mr. Denton considers that measure as tending to expedite national drainage.

ART. XIV.—*War and Peace; the Evils of the first, and a Plan for Preserving the last.* By WILLIAM JAY. New York.

THE War with China, our position in Affghanistan, and the rather ticklish state of our relations with the American Union, at this moment naturally direct attention to that European or Christian code which passes under the title of the Law of Nations. Although this body of law, as we shall afterwards see, has grown into a tolerably well harmonized and intelligible system, yet it has been only in modern times, and after Christian morality has both directly and indirectly operated upon society, in all its forms and interchanges, with a resistless power, that the code has assumed anything like a compact and organized form, or that the claims of humanity during war have been publicly proclaimed. But how much is there still to be accomplished before the reciprocal practices of nations can present a perfectly humane and rational, not to speak of a really Christian simplicity and truth! Can society, can the nations anywhere, be in a well-informed, politically sane condition, so long as such misunderstandings as will arise both in private and public intercourse, have to be settled at the point of the sword,—by sanguinary and devastating conflicts? The affirmative involves a contradiction, which it would be a waste of time to expose; for all acknowledge

its absurdity,—rulers as well as peoples; the only drawback being that the actions of neither have yet shown that they are thoroughly earnest in the profession of their faith.

Where is the sovereign, the government, the nation throughout Europe that has yet lifted a loud and sustained voice urging upon their allies the reasonableness, the necessity of having every misunderstanding, dispute, or violation of person and property arbitrated before some other umpire than that of arms? We are aware of none who have exhibited an earnestness in this matter,—none who appear even to have contemplated the propriety, or considered the efficacy of the movement.

It is so far a satisfaction, however, to find that small societies of philanthropists have for some time, both in this country and in America, been promoting the discussion which has for its aim the extinction of war and of the rumours of war; and several publications have been put forward not only preaching universal peace, but propounding the mode by which to guarantee the preservation in all time coming of such an unexampled blessing.

Mr. Jay's is one of the most sensible and practical Essays on the subject that has yet appeared; for he treats it, and also the nations, as he finds them, not as they may hereafter be presented, or as enthusiasm and an inhabitant of Utopia might imagine and dream of.

For example, he clearly, and in an impressive, because tranquil and logical manner, points out at what serious cost *preparation* is made for war. He next calculates and illustrates the enormous cost of actual war,—cost of treasure, property, and life. And what if the issue should even be victory! There has been a period of dreadful suspense and uncertainty of success. Perhaps the internal changes produced have been lamentable, or at least injurious and inexpedient. But at the best the gain will never balance the loss. The outward triumphs are never a real equivalent for the inward sores. Mr. Jay exemplifies all this by a home-speaking and powerful appeal to the facts which the national conflicts that have been waged since the American War of Independence supply.

Then as to his plan: a National Congress to settle National disputes no doubt would be the best and most potent authority, could such a court with adequate powers be established. But this at present he regards as impracticable. He therefore proposes the adoption of this limited practice, viz., that a clause be inserted in all treaties of alliance between friendly states, promising to submit for all time coming whatever differences may arise between them to arbitration; the decision of the arbitrators to be final. Having now indicated what are the leading points in Mr. Jay's volume, and what his suggestions for the future, we now proceed to take a glance of the past condition and history of International Law.

Among the most striking characteristics of modern European

civilization, or rather of Christendom, is the general acknowledgment of certain laws and relations common to each and all of the nations, and which bind the whole into what may be regarded as one great organized state. There is a constant intercourse subsisting throughout the entire aggregate commonwealth, exhibited in various ways,—in that of social communication—mercantile transactions—intellectual attainments—moral sentiments—and political principles. Indeed this connexion and intercourse necessarily arises from the fact that they possess one religion; while in so far as the European *family* is concerned, its historical reminiscences are the same.

The community of feeling and principle, of usage and of laws, to which we allude, never appears to be demonstrated and illustrated so remarkably as when two of these nations are at war; for even at these periods there are certain rules observed which divest the business of mortal strife and of mutual destruction, of a part of their horrors. Nay, the superiority of the European races in all the arts of peace and of war, and which may be traced in no inconsiderable degree to Christianity, has forced other nations and races, who are beyond the limits of our religion, to observe the Christian law of nations.

The international law of Christendom will be seen to owe its origin to other sources than those which the nations of antiquity have furnished, when it is considered that although our intellectual cultivation is founded upon the knowledge of the Greeks and Romans, and that our taste in the liberal arts is exclusively Greek, yet our maxims of national law are greatly superior in justice and humanity to those of Greece and Rome, notwithstanding that our political institutions are derived through the invading barbarians who were remarkable for their ferocity.

If we begin with the Greeks, we shall find that they accounted all other people barbarous,—that the name of foreigner among them, instead of being a title that commanded hospitality, was synonymous with enemy. Communities of the Greeks pursued piracy as a trade, and accounted the occupation honourable. Even between Greek and Greek, men of the same race, who spoke the same language, and who had a common religion, the only doctrine of international right seems to have been this, that it depended upon positive and special contract; people out of compact being treated as out of law. Accordingly numerous were the instances of prisoners being slaughtered in cold blood, and of the worst acts of savage cruelty, perpetrated not by soldiers in the heat of battle, but upon the deliberation and vote of public assemblies.

In Rome, as in Greece, the same word originally signified a stranger and a foe; and dreadful suffering and ignominy was inflicted by the Romans on their prisoners of war. Hence the fury with

which the ancients sometimes defended their cities to the last extremity, and then destroyed themselves rather than fall into the hands of the conquerors. The famous anecdote of the conduct of Scipio towards the captive princess confirms this view of the Roman practice, since it was deemed a marvellous instance of virtue in him to abstain from doing that which, if any modern general were to do it, would render his name proscribed as a hissing and scorn in all Christendom.

At the same time, the Romans had the elements of a law of peace and war, and far surpassed the Greeks in the equity and reasonableness of their military usages. They were remarkable, indeed, beyond other ancient nations, for the observance of their engagements, and for the frequent exhibition of traits of generosity and honour, in their career of domination. Thus they introduced the practice of a regular declaration of war, and instituted a body of heralds. They held also that it was unlawful to fight without military enrolment; and even in the art of war itself there were maxims of equity proper to be observed; and they enforced upon others the rules which were observed by themselves; for they destroyed Corinth, one of the noblest of the Greek cities, professedly because it had infringed the rights of ambassadors. The Romans therefore made approaches to a system of international law; although the system itself is the growth of the latter days of Christian Europe.

Yes, the latter days, for the barbarians came in upon the empire, not only without any settled notions of international law, but thoroughly steeped in military usages, utterly atrocious, abominable, and abhorrent to all sense of reason or justice. It was a part of the very religion of the Scandinavians, such as they had, to familiarize themselves with bloodshed. They counted death by violence in their own persons, as the surest passport to their heaven of drunkenness and brutal fury; and of course, humanity in war, regard for the rights of enemies, was unknown to their hearts or their lives. In truth, the tribes which overran the Roman Empire, were desperate savages, with whom to conquer was to destroy. They swept over the civilized world, like a tropical hurricane, levelling all things in the dust before their fierce career. The *Vandals* have given their name to wanton barbarism. In the midst of the splendid monuments of ancient art, the civilization, science, and religion of Rome, they were Scythians still, lapping themselves in blood like wild beasts, and filling the earth with desolation, in the blind, aimless rage of cold-blooded ferocity. They made it their boast, that "horses might run without stumbling where houses and cities had once stood." In the single reign of Justinian, the waste of human life occasioned by the barbarians has been estimated at six millions of persons. Reflect on the mass of suffering implied in such a fact. It is notorious, indeed, that practices which common civilization has

driven out of existence, at least in Europe, were then received as acts of mercy; as to spare the vanquished inhabitants of the empire from massacre, and to reduce them to servitude in ransom of their lives, was the very height of humanity among the rugged Goths and Franks.

What was it then that gave the first check to the savage career of the barbarians? It was the influence of the Christian church, which from the beginning laboured to convert the barbarians, and of course to humanize them. Centuries, however, elapsed, filled with anarchy and bloodshed, ere a regular code of international law existed, or was even conceived; that long period of transition which ensued upon the death of Charlemagne, and preceded the re-organization of Christendom after the crusades. Down, indeed, to the time of the revival of intellectual cultivation and the arts, the elements of a public law were extremely rude, and far from being harmonized. For example, Matilda of Scotland, a foreigner and a neutral princess, who happened to be in England at the time of the Norman Conquest, was obliged to take the veil, like many other Saxon ladies, as the only means of protecting her chastity against the followers of William. This fact, while it shows that the cloister at least had come to be respected, is but one among multitudes which prove that throughout Europe during the middle ages, there was nothing like an international system founded on humane principles. The mutilation of captives was a common practice of war. So also was the use of poisoned weapons, and the poisoning of the wells of a country or town through which soldiers were to march. Prisoners being considered at the mercy of the captor, they were treated as a kind of hostages for extorting advantages from their friends and countrymen. Foreigners taken in battle were sometimes tried, condemned and executed as for treason in the breach of municipal law. It was no rare thing to execute officers, taken prisoners in the defence of a military post, and to punish them for holding out longer than pleased the besieger. No farther back than the sixteenth century, it was a relic of old barbarism, still held as parcel of the law of nations, that strangers coming into a country without a safe conduct, were liable to arrest and detention. Throughout the middle ages, princes and generals were accustomed to take infinite precaution against the danger of personal violence when they met for conference or negociation; as for instance, by having their interview on different sides of a strong barrier. Cases frequently occur of open disregard of the rights of ambassadors, nor were the heralds, indispensable to communication between hostile princes or states, uniformly safe. Hostages were subjected to every species of cruelty, such as imprisonment, mutilation, and massacre in cool blood. And in the process of improvement, the practice of holding prisoners to ransom took the place of reducing them to slavery, and became a

source of private emolument, just as regular and settled as the right of the landholder to the products of the earth.

Meanwhile, however, the different nations of Europe had respectively acquired their distinct public organization; alliances and other conventions were become frequent; princes appealed to the mediation of other princes, and addressed themselves to the common judgment of Christendom; occasional diplomatic relations between them gradually came into more constant use: and thus the elements of the modern law of nations began to develope themselves all over Europe. It will be satisfactory to have some of the great usages and institutions pointed out, which were developed during the period under review.

In the outset we have Christianity preeminent in its general influence over the civilization of Europe, and distinctly useful in respect of the reciprocal relations of sovereignties. Of sovereignties, because, in those times, Europe was divided, not into nations exclusively, but into federative sovereignties, somewhat similar in principle to the organization of the United States, except that the sovereignties were composed for the most part of the feudal barons in behalf of themselves and their vassals, not of the vassals in the aggregate, considered as a state or political community.

Remember that the invading barbarians were pagans, emphatically so, and the professors of a superstition of drunkenness and blood; and that the first glimmering of civilization, discernible among them, dates from their conversion to Christianity. Remember, also, that the Christian religion, in contrast with most other forms of worshipping God, discountenances the shedding of blood either in sacrifice or war. That is, viewed in the light of a moral code, Christianity is a pacific system. Hence, upon the conversion of the barbarians to Christianity, that effect instantly followed, which it was natural to anticipate; a mitigation of the universality and ferocity of war, as previously waged all over Europe. Then began the custom of appealing to peace, as the means of sparing the effusion of the blood of fellow Christians. The Emperor Charlemagne cites the text of Scripture upon this point in his Capitularies. But the church did not content itself with good maxims, the inculcation of anti-belligerent doctrines merely in words. It cast about successfully for the means of innovating practically upon the existing usages of war. To this end, it began by establishing that Pax Ecclesiæ, Peace of the Church, which figures conspicuously in all the early laws of the barbarians, of whatever tribe or locality; that is, the prohibition of acts of violence in churches, monasteries, and other places consecrated to the worship or service of God. "We have all one Heavenly Father, and one Spiritual Mother, which is the Church," says the law of the Saxon Aethered, "and therefore we are all of us brethren; and the peace of the church is the great

peace to be cultivated by a Christian." Having thus obtained an immunity from war in behalf of certain places, the church next betook itself to procuring it for certain days, being the Lord's day, and other chief holidays traditionally observed by the Roman Church. To enforce the prohibition of warfare and other worldly acts on those days, it was ordained that those who transgressed it should be deprived of Christian privileges in life and after death. A remarkable incident rendered the efforts of the church in this particular conspicuous. It was pretended that a bishop in Aquitaine received a message from God, enjoining peace under the immediate penalty of divine vengeance; wherefore ensued the *Treuga Domini*, or Truce of the Lord, a complete cessation of hostilities for the space of seven years; and the church availed itself of the occasion to re-enjoin the perpetual immunity of the chief holidays, including three days of each week, from the evening of Thursday to the morning of Monday, so as to include the days of the Passion and the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. And associations of barons bound themselves by treaty or deed to keep the conditions of the Treuga Domini. In obedience to a similar pretended revelation, the prelates and barons of the south of France assembled and made a league, called the Brotherhood of God, for the purpose not only of observing, but of enforcing, peace.

This example illustrates the humanizing influence of the tenets of Christianity upon the international relations of Europe, especially as displayed in the authority of the pope prior to the time of the Reformation, and in that of the Œcumenical Councils.

Though, in the early ages of Christianity, it is undeniable that the bishops of Rome were but as other bishops, and invested only with diocesan authority similar to theirs, yet the political position of Rome, as the capital of the Christian world tended to impart superior dignity and importance to its bishops. Accordingly, the Council of Chalcedon ascribed to Pope Leo the title of Œcumenical, that is, universal, bishop; and the general superintendence of the church, thus conferred on the Roman See in the time of the Roman emperors, was confirmed by Charlemagne, after the conversion of the barbarians,—extended by the forged code of Decretals, falsely ascribed to Saint Isidore,—and established by Hildebrand. In the plenitude of its power, the Papal See claimed to hold the keys of heaven as the successor of Saint Peter; and thus, not only to exercise a general superintendence over all ecclesiastical persons, but also to excommunicate, and thus to depose lay sovereigns, by declaring them unfit to reign, and so to give and take away kingdoms. Unwarranted by scripture or positive institution as this stupendous usurpation of the Pope may have been, its existence is not the less certain. All the inhabitants of Latin Europe concurred in recognising him as the religious head of the church. But the limits between political

duty, and moral and religious duty, are not easy to define at any time. Least of all were they clearly marked out in those times, when the clergy alone possessed whatever intelligence there was in the world. Thus it came about that Western Europe was resolved into a grand community of nations, having an elective chief, who was their infallible censor in all points of morality and faith, the mediator between earth and heaven, the great casuist for the solution of all difficulties, the judge for the redress of all the wrongs of all mankind, and the political as well as moral and religious director of the affairs of Christendom. If it were compatible with the imperfection of human nature that this extraordinary power, based upon the religious respect and confidence of the world, could have been administered in the spirit of its orgin, with unqualified purity and wisdom, it would have united all the nations of Christendom in a holy brotherhood of peace, and exemplified on earth the celestial government of the Deity. Its abuse, in the ordinary course of human affairs, by the meddlesome and all-grasping ambition of the Roman See, occasioned its overthrow; but not before it had done much to combine and cement together the sovereignties of Europe in a great Christian republic.

Innumerable instances of the beneficial exercise of this parental superintendence of Christendom by the church, occur in the history of all the chief nations of Europe. It began before the dissolution of the empire. Theodosius, having slaughtered seven thousand men at Thessalonica, without discrimination of the guilty from the innocent, approached the church at Milan to pay his accustomed devotion, unconscious, or at least unthoughtful, of his crime. St. Ambrose boldly met him at the gate, and addressed to him a severe but affecting admonition on his injustice, forbade him to enter, and sent him away, great as he was in the yet undivided control of the whole Roman empire, a penitent and humbled man. The same thing continued among the oldest of the Christianized barbarians. Thus, when Lotharius, the first king of Lotharinga, repudiated his wife to marry another with whom he had previously lived in criminal intercourse, the Pope interposed, and compelled him, after a long struggle, to return to his duty. And examples of it abound in the centuries preceding the Reformation. When Henry II. of England was tortured by the undutiful conduct of his turbulent sons, he poured out his agony into the bosom of the Pope, as the spiritual consoler and guide of Christendom. Nothing less than the authority of the Roman See would have procured the release of Richard Cœur-de-Lion from captivity. Repeatedly the church compelled great princes to give up individuals unjustly detained, as in the case of the three daughters of Tancred of Sicily thus wrested from the Emperor Henry VI., and of the infant son of the King of Aragon, held captive by Simon de Montfort. We mention these particular

examples, rather more than the familiar ones, of the interposition of the church in political questions, for the reason, that this kind of parental supervision of sovereign states and princes by the See of Rome, is a most peculiar, and yet little notorious trait of the law of nations, as observed by Christian Europe in the middle ages.

The Œcumenical Councils were, as Voltaire justly remarks, a genuine European senate. These councils, in their inception, were ecclesiastical merely; but in process of time they were extended for common convenience, so as to embrace the temporal concerns of Europe. Instances occurred of the trial and deposition of princes on these occasions; and in the settlement of all the great controverted questions of the day, the Œcumenical Councils assumed a jurisdiction quite as broad as any of the European congresses of our own time, and were constituted in the same way, of princes in person, or represented by their ambassadors, except that they usually comprised a large number of ecclesiastical dignitaries, in addition to the temporal sovereigns, and settled the religious equally with the political affairs of the commonwealth of Christendom.

There is another doctrine, introduced into the law of nations, by the Roman church, which we ought not to omit indicating as an extraordinary instance of abuse of power; and that is, the view of the relation between Christian and Infidel held in those times, and exemplified in the crusades and in the conquest of America. Without dwelling upon the fact of the crusades, look at the grant of the East and West Indies, made by Pope Alexander to Spain and Portugal. This concession proceeded on the idea, which obtained in Europe after the preaching of the crusades, that countries inhabited by a pagan people, were lawfully open to invasion and subjugation by the first Christians, for the purpose of conversion. The same principle is recognised in the first patent of Henry VII. to the Cabots.

Next to Christianity, in their influence upon the reciprocal relations of the states of Europe, deserve to be considered the Feudal System, and that singular offspring of it, the institution of chivalry. Allusion has already been made to the universal prevalence of bloodshed in the middle ages. This, it is notorious, grew out of the feudal right of private war, as it was called, exercised by men of noble or gentle blood, all over Europe, who held themselves sovereigns in everything except such duties of allegiance as they specially contracted to their respective feudal superiors, and retained the rights of peace and war amongst many other reserved attributes of sovereignty, in that spirit of personal independence which characterized the invading barbarians. Thus it happened that Europe was covered with castles, each the stronghold of an armed chieftain, who carried on military operations at will. To what excess this practice was carried, may be judged by the fact, that in England alone, at the

conclusion of peace between Henry II. and Stephen, there were 1115 baronial castles ordered to be destroyed in the process of public pacification. While Christianity did so much to check and abolish this custom, the monstrous evils it occasioned were also counteracted, in some sort by the association of Chivalry, which, amid the universal depravation of society, made it a point of honour to perform those acts of virtue and patriotism, which the law did not enjoin, or which, if it did enjoin, there was no political organization competent to enforce. And these two institutions, the Feudal System and Chivalry, had the effect of increasing the natural dependence, or rather connexion, of the different nations of Europe, by means of the mutuality of relation, which they introduced among princes and barons of separate countries. Thus, the kings of England long did homage to the kings of France, for their possessions on the continent. And there was a never-ending series of intricate interlacements of feudal or chivalrous relations among the sovereigns of the continent, especially in Germany, where the feudal system prevails to this day more than in any other part of Europe.

But, after all, the great body of law-text, appertaining to the international relations of Christendom, is the result of treaties, conventions, deeds and charters, constituting the positive institute of the public law of Europe and America. These conventions were, of necessity, founded upon the institutions, opinions and ways of thinking and acting, which prevailed in European society; they were designed to give the solemnity of stipulation or promise to contemplated acts; and they introduced changes into the existing laws and usages of Christendom. Some of them were singular incidents of the personal rights of sovereignty, acquired by European princes in modern times; especially treaties of marriage, and instruments of devise, gift, or sale, whereby the boundaries of states underwent alterations in form unknown to the ancient republics of Greece and Italy. Thus the See of Rome obtained the territory of Avignon by purchase from the Countess of Provence. Thus, also, the Americans acquired Louisiana and Florida, the one from the Emperor Napoleon, and the other from Ferdinand of Spain. The United States, however, be it remarked by the way, being a government of social compact, not of prescription, made these purchases upon very questionable grounds of constitutional right; the presidents who negotiated the treaties of purchase, and the congresses which sanctioned them, feeling justified by the great utility of the thing and the acquiescence of the people, in thus doing what there is no authority for doing set down in the constitution. It is clear, on the other side, that the United States, although they be borne out in buying the territory and population of other countries, yet cannot sell their own; still less can they give them away; or alienate them by devise, which happens to states held in hereditary sovereignty by indi-

viduals under the prescriptive laws of Europe. Important in the highest degree, among the consequences of personal sovereignty, is the effect of marriage upon the nationality of a people. Thus England and Scotland were made one kingdom; thus Castile and Aragon were united to constitute Spain; thus the kingdoms of Bohemia and Hungary came to form but parts of the duchy of Austria; and thus the counts of Flanders became the kings of Spain and the Indies.

To go into an explanation of the vast number of treaties of peace, allegiance, or commerce, entered into between the European nations, would be neither more or less than the writing of a legal treatise, when our sole object is the limited purpose of elucidating the question of international law, as affected by the progress of civilization in modern Christendom. What we have said will serve to account for the gradual melioration of the usages of the nations of Europe, in their military and international relations, down to the sixteenth century, the epoch of the colonization of America, and of the general revival of learning and the arts in Europe. That century is memorable for the happening of various things, which materially affected the intercourse of nations, and, in fact, moulded that intercourse into the body and spirit which it now exhibits.

In the first place, the Reformation put an end to the general superintending and appellative jurisdiction of the Roman pontiffs. This event, also, subdivided Christendom into two classes of states, Protestant and Catholic, which for a long time regarded each other as natural enemies for the cause of religion alone, just as of old the Christians had been accustomed to regard the Mahometans. Thus the Roman See proceeded against the Albigenses as infidels, the objects of a regular crusade, or war of the cross. On the other hand, Elizabeth of England aided the French Hugenots and the insurgent Netherlanders, as a point of duty to their common cause of Protestantism. These considerations, however, yielded very soon to

The second great political question of that age, which ever since, indeed, has been prominent in the affairs of Europe, namely, the preservation of the balance of power. This idea, like so many other of the great intellectual conceptions of modern times, had its origin among the Italians, who were prompted by their own domestic divisions, and the belligerent operations of the French and Imperialists, to organize great confederations of states to protect the weak against the self-aggrandizing schèmes of the strong, and thus maintain the chief political divisions of Europe unchanged. This object, it would seem, is on the whole the predominant one in the negotiations and wars of Christendom from that day to this. It has powerfully contributed to fix the existing law of nations; being an application to the intercourse and relative condition of nations of the

same doctrine of counter-checking powers and balanced interests, which pervades the domestic policy of the constitutional states of Europe and America, and being equally instrumental in each case in substituting observance of law in place of perpetual recurrence to brute force.

Thirdly, the great extension of commerce at this period, created a necessity for more stable rules of public intercourse than obtained before; in connexion with which ought, indeed, to be considered the tendency of the art of printing to draw closer the intellectual associations of the inhabitants of different countries, to multiply their ties, and of course to humanize their general intercourse. Thereupon ensued

In the fourth place, that important improvement in the international relations of Christendom, of resident embassies, protected by the privilege of ambassadors from civil and criminal process in the country where they were accredited. This remarkable custom arose from the unity of the nations of Christendom as one great republic, composed of parts allied by treaties of marriage or policy, intimately associated in commerce, literature, arts, and religion, and possessed of a paramount public law. Extraordinary embassies, that is, messengers despatched for a special and temporary object, between people and people, are of course coëval with the very existence of society in all regions of the globe. Not so with ordinary resident embassies, as used by Christian states at the present day. They were unknown to the Greeks and Romans; and the lateness of their introduction into modern Europe is a well-authenticated historical fact. Sir Edward Coke tells us that Henry VII., "that wise and politic prince would not in his time, suffer liege ambassadors (that is, resident ambassadors) of any foreign king or prince within his realm, nor he with them; but upon occasion used ambassadors." To be sure, the Pope had long been accustomed to have such ministers in other countries by the name of *nuncios;* which naturally happened, by reason of his general authority as the head of the church. But Ferdinand of Aragon is said to have been the first secular prince to imitate the example of Rome in this respect. At present, therefore, each of the Christian states maintains, in the court of its allies, or of countries with which it is not actually at war, a public agent, who, though he serves in the capacity of a sort of spy upon the actions of the sovereign near whom he resides, yet being recognised and understood as such, acts in full honour, and is indispensable to the business of the world as now transacted, for the protection of the subjects or interests of his own sovereign. This innovation was another great step in the advancing civilization of Christendom. The failure of the Turks, and of other nations out of the pale of the Christian religion, to imitate us in this matter, is among the decisive proofs of their persevering, if not inveterate ignorance and barbarism.

ART. XV.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay.* Vol. III. Colburn.

HAD the contents of this volume been of the same cast and texture with those of the preceding two, we should not have thought of noticing it at all. We were getting tired of the gossip, however lively, or livelily reported, and of the pedantry and incessant effort to be brilliant that marked a vast deal of the conversations which the Diarist had thought fit to note down, even although the speakers might have great names and be favourites of the first water; for there was so much of trifling, of common-place, and of superficiality very often in the manner; and really so little substance in the matter, or importance in the occasion, that a more complete waste of time than characterized many of the hours described by Miss Burney could hardly be imagined. No doubt a considerable share of the disappointment which the sensible and inquiring reader must experience on reading the two first volumes is to be charged to the reporter herself, who was decidedly superficial and also contracted in regard to what was becoming, and what was natural. It is pretty clear besides that she looked upon herself as a creature forming a sort of centre for the congregation of the lions and lionesses of the day; and therefore whatever bore a reference to her own circumstances, directly or indirectly, obtained a most partial regard, even although the attention, the admiration, or the display might pass through one of her flatterers; nor on any occasions does this latent feeling,—latent we presume to herself,—appear more manifestly to the reader than when she is full of self-denials, of meek humility, of such a retiring modesty, that she does not know what to do in order to escape the gaze of wonder; the mere notion that every person must be thinking of Fanny Burney evincing her self-conceit. We acquit her, however, of affectation; we admit too that the former volumes throw much light on the fashionable and literary circles of the day, at the same time holding up to our notice in cleverly executed drawings the conventionalities of a generation upon which we closely tread, and a generation differing in regard to topics of conversation, and social manners very widely from those of the nineteenth century. Many things, besides were not only desirable as amusing illustrations, but there was much that was also sterling. Nevertheless a large portion might have been omitted without any detriment to the Diary; and, in short, it is only by regarding the egotism and vanity of the writer as natural in her circumstances, and even as entertainingly conspicuous, that many of the long-winded reports can continue to pass current.

Certainly however a third volume about the lions and lionesses to whom we have alluded, could not have been tolerated; and therefore any change of *materiel* or of tone was to be preferred, even although at the expense of vivacity. This change in both respects has indeed

taken place; the interest is now of quite a different character. It may not be, it is not, that we are transported to a nobler stage, that we are introduced to more rational scenes, or that we shall have cause to compliment human nature at a late period of the world's history, and in *enlightened* England, at the very fountain-head too of honours, upon displays of the intellectual eminence, the personal happiness, and social ease that might be expected to reign there. Far from it; so far from it that the very reverse is the truth, if Miss Burney be a faithful diarist, of which there cannot be the shadow of a doubt, judging merely from internal evidence. The fact is, her reports now become serious instead of sparkling in spirit. This, the reader may fear to be a change to dulness. But the writer could not be dull and could not affect stupidity with her pen, or check the scrutiny of her eye, even had she made the effort. But there is a greater variation still, to the production too, let us assure the reader, of a deeper interest, viz. a painful and disheartening interest.

There are subjects for sad thoughts in this same third volume. One might be disappointed at finding your Johnsons and your Burkes patronizing coteries where pretension and pedantry, arrant trifling and affected brillancy, common-place and twaddle were the staple. But squibs and sharp-shooting may afford very good sport; labour requires relief; the bow must not be at all seasons bent; nor does one ever look upon a great man with fuller complacency than during his relaxations, whatever may be the contempt experienced towards pretenders. But what is to be said of court life, whether in its ordinary routine, or in its greatest displays, in as far as those, at least, who minister to royalty, and who might be supposed to be most enviably circumstanced, are concerned;—what even of the relaxations and comforts of those born to wear crowns, while in the palaces of the land? Why, the coldest formality, the most constant restraint, the least exciting servility, characterize their condition. Even the sovereign is in worse bondage than his common subjects; for while all in the household are but as automata to him, he as well as they are encircled and depressed by etiquette, that must be galling.

These are facts, however, that have been the hackneyed themes of moralizers, and observers in all ages. But that to which we at present desire to direct notice is the weariness, the fatigue, the want of rational occupation, and yet the want of repose and free exercise in the lot of the officials of the court, especially of those, it would appear to us, that have nearest access to royalty. These *unfortunate* beings are cut off from all affectionate intercourse, with their former friends, even with their fellow-creatures. It cannot be expected that they will reciprocate many of the deep-seated humanities with prudent princes and princesses. And then, as regards the subordinates

farther down in the scale, they are obliged to maintain a more exclusive distance than in relation to royalty itself. We should say, indeed, from the intimations in this volume that the servants nearest the foot of the ladder are the freest, have the best time of it. At any rate one thing is clear,—there is little or no sympathy between the different and the approximating grades. But this is not all,—there is little real companionship between persons in the same service, and of the same elevation. The court is an atmosphere of jealousy and of rivalry; it is too oft the receptacle of sycophancy, favouritism, and intrigue. It is not the abode of open and honest utterances; but of mere obsequiousness and continual relinquishment of independent thought.

Such are the facts that come out forcibly in the pages of the Diarist; perhaps never more forcibly, truthfully, or touchingly. They are facts too quite natural in the given circumstances. But we wish to invite notice to an aggravation of their chilling, bitter, and tyrannous operation.

Miss Burney had been reared in the heart of domestic bliss. She was the beloved of her distinguished father; she had been the idol of some of the most eminent of her day; and had luxuriated in society most pleasant to her nature; and such was the happiness, freedom, and consideration which she had enjoyed, that all the honours an appointment to the royal household, and a situation near to the Queen's person could offer, had not been able to chase away her fears that the change would be prejudicial to her peace and happiness. But then she fancied, that although she would be denied many of her former pleasures, yet that she would have plenty of time to herself; and we know that, though alone, she could not be without the society of her own active thoughts and pen. But what was the reality? The Queen and the Princesses, and George himself, seem to have been more attentive, kind, and homely towards little Burney, than one could have expected, even allowing them to be possessed of an uncommon share of good sense and of the milk of human nature. Had there been none or few else to encounter and attend, and had forms and duties not imposed upon these distinguished personages restraints which took them out of the ordinary course of life, we verily believe that they would have been notable for their condescension and affection towards their domestics. But Miss Burney had a vulgar, overbearing, lynx-eyed, and jealous companion in office, who assumed a complete mastery over the actions, and had it been possible, over the thoughts, of the novice.

With regard to words, Miss Burney for the most part took refuge in silence. The tyrannous woman to whom we refer was Mrs. Schwellenberg. But instead of generalizing any longer about the insipidity, the fatigues, the positive annoyances, and perhaps still more vexatious neglects experienced in court life, we shall let the

Diary now speak for itself: and dull or unfeeling and unreflecting must be the reader who does not find matter for serious regret and severe remark in what we quote. We hardly know whether the personages for whose sakes so much idle parade was made, or the hearts and the limbs which were worn out in the service, were most to be pitied. However, here is the account of Fanny's routine of court life.

I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning gown and cap, and wait my first summons, which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half hour between them. The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed. This, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well. Mrs. Schwellenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. Mrs. Thielky hands the things to me, and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop, and the fan before the neck-kerchief. By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the Castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the princesses, and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably. I then return to my own room to breakfast. I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it. * * At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business—in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birth-day of any of the royal family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable. That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven. My rummages and business sometimes occupy me uninterruptedly to those hours. When they do not, I give till ten to necessary letters of duty, ceremony, or long arrears;—and now, from ten to the times I have mentioned, I devote to walking. These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesdays and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a week. A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with the powdering things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted. She generally reads the newspapers during that operation. When she observes that I have run to

her but half dressed, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes, that one would not expect belonged to her high station. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud. When I return, I finish, if anything is undone, my dress, and then take Baretti's Dialogues, my dearest Fredy's Tablet of Memory, or some such disjointed matter, for the few minutes that elapse ere I am again summoned. I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state. There, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time. It is commonly three o'clock when I am thus set at large. And I have then two hours quite at my own disposal: but, in the natural course of things, not a moment after! * * At five, we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room. We are commonly *tête-à tête:* when there is anybody added, it is from her invitation only. Whatever right my place might afford me of also inviting my friends to the table I have now totally lost by want of courage and spirits to claim it originally. When we have dined, we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over: this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tête-à-tête* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over, he conducts them, and goes himself, to the concert-room. This is commonly about nine o'clock. From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute, till I come to my little supper at near eleven. Between eleven and twelve my last summons takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen: half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded. I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed—and to sleep, too, believe me: the early rising, and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily, that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head. * * With regard to those summonses I speak of, I will now explain myself. My summons, upon all regular occasions—that is, morning, noon, and night toilettes—is neither more nor less than a bell. Upon extraordinary occasions a page is commonly sent. At first, I felt inexpressibly discomfited by this mode of call. A bell!—it seemed so mortifying a mark of servitude, I always felt myself blush, though alone, with conscious shame at my own strange degradation.

One would have thought that Miss Burney, who had apartments of her own, might have been mistress in regard to her own meals. Hear how this stood:—

Westerhall, one of Mrs. Schwellenberg's domestics, called me out of the room. John waited to speak to me in the gallery. "What time,

ma'am," cried he, "shall you have your supper?" "What supper?" cried I. "I only eat fruit as usual." "Have not you ordered supper, ma'am, for to-night?" "No." "There is one cooking for you—a fowl and peas." "It's some great mistake; run down and tell them so." I returned to the company, and would have related the adventure, had I been in spirits: but voluntary speech escaped me not. Where I am not happy, or forced to it, it never does. In silence and in quiet, I court repose and revival; and I think, my dearest Susan, I feel that they will come. Presently I was called out again. "Ma'am," cried John, "the supper is ordered in your name. I saw the order—the clerk of the kitchen gave it in." This was the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. I desired him to run down forthwith, and inquire by whose directions all this was done. He came back, and said, "By Sir Francis Drake's." Sir Francis Drake is, I think, steward of the household. I then desired him to interfere no more, but let the matter be pursued in their own way. As soon as the company was gone, all but a Miss Mawer, who is on a visit to Mrs. Schwellenberg, I told my tale. Mrs. Schwellenberg said the orders had been hers, that a hot supper belonged to my establishment, and that sometimes she might come and eat it with me. I had now not a word to add. At ten o'clock, both she and Miss Mawer accompanied me to my room. Miss Mawer is an old maid; tall, thin, sharp-featured, hurrying and disagreeable in her manner, but, I believe, good-natured and good-hearted, from all I have observed in her. The smell of the meat soon grew offensive to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who left me with Miss Mawer. As I never eat any myself at night, all I could devise to make the perfume tolerable, was to consider it as an opportunity for a lesson in carving: so I went to work straightforward to mangle my unbidden guest, for the use and service of Miss Mawer.

On one occasion, when their majesties were about to visit Nuneham Harcourt, there was a scene between Madame Schwellenberg and Fanny:—

At the second toilette to-day, Mrs. Schwellenberg, who left the dressing-room before me, called out at the door, "Miss Bernar, when you have done from the Queen, come to my room." There was something rather more peremptory in the order than was quite pleasant to me, and I rather drily answered, "Very well, Mrs. Schwellenberg." * * * When I went to Mrs. Schwellenberg, she said, "You might know I had something to say to you, by my calling you before the Queen." She then proceeded to a long prelude, which I could but ill comprehend, save that it conveyed much of obligation on my part, and favour on hers; and then ended with "I might tell you now, the Queen is going to Oxford, and you might go with her; it is a secret—you might not tell it nobody. But I tell you once, I shall do for you what I can; you are to have a gown." I stared, and drew back, with a look so undisguised of wonder and displeasure at this extraordinary speech, that I saw it was understood, and she then thought it time, therefore, to name her authority, which, with great emphasis, she did thus: "The Queen will give you a gown! The Queen says

you are not rich," &c. There was something in the manner of this quite intolerable to me; and I hastily interrupted her with saying, "I have two new gowns by me, and therefore do not require another." Perhaps a proposed present from her Majesty was never so received before! but the grossness of the manner of the messenger swallowed up the graciousness of the design in the principal; and I had not even a wish to conceal how little it was to my taste. The highest surprise sat upon her brow: she had imagined that a gown—that any present—would have been caught at with obsequious avidity; but indeed she was mistaken. Seeing the wonder and displeasure now hers, I calmly added, "The Queen is very good, and I am very sensible of her Majesty's graciousness; but there is not, in this instance, the least occasion for it." "Miss Bernar," cried she, quite angrily, "I tell you once, when the Queen will give you a gown, you must be humble, thankful, when you are Duchess of Ancaster!"

Miss Burney travelled to Nuneham in company with Miss Planta, governess to the princesses. See what it is to be of the royal suite:—

In going across the park to the entrance, we saw not a creature. All were busy, either in attendance upon the royal guests, or in finding hiding places from whence to peep at them. We stopped at the portico,—but not even a porter was there; we were obliged to get out of the carriage by the help of one of the postilions, and to enter the house by the help of wet grass, which would not suffer me to stay out of it, otherwise I felt so strange in going in uninvited and unconducted, that I should have begged leave to stroll about till somebody appeared. Miss Planta, more used to these expeditions, though with quite as little taste for them, led the way, and said we had best go and see for our own rooms. I was quite of the same opinion, but much at a loss how we might find them. We went through various passages, unknowing whither they might lead us, till at length we encountered a prodigious fine servant. Miss Planta asked him for Lady Harcourt's maid; he bowed slightly, and passed on without making any answer. Very pleasant this!—I then begged we might turn back, not caring for another adventure of the same sort. Miss Planta complied; and we met two more of the yellow-laced saunterers, with whom she had precisely the same success. I think I never remember to have felt so much shame from my situation as at that time. To arrive at a house where no mistress nor master of it cared about receiving me; to wander about a guest uninvited, a visitor unthought of; without even a room to go to, a person to inquire for, or even a servant to speak to. * * We strayed thus, backwards and forwards, for a full quarter of an hour, in these nearly deserted straggling passages: and then, at length, met a French woman, whom Miss Planta immediately seized upon; it was Lady Harcourt's woman, and Miss Planta had seen her at Windsor. "Pray show us," cried Miss Planta, "where we are to go." She was civil, and led us to a parlour looking very pleasantly upon the park, and asked if we would have some tea. Miss Planta assented. She told us the King and Queen were in the park, and left us. As there was a garden-door to this room, I thought it

very possible the royal party and their suite might return to the house that way. This gave great addition to my discomposure, for I thought that to see them all in this forlorn plight would be still the worst part of the business; I therefore pressed Miss Planta to let us make another attempt to discover our own rooms. Miss Planta laughed exceedingly at my disturbance, but complied very obligingly with my request. The wardrobe women had already been shown to the rooms they were to prepare for the Queen and the Princesses. * * In this, our second wandering forth, we had no better success than in the first; we either met nobody, or only were crossed by such superfine men in laced liveries, that we attempted not to question them. My constant dread was of meeting any of the royal party, while I knew not whither to run. Miss Planta, more inured to such situations, was not at all surprised by our difficulties and disgraces, and only diverted by my distress from them. We met at last with Mhaughendorf, and Miss Planta eagerly desired to be conducted to the Princesses' rooms, that she might see if everything was prepared for them. When they had looked at the apartments destined for the Princesses, Miss Planta proposed our sitting down to our tea in the Princess Elizabeth's room.

We might go on to quote numerous instances of excessive fatigue from long waiting and keeping all the time a standing posture, and this too without tasting food, while in the royal presence; for to sit and to eat in such circumstances are equally forbidden; while the positive annoyances amounting to insults were sometimes unbearable according to the habits of thinking of the right-hearted and not yet hardened or hackneyed Diarist. Even some of her servile offices to the Queen appear hardly to have squared with her pupilage in a healthier sphere. Altogether the volume has a moral to teach, and it preaches it well.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Theopneustia. The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.* From the French of L. GAUSSEN. Bagster.

THE first paper of our present number was printed before we were aware that S. Bagster and Sons had published a translation of this invaluable work. We are glad to have it in our power to announce the fact. Every biblical and religious reader who speaks the English language ought to rejoice that he may now have ready access to one of the most instructive and attractive books we ever read,—attractive, enlightening, and exalting in a remarkable degree, whatever be the performance, or the walk of literature with which a comparison may be instituted. But after the space which we have allotted to the professor's work in a preceding article, it is not necessary to do more than make this statement. The few passages of the translation which we have had an opportunity to examine, are elegantly true to the original.

ART. XVII.—*The Poor-laws, and their Bearing on Society.* By ERIC GUSTAF GEIGER.

GEIGER is the celebrated Professor of History at the University of Upsala, and has in this work presented to the world a "Series of Political and Historical Essays" on the Poor-laws, especially of Sweden. The translation is by E. B. Hale Lewin.

Poor-laws is not a title of a book that will prove very attractive, especially to English readers, who have had so many surfeits of every thing that can be offered on the subject, at least as bearing upon society in this country. But a foreigner may invest the theme with what will arrest; while the condition and treatment of the poor in other states may exhibit interesting novelties.

But these Essays take a wider range, and exhibit a more general ability than will be expected upon the mere term Poor-laws; for the Professor not only gives us historical and disquisitional views of the origin and progress of the mode of maintaining the poor in Sweden, with suggestions of what their treatment should be, but he goes back to early times, and travels far from his own country, in order that he might be able at the outset to produce a history of *the* Poor. Accordingly, we have a summary of the institution and laws of slavery, including those of Greece and Rome; and also of the influences and modifications attendant upon the invasion of the barbarians, the masterly sketch tracing the effects produced by the church and feudalism on the condition of the needy and helpless, until society had acquiesced in, and been forced to adopt those general notions, towards the poor, of Christian morality, which characterize the European nations in our times. The passages which we are about to quote will indicate the great value of these Essays. The first may be advantageously consulted along with portions not only of the preceding paper on international law, but that on classic mythology. It is by no means flattering to the *humanity* of man.

"*Man* is a late idea in history. Immediately without the antique family is the *stranger*, the same as *enemy;* immediately without the antique state, the *barbarian*, the same as *outlaw;* wherefore also the Roman accounted slavery as a right belonging to *jus gentium*. But slavery affects not merely the conquered stranger or the foreign foe. It is domestic in the family, where the husband long possesses the wife he has bought or captured and the children he has begotten, by the same right with the slaves he has acquired or bred. Slavery becomes domestic in the state, and increases in severity in proportion; as not only the family as such, but the state, that is to say, the privileged class as such, has the mass under it as a slave. We have spoken of antiquity, as though a sort of provision for the poor existed there also. This seems opposed to that position of experience, that provision for the poor was first introduced into society as the slaves became free; which has indeed generally been the case. Provision for the poor as a public concern is least discernible in the despotic slave-state; where, owing to the absence of the principle of liberty, its opposite, slavery, does not either present itself in sharp outline, but is softened just by reason of its universality, and treated so to speak as the

child of the house. The care begins in the republican slave-state, where, as liberty is corrupted and destroyed, the sovereign people at last fall back upon the poor-house. Thus it is that in imperial Rome, *populus Romanus* is dependent upon charity; for whatever worthlessness might be concealed under that name, it retained the title of its bankrupt nobility, and in this capacity received its free bread, which properly belonged to Roman citizens, not at all to foreigners and slaves, of which the overplus number on occasions of threatening scarcity were always without mercy driven out of Rome. That slavery in republics is harder than under despotisms, may indeed be alleged from the example of Rome. The greatest economist of republican Rome, the elder Cato, enforced, as a rule of economy, the expediency of getting rid of old slaves, to avoid the burden of their maintenance. Roman emperors were milder than Roman aristocrats. There was in the Tiber an island, the island of Æsculapius, on which the sick and infirm slaves were exposed, and suffered to die under the protection of Æsculapius. The Emperor Claudius pronounced such slaves free. Afterwards the masters killed them; which the Emperor was also obliged to prohibit. Of a being without God, without kindred, without country, without law, all which the slave is, according to the strict Roman notion, the very misery is not human."

The definition of gentility, observes the Professor, by the Roman jurists, was this—"birth have those only whose ancestors have never served any one." Hence it follows, "that neither the freed man nor his issue could ever become gentle. This idea, prevalent in the North American republics, arising out of the slave states, according to which, slave blood, in even the extremest branch, contaminates, and remains with its ignominy indelible, is Roman."

Here follows the account of the Poor Law of classical Rome:—

"Bread and the spectacle of the gladiators (*panem et circences*) the populace of Rome demanded of their emperor. It was what the best omitted not to grant, and what the severest durst not refuse. The distribution of free bread or of corn gratis to the people was restricted at first by Augustus, but rose again even in his time; so that such a distribution took place to two hundred thousand persons. Tiberius, who by the abolition of the Comitia blotted out the last semblance of the people's political influence —Tiberius, who sternly refused in the Senate to continue the beneficence of Augustus towards a representative of the noble Hortensian family, sunk with many children in the extreme of destitution, saying, 'If every sort of beggar were to come here and ask for money for his children's sake, it were impossible that each should be satisfied, but the state would be sacrificed'—Tiberius, whose tyranny otherwise defied every thing, durst not defy the indignation of the people in the theatres on the occasion of an omitted distribution of corn. He gave more than Augustus. A ticket of tin entitled the bearer to his portion at these distributions. Such tickets were given out first for a month, then for a quarter, afterwards for life: finally, they went by will or inheritance. This was Rome's relief of the poor. Moreover, all Rome enjoyed the benefit of a reduced price of corn, the deficit was covered by the state treasury. Trajan instituted separate free bread for five thousand children, and caused their names to be engraved

on plates of copper. Encouraged by him, such institutions sprang up in many Italian cities; his friend, the Younger Pliny, founded one himself, at his own expence. Hadrian and the Antonines increased the number of these institutions of relief. Antoninus Pius revived an establishment of Augustus for discounting; whence the poor were allowed to borrow at the rate of 4 per cent. A later Emperor founded an establishment for the purchase of shares in property for the poor, and the loans to be gradually paid off. Commodus, son of the virtuous Marcus Aurelius, so unlike his father, instituted a great corn warehouse in Rome, to provide against the scarcity which sometimes arose when the Egyptian corn-fleet failed to arrive. Septimus Severus extended this warehousing to many years' advance, according to Rome's estimated yearly want; and from this estimate one is led to conclude that the distributions which were made gratis amounted to six hundred thousand persons, though a good deal of corn distributed as wages seems to be here included."

In the history of the Poor-law of Sweden there are to be found a number of curious relicts and illustrations of the old usages of Scandinavian society, and which furnished elements that were incorporated at a remote period into the municipal institutions and unwritten laws of England. The subject of the Essays as regards the author's own country, even at this day, has its interesting and informing points. We quote a passage which treats of the only crimes which in the ancient laws of Sweden were inexpiable,—that is, which could not be expiated with *fines*. Says the Professor,—

"Such were attended with the forfeiture of honour, which was *civil death*, of which physical death *might be* a consequence, although capital punishment in the spirit of the old laws is *permitted* rather than *enjoined*. The principle of life for life was adopted subsequently, from the Mosaic law. The punishment of death was, moreover, not recognized by our old laws for other crimes than those which involved loss of honour. The honourless was branded with the name 'niding'; and 'nidingsverk' implies in the laws the grossest crimes against personal safety, which were connected with treachery,—such as murder committed in places consecrated to peace, in the church, the assize-court, or within a dwelling; killing a sleeping man, or one incapable of self-defence, or one's own master, or him with whom one had shared meat and drink, or a woman, 'for she shall go protected to meetings and mass, though never so much war be waged among the men' (says our West Gothic law); killing any one with cruelty, or in a torturing manner; bearing arms against one's own country; embarking in an armed vessel, and becoming a pirate, which last specified crimes indicate the introduction of Christian morality. All these were inexpiable by fines. In general those crimes were regarded as most worthy of punishment which were committed in a deceitful and cowardly manner, wherefore also *the thief* was punished either with death or slavery. All bodily punishment belonged to slavery, which had no rights. 'To beat a person as a slave'—'to possess no more rights than the scourged handmaid' or female house slave, are therefore expressions which the old laws employ."

In these ancient usages and laws relative to forfeiture of honour may be

discovered some of the characteristic features of chivalrous times and feudal observances. It is quite clear then that Professor Geiger's Essays are neither barren of interest, nor unworthy, as specimens of historical compression and graphical illustration, of his chair. The poor are made a rich theme in his hands.

ART. XVIII.—*A Treatise on the Grammar of the Greek New Testament Dialect.* By the REV. T. S. GREEN. Bagster.

THIS work was undertaken, at the request of the late Rev. H. J. Rose, of King's College; its professed object being to show that a ground for a strict system of literal interpretation, based on the established principles and ascertained rules of the Greek language, is supplied by the dialect of the New Testament, and to afford a guide to such interpretation. It is a work which displays an extensive familiarity with the language of Greece, and with the authors who have written in its various dialects; and it abounds with illustrations applied to, as well as drawn from, texts of the New Testament. The Treatise is also necessarily calculated, and not without a direct design, to assist the advanced pupil in his study of the Greek language generally. With regard to the Parts of Speech, and the usual subjects of a grammar, there will be found some novelty of arrangement, but especially a series of comments and scholastic arguments, which, if not always convincing, are ingenious and difficult to be met.

In any short notice, or without an acquaintance with the literature of the New Testament as minute, and also a scholarship as exact, as what Mr. Green has exemplified, it is impossible to criticize the Treatise properly. Instead therefore of making the attempt we quote a passage from the Introduction, and another from the First Chapter, that the author's views and purpose may be in some measure gathered from himself.

He says that the standard of comparison which he proposes to institute with regard to the language of the New Testament, "is that presented by the Attic writers, including those, as Aristotle, who, though strictly without the Attic pale, may, as immediately bordering upon it, be considered for the present purpose within it. * * * The result of such an investigation as the proposed one, will be that the dialect of the New Testament will be found to differ from classic purity not so much in solecistic variation as in defect: there will be a discovery not so much of departure from established rules, as of inelegancies more easily felt than described; and there will be missed a portion of the minute and vivid picturing of the modifications of thought in written language which characterizes the speech of that wonderful people, in the disappearance of some pointed and refined variation of expression and form of construction, and in an imperfect use of that exquisite array of particles which, when their force is duly felt, give to the dead page almost the life and impressiveness of human utterance."

The other passage to be quoted refers to the dialect termed by Grammarians *Common*:—

"Its staple was of Attic structure, but it differed from that variety of the language in several main points: it was divested of certain forms espe-

cially Attic, such as might be termed provincialisms, if the idea of vulgarity were not associated with the word: it employed certain words, where the speech of Athens would with the same meaning, have substituted others, either quite distinct, or differing from them in some point of structure; it admitted some forms or words belonging to other dialects; or which, though of ancient use, had for a time disappeared, at least in Attic Greek. * * * The Common dialect, technically so called, was that of the courts of the Seleucidæ and the Legidæ, of the schools of Alexandria and Tarsus, of the educated Roman, of Philo, Polybius, Plutarch, Origen, Chrysostom.

"Such was the form of the language, which the first preachers of the Gospel found the medium of the civilized world, and which they would necessarily employ in historical and hortatory writings, unless they had in view solely their countrymen in Judea. But they came to its use imbued with a native idiom differing very widely from that of their adopted language, and which must, in a greater or less degree, give a colouring to their writings."

We ought to state that among the miscellaneous topics of the Treatise, a distinct notice is assigned to the style of the Apocalypse.

ART. XIX.—*Creoleana; or, Social and Domestic Scenes and Incidents in Barbadoes, in the Days of Yore.* By J. W. ORDERSON.

MR. ORDERSON has been long a resident in Barbadoes, and therefore has had ample opportunities to become acquainted with the scenes and incidents belonging to this interesting colony;—with the habits of the people, white and black; with the anecdotes current in, or characteristic of, the island; with the progress and prospects of the community; and with the vicissitudes and calamities which have befallen this portion of the West Indies, even from the Days of Yore down to the most recent changes and events. The nature of the small publication will be more clearly understood on reading the author's account of its matter and plan. With regard to the contents, he "conscientiously affirms, that his materials are all (with the exception of one incident) drawn from facts, which are as closely adhered to as the nature of the subject would admit: but the events, he must add, are not narrated in strict chronological order."

The narrative begins with a graphic account of the awful visitations and sufferings to which the island was subjected between 1772 and 1780, when burnings, sterility, scarcity, disease, devastating insects, and even an atmosphere loaded with pestilence overtook the colony in combined array or with consecutive terrors and destruction. These calamities with much that is pleasing, prosperous, amusing, and curious, are unaffectedly detailed, letting the reader into the inward life as well as the prominent features of the history of the island. We must find room for an anecdote concerning Prince William Henry, afterwards the sailor-king, when he was yet a blue-jacket, and as reckless and mischievous as any Waterford of the day. It appears, however, that he sometimes paid dear for his *whistle*.

Rachel Polgreen, an emancipated negress, had taken to the business of tavern, or innkeeper; of course in a humble way, but not the less likely

to prosper and to increase her store. In fact, what we are about to quote proves that she was worldly-wise and a sound calculator.

It so happened, that the prince made Rachel's hotel his temporary abode, when he was commander of the Pegasus frigate, and sojourned in Barbadoes. This was a fine opportunity for the politic landlady; and one of her strokes of diplomacy was to dub the establishment with an imposing sign: it was now "The Royal Naval Hotel." This is not all:—"His Royal Highness had dined with the mess of the forty-ninth regiment, then on this station, and returning to the hotel in the evening, *more* than half-seas over, accompanied by some choice *spirits* of the corps, he commenced a royal frolic by breaking the furniture, &c.; and with the aid of his boon companions, carried on the sport with such activity, that in a couple of hours every article was completely demolished, the very beds cut up, and their contents emptied into the street. * * * The sly and cunning Rachel sat quite passive in her great arm-chair at the entrance door of the hotel. Servant after servant came running to announce to her the destruction that was going on, but the social hostess moved not. It was all the same to her, and there she sat unruffled, and as if glued to the huge chair. She would, as each fresh communication was made, reply with perfect nonchalance, "Go, go long, man, da' no king's son! If he no do wha' he please, who d'en can do 'um?' Let he lone; lay he muse heself; da' no king's son! Bless he heart!" And with many other like expressions of indifference at what was going on, kept her seat as unconcernedly as if her house was in perfect tranquillity. It was, however, now time for the prince to return on board; and as he had literally (in nautical phrase) cleared the decks, he was taking his departure, when encountering Rachel still occupying the 'gangway,' he bid her 'good night,' and to crown the sport, upset her and chair together, leaving her unwieldy body sprawling in the street, to the ineffable amusement of the laughing crowd. Rachel showed no ire even at this,—but calling out in her sweetest dulcet tones, 'Mas Prince! Mas Prince! you come ma-morning, to see wha' mischief you been do!' and, after a little floundering and much assistance, she was reseated.

"To-morrow came—Rachel soon heard that the prince was to sail in the evening for St. Vincent. A clerk was here, a servant there, friends everywhere throughout the house, taking an inventory of the overnight's destruction; the good dame reserving to herself the privilege of valuing the articles; and before the sun's altitude had been taken on board the Pegasus, one of the satellites of the hotel was on the deck with a full, true, and particular account of the loss, destruction, and havoc of the preceding evening, accompanied with a humble petition for indemnity, the losses being stated at the trifling sum of 700*l.* sterling. Our generous-hearted tar, with a magnanimity as conspicuous in him after he became sovereign, as at this juvenile and sailor-like period of his life, made no question of the correctness of the account, but sent her an order for the amount on Firebrace and Co., (merchants of the town,) which was duly paid, and Miss Rachel thereby enabled to furnish the 'Royal Naval Hotel,' with more splendour than ever."

ART. XX.—*The Works of William Jay.* Vols. I. and II. Bartlett.

THERE are now in the course of quarterly publication, the Works of William Jay, corrected and revised, with numerous additions by himself; the present volumes containing the Morning and Evening Exercises from January to June, of this well-known Nonconformist divine. The exercises are now printed together for the first time. We are astonished at the variety and unction that is to be found in these spiritual effusions. The head is filled and the heart warmed by them.

ART. XXI.—*The Gaberlunzie's Wallet.*

THERE are sterling things in this unpretending publication. The pictures as well as the prose and verse are in a vein that is strikingly characteristic of the feeling, the fancy, and the older customs of the Scotch. Indeed the melange possesses more than average merit, so far as the first number goes; and will, if the promise be kept up, serve to direct taste to a rich soil for culture and gathering in, whatever be the field for light and agreeable reading and graphic illustration that is contemplated.

ART. XXII.—*Poems, written chiefly Abroad.* By M.

AFTER Byron; wild, improbable, and obscure enough. We particularly allude to the principal piece called "Cuillo." Even the suspicion of imitation, though the poetry and the composition go beyond mediocrity, which is not the case here, mars the interest which one takes in any imaginative work.

ART. XXIII.—*Zachary Cobble; a Rigmarole in Rhyme.*

A MISERABLE attempt to imitate Butler. The Hudibrastic knight in the present case is a schoolmaster, a reformer, and a canvassing candidate for some borough; but his adventures present neither sense nor truth; neither wit nor poetry.

ART. XXIV.—*Quæstiones Mosaicæ; or, the Book of Genesis compared with the Remains of Ancient Religions.* By OSMOND DE DEAUVOIR PRIAULX, M.A.

THIS learned and ingenious work, on a subject which is suggestive of extremely curious and important points, must stand over till next month. Sundry other publications which we have received are in a similar position.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JUNE, 1842.

ART. I.—*American Antiquities, and Researches into the Origin and History of the Red Race.* By ALEXANDER W. BRADFORD. New York.

THE early history of the aborigines of America has been for a series of years taking a deeper hold on literary attention, not only among the modern settlers in that vast continent, but in Europe. This increase of interest must accompany the extension of a liberal curiosity, the subject being in itself one of extraordinary antiquarian importance, and bearing also closely upon questions concerned about intellectual as well as physiological capacity and development. But there are circumstances which may be characterized as accidental that lend to inquiries relative to the origin and the remote condition of the Red Indians a paramount value, and specialities of the most pressing description. This race, which, from being the sole possessors of the Western hemisphere,—the new world which Columbus discovered and opened to the old,—has dwindled into fractions of people, fast becoming less and less, with a principle of decay mingled in their institutions, or pervading their customs, which threatens their extinction in the course of a few generations. However we may regard the causes which have produced this result, and wherever we may incline to fix the responsibility of having put these causes in operation, we ought not the less to value all memorials that give us an insight into the habits, the opinions, or whatever serves to throw light upon the past as well as present state of the fated race. In the same degree that we deplore the hard destiny that is hunting it down, and feel a sorrowful conviction that it is inevitable, we shall prize all evidences that are recorded to assist us, and those who may come after us, in judging of the obscure but important points offered to investigation by the Red Indians.

We have alluded to the obscurity of the points to be investigated relative to the Red men. One cause, quite independent of the rest, which must attach to remote periods in the history of rude races, darkens the present subject. This arises from the disposition of the Indians to wrap themselves up in a close reserve before the Whites,

—at least all of them, with whom they have not become familiarized by long intercourse. Rapid observers, such as all travellers are, see little except this assumed exterior, which is intended to conceal, perhaps to mislead. And it is most naturally impenetrable in proportion to the inquisitiveness which assails it. Yet some things remain to meet the eye of patient and discriminating inquiry, which lend clues when no positive guide can be found. It is true that such materials for illustration have in very many instances appeared, rather as the result of casual than of professional and enlightened research. It is only within late years that systematic inquiries, for example, into the curious principles of the languages and intellectual character of the Red men have been made; while these efforts have been due, almost entirely to individual enterprise. No doubt literary associations have been called to act, but rather as auxiliaries than principals, in these researches. One of the most promising of these has been the American Antiquarian Society, which commenced with the monumental history of the Indians, particularly west of the Alleghanies. But not to trouble ourselves with naming with any degree of fulness or precision many of the societies or the individuals who have set forward in the great American field of antiquity, we may mention that one of these labourers, Mr. Schoolcraft, a Superintendant under the government of the United States in the Indian Department, who besides the opportunities he thus enjoyed of making researches among the Aborigines, was enabled by a marriage to a lady of Indian descent, to cultivate a most intimate familiarity with the native tribes,—has devoted the most zealous attention to the "Mental Characteristics of the North American Indians," having published some time ago a number of "Oral Tales," as fruits of his researches and studies, gathered from friendly and related natives, at his own fireside and elsewhere, when the parties had thrown off the reserve habitual to them under most connexions with the Whites.

Mr. Schoolcraft says, in the work mentioned, that he has made collections respecting the Indians which furnish materials "for separate observations on their oral traditions, fictitious and historical; their hieroglyphics, music, and poetry; and the grammatical structure of the languages, their principles of combination, and the actual state of their vocabulary." How far, since the publication of the "Oral Tales," he has proceeded with his labours, or with making their results the subject of new volumes, we know not: but we have mentioned these circumstances and his case in order to support the opinion, that materials exist which may enable patient and skilful students to ascertain with considerable accuracy, in the course of the inbringing of the harvest, not only what are the mythological opinions and the intellectual features of the Indians at recent periods, but what was the condition of their mind, tastes, and history in the primeval ages.

Mounds and ditches very conclusively show the sites of ancient labour. A clay pot, or an arrow head, clearly enough demonstrates the state of the arts among the people who used these articles. But oral language seems to be the chief object which can, in any degree, supply literary data about a people who are wholly destitute of books. It enables us, in a manner, to speak with by-gone generations, by supplying facts for analogy and comparison; and the inquiry is, the nearest equivalent which rude nations present for literature. We may put by Indian tradition, as not entitled to respect, after the lapse of a few generations from any given era, and as wholly inadequate to furnish a clue to their ancient migration and origin. And still less can be gleaned from their hieroglyphics, which have been written, as they still continue to be, not on stone, as in Egypt, but upon wood and bark. Their paintings, or rather their *stainings*, on rocks have been but partially examined. Nor have we such descriptions of their implements of stone, baked earth, bone, wood, and copper, as seem sufficient for a true understanding of the ancient state of arts among them. We therefore incline to think that the most enduring, intelligible, and abundant "monuments" which the Indian tribes possess, are to be sought in their language,—in their language both as studied according to its sounds and syntax, and as couched in their tales and legends.

A collection of legends or traditions made amongst a number of aboriginal tribes may convey a body of informing hints with regard to the remote history of such a people. But we do not so much allude to the direct nature of these hints, as if they were to be trusted to like faithful and precise records of events; but to the conclusions to which they may lead as monumental signs. Language we hold to be the strongest and the most lasting affiliation between nations. It may be modified, it may be obscured, until all obvious traces of connexion are lost. But the patient investigator will ere long discover hidden relationships. For example, Mr. Schoolcraft has been enabled to ascertain affiliations between tribes, by the hints afforded in language, which congregate such tribes into larger classes than was previously admitted.

Again, with regard to the affinity of nations, as proved or illustrated by sounds and syntax, there are to be found in the principles of language most remarkable evidences and tests. Mr. Jefferson has observed that the best proof of such an affinity is contained in their languages, and that a knowledge of the dialects spoken by the American tribes would afford the most certain testimony with regard to their origin. He regrets that so many of the earlier tribes had been suffered to pass away, without there having been collected and recorded the requisite data on this head, for literary purposes. "Were vocabularies formed," he adds, "of all the languages spoken in North and South America, preserving their appellations of the

most common objects in nature, of those, which must be present to every nation, barbarous or civilized, with the inflections of their nouns and verbs, their principles of regimen and concord, and these deposited in all the public libraries, it would furnish opportunities to those skilled in the languages of the old world, to compare them with these now, or at any future time, and hence to construct the best evidence of the derivation of this part of the human race."

It is said that, mutable as everything is connected with the American Indians, there is least mutability of all in their languages, and particularly their grammatical principles. Couple this observation with the fact that, notwithstanding the many centuries which have elapsed since the nations of the Teutonic stock separated in the north of Europe, strong traces of the language still exist even in the English. Then, how many centuries more must still elapse before these traces will be obliterated, among a people, too, constantly receiving importations, and holding the most extensive and ramified intercourse with all nations. Hence we see there is a principle of endurance in language which recommends it to the most scrupulous attention. True, the evidence collected must be ample and minute, full and precise, such as a number of adequate vocabularies and grammars, on an uniform system of notation, giving words their proper mark of accent, and distinguishing compound from simple words, terms, and phrases. It has been observed by an American writer that, "Not to notice, in writing languages so concrete and amalgamated as those of our Indians, whether the verb, or the noun, or the adjective, has the pronouns and particles for tense incorporated with it,—not to distinguish strictly the number, and the actor from the object,—not to separate between positive and negative, comparative and superlative, and, above all, not to point out those transitions from the subject of action, to the object acted on, *a principle so perpetually present in the forms,*—is to write as most casual tourists and observers have heretofore written, leaving the philologist to supply by analogy and inference, what was not furnished to him, and to puzzle and rack his brains over anomalies which are often imaginary, and not unfrequently to fall into errors, that ordinary attention on the part of collectors with a fixed plan would have wholly prevented."

We have alluded to the archæological subjects which principally occupied the commencing volume of the "American Antiquarian Society." The second is chiefly devoted to a philological essay by Mr. Gallatin, who has assiduously and learnedly applied himself to the study of the structure of the Indian languages. The data on which the Essay is based are, *First,* Grammatical notices of the various stock tribes of North America, exhibiting a synopsis of the tribes and languages from the best sources. This is followed by a map of the portions of the continent occupied by the

leading tribes who inhabited the Atlantic border about the year 1600, and for the tribes westward, about 1800. The latter is engraved from the original drawing by Mr. Gallatin, and is the result of his personal researches.

Secondly, Verbal forms, exhibiting specimens of simple conjugations and transitions, in fifteen languages.

Thirdly, Vocabularies and select sentences, preceded by a tabular view of the American tribes, as far as they are known, to the number of sixty-four distinct tribes or bands. Of these, vocabularies, nearly complete, are given, of one hundred and eighty-one words, in each of fifty-three languages, and of from eight to thirty-two words and phrases, in each of eighteen languages. There is subjoined an additional comparative vocabulary of a great number of words, in the Muscogee, Chocta, Caddo, Mohawk, and the Seneca; and three hundred and ninety-three words in the Cherokee, together with a comparative list of words indicating some affinity between the Chocta and Muscogee, and a table of select sentences, with the Lord's Prayer, in the Cherokee, Muscogee, Chocta, and Dahcota.

This body of documentary matter is preceded by upwards of two hundred pages of historical and critical text, in which the author unfolds the results of his reading and reflections on the subject; and which contains a review of Indian history from the earliest times, evincing an acquaintance with scarce and rare works, foreign and domestic. The author has explored the writings of the early missionaries to the American continent. He also gleans wherever he thinks that he can find information, however slender may be its amount, or unauthoritative its source. He has extended, besides, the scope of his observations to the entire body of the tribes inhabiting the continent between the Arctic ocean and the Mexican and Spanish provinces; the whole being brought forward under the title of "A Synopsis of the Indian tribes within the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, and in the British and Russian possessions of North America."

It will be gathered from the preceding statements how great is the extent of ground occupied by Mr. Gallatin, and what is the manner in which he has proceeded to elucidate his subject. Of the tribes inhabiting the north-west coast, his information did not permit him to introduce any generic arrangement; and he has adduced but a single example from the South American nations, namely the Auricanians, for the purpose of comparison with the northern languages. Now, it is highly probable that a perseverance in the mode of investigation, based on the production of vocabularies and grammars, will dissipate many of the former notions respecting the infinite multiplicity of the American languages, show connexions between some of them, in which the analogies appear at present to

be but slender, and finally shed important light upon the origin, migrations, and history of the Red race.

It has been said that *language is the key of history;* for the philologist can trace radical words through the entanglements of grammatical form, and the intricacies of syllable-combination, often with a certainty, as if guided by a continuous and curiously eccentric thread. Even the corruptions of barbarous languages are, to a considerable degree, systematic, change of accent being generally the first innovation. And yet to what a recent period have the strangest fallacies, not to say absurdities, been put forward with regard to the Indian languages, showing that the science of philology is only of late birth, or that it was not many years ago merely in its infancy. Why, writers have been found who declared that the Indians wanted one or other of the parts of speech, till they were almost literally left destitute of vocal sounds to express their meaning with regard to the objects with which they had most to do, or the ideas which were habitual to them. Thus they were denuded of *pronouns*, of *adjectives*, of *prepositions*, even of *verbs*. One says that they have "no words to express the most important truths of the Bible." *Tone* and *accent* have been denied to one of the most copious and regular of the languages. Another has been said to be without *number;* nay, writers have declared that the Indians have not the verb that acknowledges and pronounces existence. At length, however, when skill and pains have been employed to ascertain the truth, it is discovered that some of the languages, at least, have not only substantives, verbs, adjectives, and pronouns, but also adverbs, conjunctions, prepositions, interjections, and the definite article; that the substantives are regularly inflected for number, and admit of particles placed between the word and its plural, to designate whether the object is animate or inanimate; and that these can be used at will, the speaker who may wish to deal in personification, having the power of clothing every object in the creation with life and being. We might instance a number of methods by which the Indians render their languages, although comparatively limited in their vocabularies, flexible, expressive, and copious. But it would be to follow Mr. Gallatin too far for our present purpose, into grammatical niceties; our purpose being, when referring to his researches, to announce that he points out numerous instances of strong affinity between languages that were previously considered to be distinct; this other grand result promising to be realized, that if the Red people of America had no other monument to perpetuate their history, they offer a language declared by persevering students of it, to be philosophical in its structure, rich in its powers of combination and syllabic transposition, and sonorous in the majestic flow of its polysyllables.

Before leaving this branch of the subject we may state that it is

generally conceded in America, that there is no reasonable expectation of inducing those who now speak the Indian language to change it for the English. The *mother tongue* has more power in it, with the Red people, than any other language that can be found. It is, besides, much easier for a man, who speaks their language to gain and keep their confidence, than for one who can only speak through an interpreter. Anxiety has therefore been felt by the American Missionary Board, we understand, in respect of having a uniform orthography introduced in writing the Indian languages. After much experience certain individuals have recommended as follows: "We wish that all the missionaries sent out by the Board might adopt a uniform orthography. Some languages have more common sounds than others. Perhaps all your missionaries among the Indians have adopted a uniform mode of writing. We think that it is entirely practicable from our own experience. We have taken specimens of thirteen different languages or dialects, and have found no particular difficulty in writing the same with one alphabet. In some languages we find some sounds which we do not in others. We especially with that all the *vowel sounds* might be uniformly written, and we would recommend that Mr. Pickering's Essay be sent to the stations among the Indians, where it has not already been sent, and a copy or two of such Indian books as have been printed according to the general principles contained in his pamphlet. An instance has occurred, in which we felt the need of uniformity in writing the Indian languages."

Such is the recommendation of Messrs. Kingsbury and Byington. The subject of Mr. Pickering's Essay, we learn, is the adoption of a uniform orthography in the Indian languages of North America, and is inserted in the fourth volume of the Memoirs of the American Academy. This learned gentleman adopts as the basis of his proposed plan, the sounds which are usually given to the vowels by European nations, with whom the citizens of the United States have much intercourse by books or otherwise, and who use the Roman alphabet in their own languages.

Let us for a few seconds return to Mr. Schoolcraft's Indian Tales and Legends for matter and illustrations somewhat more entertaining than discussions about orthography, sounds, and syntax. Early in his residence among the natives of America he became aware of the importance of "oral traditions" in developing the bent of their minds, their habits of thought, their intellectual invention and force of imagination; and assisted by the favourable aids which his domestic ties constantly afforded, he began to collect those which arose from accident, as well as a greater number that were elicited by a kindly spirit of inquiry among the occasional inmates of his household. He saw, as he advanced in the work of collection, that the harvest would fully reward the toil of gathering it; that he was

unfolding a view of the past, as well as of the present; that, among the vivid sketches of manners and customs, superstitious observances and supernatural agencies influencing the destinies of individuals, families, and tribes, he was catching glimpses of revolutions, physical, moral, and national, of the bearing of which the narrators themselves were probably but imperfectly, if at all, aware. A rude people, who have no records, no literature, no outward and, to them, intelligible monuments, preserve the knowledge of events, whether personal, local, or general, by tradition,—by stories, narratives, and tales, which pass from father to son, ever changing, no doubt, in form and expression, but substantially the same; the same sentiment ever enlivening or characterizing them.

With regard to the genuineness of these tales, their faithful rendering, or only such modifications as are necessary in the course of interpretation, or were required to cleanse some of them of the grossness which often attaches to the notions and narratives of barbarous people, we believe there has been satisfaction expressed by persons in America most likely to have some knowledge of such matters. Taking it for granted that nothing has been intentionally added by Mr. Schoolcraft, that there is no ground for impeaching his integrity, we proceed to attend to some of his observations concerning the Tales themselves; and next to turn to a few of them.

The translator says, that he found those natives who were professionally the relaters of tales, were also the depositaries of historical traditions. Hence history and fiction were often wildly intermingled, the landmarks of the former being lost in the confusion. He adds, however, that he could discover a stamp upon them, whether historical, mythological, fictitious, or all combined, which gives a resemblance, wherever heard, by whatever tribe related. This is even obvious to the reader of the specimens, who, in looking over those which come from different tribes, will discern many similar features, which bespeak a common parentage. This suggests an interesting consideration as to the great question of affiliation among the tribes, and their arrangement into families, in which the numerous subvarieties should be merged.

Mr. Schoolcraft has many ingenious conjectures as to the antiquity of these Tales. Nearly all of them are undoubtedly of an early origin, as most of their allusions show an ignorance of modern arts and events. With few exceptions, not a hint is found in them that refers to improvements derived from the Whites. They belong to the "era of flint arrow-heads, earthen pots, and skin clothes." Nature is untouched; not a tree is cut down. Tobacco and maize are continually alluded to, two species of plants which are known to have been peculiar to the American hemisphere before the discovery of Columbus. But it is remarked that the Tales collected are silent on the subject of wild rice, which is a grain in certain regions of the

north-west, of incalculable importance to the Indians frequenting the waters where it grows. This omission, however, may lead to interesting speculations as to the migrations of the aboriginal people.

Another striking characteristic of the Tales is, that they render all nature social, endowing its various products, its animals and trees, &c. with the faculties of reason and speech; and also with powers of transformation, that give them peculiar influence over the fortunes of man. This propensity to give to animals, and even inanimate objects, such an intimate communion with the human race, belongs in a conspicuous degree to the Red men, as appears not only in their traditions, but in their actual condition and daily life; arising, no doubt, in a great measure, from their solitary state as hermits and hunters in the forests and prairies, where they learn and incline to hold converse with the wild creatures, the natural objects, and even with solitude as a spirit around them. Hence their Tales bear the stamp of wild meditation, of excited and visionary states of mind.

The high value of these fictions is to be traced in the bearing which they have on important and difficult problems with regard to a large portion of the human family. But even as tales, they present a considerable degree of interest, and also of variety, in respect of invention, satire, moralizing, and also of occasional sublimity; all which qualities are interspersed throughout them. Take first, an outline of the story of the "Celestial Sisters," a tale of lively fancies, of bold imagination, of tenderness, and even of affecting incident; the whole conveying some lessons and touching sentiments that might be operative in the wilderness.

Waupee, or the White Hawk, is a hermit hunter. Such a separation from all kith and kin is not uncommon in the forest. While thus apart from the world, this son of the desert discovered, in a remote prairie, the resort of certain visitors, who appeared only to touch the earth, not to dwell or abide upon it. This excited his curiosity, and, watching from a covert, he soon heard sweet music coming from the sky, and accompanying a basket, which settled in a magic ring, letting down twelve beautiful sisters, who began to dance. Though all very beautiful, the youngest, as all tales will have it, was the most so. Waupee, of course, fell in love with her, and rushed from his hiding place to woo or seize her; when the whole group, alarmed and offended, leaped into their basket, and reascended to the skies. Waupee now thought of various disguises in the shape of animals, but did not succeed in reaching the "Celestial Sisters," who continued to visit the earth, until he assumed the shape of a mouse, when he was enabled not only to approach them, but to catch the lovely one, who was instantly abandoned to her fate by the others, who returned no more.

The hermit hunter wins by kindness his star-bride, for the sisters were star-maidens, and she seems to be satisfied with the pleasures of the earth, until a son is born, when the skyey influences begin to draw her upwards again, and she resolves to leave her partner and his planet. Her preparations are made secretly, and, having her basket all formed, she goes to the magic ring in the prairie while he is hunting, and ascends to the stars with the child, Waupee's ears catching the well-known sounds, but all too late to arrest his better half and child. He is left disconsolate on earth for many years. At length, however, the natural longing for native scenes, which led his wife to desert the earth, leads the son to wish to revisit it. The star-people consent, that the mother and child may descend and bring up Waupee to their bright spheres. He once more hears the celestial music, again embraces the fair one and son, and accompanies them back to the skies, taking with him a leg, wing, or tail, of any animal which he could kill, as a specimen for his father-in-law. A great feast greets the new comers, when each star present is allowed to take one of the specimens as his own. All approach to make the selection, when suddenly they become transformed into the fowl or beast, of which a member had been taken up, and scatter themselves widely through the heavens; while Waupee, his wife and child, as white hawks, fly down to earth.

There are tender touches and tender lessons pointed at in this tale, showing that gentle and beautiful sympathies have place in the breasts of the Indians. It has a beginning, a middle, and an end in its structure. But how far it embraces the mythology of the people, or touches upon a traditional astronomy, would require a number of tales and narratives to indicate.

The moral lesson taught by many of the Tales, or the side hints given, are often of a useful and plainly practical character. The "White Feather," a Sioux tale, furnishes an example of the consequences of forgetting or neglecting wise injunctions, and yielding to temptation; and is a well-managed allegory. This *White Feather*, on the possession of which success in difficult contests is made to depend, is won through a dream, when giants of evil are overcome, until one of them, the last to be conquered, assumes the form of a beautiful female, who, although there had been previous warning of her allurements, first deludes and then betrays. Her victim loses not only his magic feather, but the form of a man, being changed into that of a dog, or wolf. But the moral does not end here. Practical justice is finally done. The dog suffers, but is adopted by a modest and virtuous woman, whom he serves with skill and fidelity; and, in due time, he is disenchanted, recovers his feather, and marries his kind patroness.

Some of the Tales are full of necromancy. For example, the "Magician of the Lakes" is an evil spirit with great power, which

he exerts only to injure or destroy. But he has daughters who would cure as fast as he would kill. The self-moving canoe is an ingenious fancy, and the whole tale is a beautiful illustration of the power of innocence, which can evoke efficacious aids in all emergencies, making even the agents of harm minister to its relief. The Magician is at last circumvented, destroyed, and transformed into a tree. This is a tale of a tribe which is said to be now few in number, dwelling on the skirts of the white men's settlements, but inaccessible to all approaches of civilization.

Tales of horror, of course, occur. The "Undying Head" is one of the most striking in respect of incident as well as extravagant invention. "Jamo" is doomed to die, but death begins at his feet, and he cunningly directs his head to be cut off just as the fell enemy reaches the neck; thus saving the upper story with the principle of life in it, to play an important part in the destinies of his friends. The most extraordinary adventures now begin to occur, all for the purpose of winning or preserving a wampum belt. This ornament among the Indians is of great value, and is often invested with magic power. It has mysterious virtues; it records traditions, speaks from the dead to the living, and is transmitted down through generations with reverend care. No object can be more regarded, or more coveted. In this tale a wampum, around the neck of a monstrous she-bear, and guarded by numberless obstacles and terrors, has been sought by thousands, who have all fallen or failed in the enterprise. Ten brothers renew the trial, and, by courage or stratagem, succeed in getting the belt. But they are pursued by the bear, which passes over whole latitudes at a leap. The brothers dream, and Manitos interpose. Still the pursuit only relents for a moment. At last a dream reveals the "Undying Head." It is resorted to, and the she-bear is overcome; when, on her being beaten into fragments, each fragment turns into a cub, and runs off. Hence the race of bears. The ten brothers, in the further course of the tale, are all killed, but are all brought to life again; while the "Undying Head" is reunited to its trunk, recovering life and form in all its original vigour and activity.

The incidents of the tale noticed, and many others, suggest to Mr. Schoolcraft a variety of reflections with regard to the aboriginal notions concerning the dead, the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and so forth.

Manabozho, who is called by Mr. Schoolcraft the "incarnation of the North," performs a conspicuous part in many of the Tales. Much information respecting the distinctive opinions of the Indians can be derived from the contemplation of this character, which mingles in all things, from the sublime to the ridiculous.

There are constant allusions in these tales to the manner in which birds have received their form and colour, beasts their propensity

to fatness or leanness, &c.; some of them evincing much fancy, others much drollery. The Indian looks abroad on the infinite variety of form and colour that marks animate and inanimate nature in many of her most striking developments, and may be supposed to indulge in many conjectures as to the cause. In one instance the woodpecker, who sat on a bough watching the ineffectual shooting of a warrior at a monster, gives a hint which leads to a successful shot, and, in reward for his service, has a dab of the victim's blood upon his head, which has made woodpeckers red-headed from that time. The awkward gait of the duck, the placing of the legs far behind, and the perked tail, are all owing to a kick which the duck received from the Manabozho upon the hind part, in punishment for having, after the vigilant manner of its kind, kept one eye open, when both were to have been shut. At the same time and place the beasts and birds took their character for fatness and leanness, the former being the happy consequence of a very punctual and early attendance upon a feast given by Manabozho, and the latter the punishment of tardiness. The first comers served themselves first, and ate up all the fat and choice pieces, like the bear and the opossum; while the moose, the martin, and others, the late comers, found only a fare which has kept them lean to this day.

We have now seen that, while the structure and compass of the Indian languages or dialects are not so defective and limited as had been often alleged, the purposes to which the Red men's speech is directed is not altogether so grovelling and gloomy as has also been usually represented. There is evidence in their fictions of intellectual power, and of quick or accurate observation, and also gleams of imagination. The common impression is, that they are of a saturnine disposition, disinclined to cheerfulness, and apt to look on all things around them with little sympathy, with a moody callousness; the only exciting causes to their feelings or thoughts being supposed to reside in the chase, in war, and in revenge. It now, appears, however, that they are not destitute of lively fancies, and which can invest bird and beast, and even inanimate objects, with social qualities. No doubt the stirring affairs which engage them in conflicts with hostile tribes, or when hunting to appease the cravings of hunger, are paramount. But these Tales show that there may be something to enliven the wigwam fireside; that they have methods of softening affections, of teaching practical wisdom, of exciting laughter, and of sustaining speculations with regard to the mysterious hints of the mighty agencies of which the moral as well as the physical government of the universe gives tokens. At any rate, their oral traditions, fictitious and historical; their hieroglyphics, music, and poetry; and the grammatical structure of their languages, and the actual state of their vocabularies, are all mines worthy of being

explored by the antiquary; each of these departments of study without doubt bearing upon the great questions concerning their origin as a mighty family, and their succeeding history.

But it is high time that we come to notice Mr. Bradford's volume, whose main object is to answer the question, "How was America peopled?" In order to arrive at a conclusion satisfactory to himself, the author takes a survey of the most striking and peculiar antiquities that have been discovered and pointed out by travellers and writers in past times, or that yet remain to be examined on that continent. After having taken this survey, he sets to work with a view to ascertain with considerable precision what was the condition of the people who are to be identified with these antiquities, in regard to civilization,—to mental and social advancement. After this he enters upon a still wider field, viz., to survey the antiquities of the other quarters of the globe; deducing this doctrine from the sweeping examination of primeval monuments all over the world, that traces of a Red race are to be met with, belonging to the earliest times, in Asia and in Europe, as well as in America; Africa, unless Egypt be excepted, appearing to Mr. Bradford to furnish no such evidences. Then, with regard to the point or quarter from which a portion of this wide-spread family passed into America, so as in course of time to people the immense country, he fixes on the South-eastern parts of Asia, or the Indian Archipelago. He also is of opinion that several internal migrations and various revolutions took place, in consequence of which, as well as of a gradual decadence in the lapse of time, the tribes lost much of the civilization they brought with them from China and adjacent parts; some of these tribes declining farther; others less; but all sinking, before the discovery of Columbus, greatly below their primeval state, or the periods when they were able to design, construct, and have use for, those works, implements, and materials, remains of which are to be yet seen from Canada to Patagonia; the evidences of art, however, in respect of number and skill, being much more remarkable and characteristic in certain regions than in others. Mexico and Peru furnish the best.

With regard to the labour and scope of our author, very high praise is due. Perhaps in no other work written with the view of settling the questions relative to the origin and ancient condition—the population, institutions, and social manners of the American Indians, has there been exhibited such a full array of facts. Then the learning, or rather the amount of reading, brought by Mr. Bradford to bear upon these facts,—to their interpretation, and to the balancing of their individual weight, is of a minute as well as comprehensive nature. When, however, we come to consider his conclusions we have less reason to be satisfied with the Researches; for while we find that conjectures prevail far beyond the strength

of the evidences, that the deductions, often of a decided and strong nature, are generally made to depend upon some previous opinions, or certain reports made by doubtful authorities, not much reliance is to be placed on the theory of our author relative to the vexed questions which have engaged him. In short, it is our opinion that, while the author has displayed much ingenuity, as well as antiquarian lore, he has rested his arguments for the most part either upon uncertain and imperfect grounds, or that he has overlooked difficulties and objections, that appear to be fatal to his hypotheses. It may convey our idea of the unphilosophical character of this well-written volume (in respect of style, it is appropriately dignified yet easy in manner) when we state that the author has relied chiefly upon remains and monuments, to the neglect of the affinities of language, which we regard as being far more lasting, distinct, and curious tests. We shall now quote a sample of his composition and also of what we consider forced argument, and this even upon insufficient evidence of the alleged facts. The Mexicans are made kinsmen with the Etruscans. Here language is not overlooked:—

From their traditions and monuments, the Oscans and Etruscans, or rather the Etrurians, appear to be assimilated to the cultivated races of America. Everything relative to these people, however, is enveloped in mysterious darkness. Even the Etruscan language, which was once understood by the Romans, is now entirely lost. Like the Mexican, it appears to have been harsh, and consonants were its predominant sounds. Antiquarians have traced some analogies to the Mexican language, and the words deciphered in a Perugian inscription in Tuscany—Spancxl, Eplt, and Thunchultl—certainly bear some resemblance to the Mexican. The divination, the rituals, and the sacred ceremonies of the Romans, which were mostly of Etrurian origin, indicate that worship of nature and of the elements which was the first and purest form of Sabaism. On the day of the third and great festival of the Mexican god Tlaloc, the god of water, which was held in the month of May, the temple was strewed with rushes brought from the lake Citlaltepec. After performing other sacrifices, the priests, followed by the people in procession, proceeded to a certain part of the lake where in former times there was a whirlpool, and plunged two children of different sex into the water, together with the hearts of the other human victims who had been sacrificed. In Italy, on the Ides of May, the Vestal Virgins took thirty images of men made of rushes, and, accompanied by a sacred procession, threw the mock sacrifices into the Tiber from the Sublician bridge, in the place of an equal number of human beings formerly devoted to the same rites. In Mexico, the termination of a cycle was attended with the extinguishment of the old fires which were kept in the Teocalli, and the kindling of the new with joyous ceremonies. The Etruscans also celebrated their secular periods by festivals; and at Rome, on the first of March in each year, a new fire was lighted in the Temple of Vesta.

The Romans derived their most ancient calendar from the Etrurians.

The year of Romulus consisted of three hundred and four days, subdivided into ten months, and weeks of eight days. This, like the Aztec ritual calendar, is manifestly arbitrary, and derived from no astronomical period. The Aztec ritual month, it has already been observed, represented the light and dark halves of the moon; and the same division into half lunations is perceived in the Roman *Ides*. Both of these curious systems of chronology bore a relation to a certain great secular period which they measured; and which was formed from an accurate idea of the true duration of the solar year. The Etrurians had a great cycle of one hundred and ten years, during which two intercalations were made in the fifty-sixth and one hundred and tenth years, whereby the religious year of three hundred and four days, and its eight-day divisions, corresponded with the true time and the course of the sun. The close of the great Mexican cycle of one hundred and four years was the time also when the ritual year of two hundred and sixty days accorded with the solar year. The peculiar construction of these calendars is to be elucidated only by reference to the religious institutions of Italy and Mexico. They had probably been adopted at an early age, as the only practicable means of celebrating the rites of religion upon certain stated days. In all important public ceremonies, in all festivals, in the fulfilment of vows and the performance of sacrifices, "where even an involuntary transgression threatens to draw down vengeance" from heaven, this invariable and unerring system became highly valuable as a sacred calendar, whilst at the same time some degree of real order was preserved by making it correspond at the end of a particular number of years with the course of the sun. The Mexicans appear to have calculated the length of the year at three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and fifty minutes, and the Etrurians at three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, and forty minutes; a degree of accuracy which excites our astonishment; and, like other ancient people, they both believed that at the end of certain astronomical cycles periodical changes in nature would occur; and these were watched with great anxiety and fear.

More comparison between Mexico and Etruria:—

The massive style of architecture, and some of the peculiar features which characterize the arts of the Etrurians, are supposed to have been borrowed from the first and conquered inhabitants of the country; and the same remark is applicable to many of the Etrurian institutions. For the origin of all such traits of resemblance as may appear, we are to go back to the earliest ages of Italian history. The most ancient style of architecture in Italy belongs to that which, from its colossal character, the use of prodigious masses of stone, and from tradition, is called the work of the giants or the Cyclops. In America, and particularly in Peru, the great size of the stones, the appearance of polygonal walls, and of the Cyclopean arch, indicate a similar method of construction. Pliny, on the authority of Varro, has transmitted to us a description of the Mausoleum of Porsenna; above which was raised a series of *pyramids*, which indicate analogies to the structures of Egypt and Mexico. The custom of burning the dead; of depositing articles used by the deceased in his lifetime in the

sepulchres; the practice of divination; the conical caps worn by the Roman flamen, from which he took his name, and which were common in the East, and are perceived on the Mexican monuments; the dramatic entertainments, which were original with the Oscans, borrowed from them by the Etruscans, and thence introduced subsequently into Rome; the religious use of circular mirrors; the incinerary urns and vases; the Etruscan patterns observed in the Mexican monumental paintings; the red men painted on the walls of the tombs at Tarquinii, all establish other links of connexion between the Etrurians and the civilized nations of America; not as indicating, however, that the latter were of Etrurian origin, but as proving the great antiquity of these features in their monuments and institutions; not as establishing a regular and lineal descent, but rather suggesting an ancient connexion in the remotest ages of the world, when the arts, customs, and religion of primitive nations received that stamp which still continued to characterize them after the separation of nations.

ART. II.—*Cabool; being a Personal Narrative of a Journey to, and Residence in that City, in the years* 1836-7 *and* 8. By the late LIEUT. COL. SIR ALEXANDER BURNES, C.B., &c. Murray.

THIS volume requires little or nothing to be said of it in any literary notice to insure its hearty reception among a large class of readers. The deep anxiety at present felt relative to our position in the East, but especially in Afghanistan; the peculiar means which Sir Alexander possessed of describing the city and country more immediately indicated by the title of the work; the established celebrity of the writer as a traveller, a diplomatist, and an author of travels; and, last but not least, in lending attraction to the book, the fact of its being a posthumous publication, dedicated, with filial piety, to his father,—dedicated by one, too, whose untimely death took place in a violent form, and amid the most appalling circumstances, —by one who fell a sacrifice in furtherance of a policy which perhaps he did not approve of; unexpectedly fell at the moment that he believed himself to be in perfect security,—are truths which all combine to create the deepest interest. Nay, we have not yet indicated the compass, the depth, the touching character of the sentiments which will accompany and sustain the perusal of this book; for, while the dedication, the preface, and the pervading tone of the work, will engagingly impress the reader with the author's sense of security when writing; writing, too, with a delightful flow of youthful spirits, with a triumphant buoyancy; at the very moment the barbarian's sword may be said to have been suspended over his head. All was cheerful and lively when he wrote; he fancied himself to be among kind acquaintances and powerful friends, little dreaming of the terrible catastrophe that would overtake him at the same

place in a few years. But the reader cannot help contrasting all these circumstances and indications with the sad issue; and hence an interest attaches to the publication of an accidental and extraneous character, which will perhaps, after all, at least for the present, prove to be the most powerful passport to every order of minds.

But there is no need for limiting the interest which will attach to this work to the present time; for it has merits, both in respect of matter and manner, which will make it a literary legacy to future readers. Long after the political anxieties have vanished which at this moment are connected with the route and the duties of Sir Alexander Burnes, as detailed in, or connected with, this publication, the graphic pictures of oriental manners which it contains, and the lively spirit of the description will continue to charm. There is remarkable ease, lightness of touch, vivacity, and truthfulness in these sketches. But there is more in the work; there is solid information. Sir Alexander possessed a great amount of experience; his judgment was sound; and he was decidedly a practical man. Altogether, he exhibited lineaments of strong character, yet finely tempered and harmonized. He and his books seem to have been favourites with all, before the murderous slayer wrung from an empire's heart its full tribute of admiration and sympathy.

The volume contains an account of Sir Alexander's journey to Cabool, when he went thither at the head of a political mission, to make observations upon the nature of the countries, with their productions and inhabitants, through which they might pass, or had to visit. The author had for companions and coadjutors persons suitable for the enterprise; each one taking his department, under the direction of the chief, and just as seemed most proper and advantageous. Science, as well as political information, was most sedulously attended to; manners as well as men; while native agents as well as the members of the mission were dexterously employed. Burnes himself specially devoted himself to political labours, which are more fully detailed in his larger works. But he also lost no opportunity to notice and narrate the incidents of his journey, to describe the scenery and singular customs which met his eye, or to sketch the different and marked characters whom he encountered.

The volume contains, as its title states, the Personal Narrative of Sir Alexander. There are also a variety of appendices, the matter of which could not be conveniently or suitably inserted in the text. The papers furnished by the lamented Dr. Lord are particularly valuable. Numerous Illustrations enhance the beauty and worth of the book.

We need not sketch the route of the mission, nor mention the direction or character of the many divergences and trips from the main line or principal residences that occurred. Neither is it necessary

to point out to any reader of the volume the moral or political truths which the incidents and the anecdotes detailed forcibly teach. There are terrible things in oriental society as well as in oriental despotism. The fearful uncertainty of human life constitutes one of the truths to which we allude. But we hasten to extract copiously.

We shall not tarry long with the Ameers in Sinde. A specimen of Noor Mahomed's conversation may, however, impede us for a moment:—

He asked if I had ever seen any river which could be compared with the Indus? I replied that I had seen the Ganges, the Oxus, and the Nile; but never any river so favourable for the ruler, the subject, and the merchant, as the Indus. "Most other countries," added I, "require rain, but Sinde can do without it." He said Sinde was a fine country, particularly the lower part of it; that rain always brought with it disease, and that they were better without it. The Ameer also told me that he had five histories of Sinde which he would give me—a promise, by the by, which he never fulfilled. He seemed tolerably conversant with the annals of his country, of the Soomras and Sumas, and quoted the tradition of the Sund Rajas having captured Cutch by concealing themselves under grass, and entering one of the principal forts. These subjects drew him on to speak of his own ancestors, and their connexion with the British government. He asked after Mr. Ellis, whom he said he remembered, adding that his abilities were great, and that a saying of his was often repeated by his father and uncles. When a native agent was to be stationed in Sinde, the Ameers wished to fix him at Tattá.. Mr. Ellis replied, "No; let him be under the shade of the Ameers;" and Hydrabad became his residence. I give the foregoing as a specimen of the general tone of his conversation. We bade farewell to his highness on the 16th at Nasree, and proceeded to join our boats near Sehwun, the Ameer departing the same day for his capital; both parties, if protestations could be relied upon, delighted with the expedition, and with all its incidents and adventures.

Certain scenes, persons, and conversations at Khypoor, furnish means for judging of native character. A particular festival, the second "eed," which happened while the author was in the country, gave an opportunity of seeing the national dance of the aboriginal Sindees of the Mai or Myanee tribe, who subsist by fishing. The women of the tribe all came dressed in holiday clothes, and danced round the musicians in slow time; men and women joining in the dance together at marriages and festivals. We have these additional particulars:—

All these women were on a very large scale, thickset, and dark; few were handsome, and their ear and neck-ornaments were so large as to be unseemly. After this the prima donna of Khyrpoor, Jewun Bukhsh, entertained us with a "natch." This girl is a religious courtezan, who

builds mosques, and gives away large sums in charity; her features were melancholy but handsome, and the shape of her feet peculiarly elegant. She and her sisters, beautiful girls also, exerted themselves to amuse us. They danced with naked swords and guns, personifying jealous husbands and ardent lovers, and fell at last, as it appeared to us, more from the effect of ardent spirits than from fatigue. There was at this time, at Khyrpoor, a mission from the Brahooe chief of Keelat, and through it we opened a communication with the ruler of that country, Mehrab Khan, and his young son, who reside at Gundava; and for a time this negociation gave promise of being useful to us. The vakeel, or agent, by name Ghoolam Nubee Khan, visited us in our camp, and we derived from him and his people much information. I showed him some drawings of Asiatic costumes which so delighted him that he actually leaped for joy. On seeing the portrait of Runjeet Sing, he ejaculated, "Are you then so little and so blind, and yet trouble the world so much?" On turning over to a Eusoophzye of Peshawur he exclaimed, "And you, you wretch! why don't you cut out the sikh's heart?" and then, placing the one picture before the other, he continued, "Look at the diminutive infidel,—look at him,—kill him! Would you not like to be as near him as you are now?" All this was said with an energy that made it amusingly ridiculous.

We halt not among the Sikhs, nor at any intermediate stage, but make a bound to Cabool, where the mission were "received with great pomp and splendour by a fine body of Afghan cavalry, led by the Ameer's son, Akbar Khan." "He did me the honour," continues the hopeful and lamented author, "to place me on the same elephant upon which he himself rode, and conducted us to his father's court, whose reception of us was most cordial. A spacious garden, close by the palace, and inside the Bala-Hissar of Cabool, was allotted to the mission, as their place of residence." And now for some notices of Dost Mahomed, and many more of Cabool itself, together with other matters connected with the place:—

As we passed through the city some of the people cried out, "Take care of Cabool!" "Do not destroy Cabool!" and wherever we went in this fine bustling place, we were saluted with a cordial welcome. Our visits were soon returned, both by the Ameer and his brother the Nawab. Power frequently spoils men; but with Dost Mahommed neither the increase of it, nor his new title of ameer, seems to have done him any harm. He seemed even more alert and full of intelligence than when I last saw him. In reply to my inquiries regarding the descent of the Afghans from the Jews, he said, "Why, we marry a brother's wife, and give a daughter no inheritance;—are we not, therefore, of the children of Israel?" Speaking afterwards on our English law of inheritance, and of a daughter sharing with a son, the Ameer observed, that it must have originated from the respect paid by Christians to the Virgin Mary. I did not deem it court etiquette to inform him that it was unnecessary to go so far to find a reason for an act of common justice. * * *

The ancient history of Cabool itself is unsatisfactory. The people them-

selves refer you to Noah's two sons, Cakool and Habool, as the founders of their race, who, they say, quarrelled about the name of the place, and at length agreed to form it by taking a syllable from each name, hence Ca-bool. The Hindoos assert that the ruler who was overthrown by the Mahomedans, and known by the name of "Urj," was fourth in descent from Vickramjeet; but no history brings Vikram so near our time as this. "Urj" is said by some to have been a Gubr, or fire-worshipper, and to have had two brothers, Silur and Toor: he is also sometimes named Cabool Shah. At Cabool, I met with the following passage in a work which treats of its conquest by the Mahomedans, who state it to have been under their rule for 1240 years:—"The army marched and encamped before Cabool. Cabool Shah, also well known by the name of Urj, came out to meet the Mahomedan force, commanded by Abdool Ruhman, and, having fought a very severe battle, returned to the city, and never again left it. Abdool Ruhman fought with the besieged for a whole year, and encountered great hardships in taking the citadel (hissar); but at last took it by the sword, slaying many soldiers, and capturing their wives and children. Cabool Shah, the king, was brought a prisoner before the general, who ordered him to be put to death on the spot; but he read the Mahomedan creed (Kuluma), and became a Moslem, when Abdool Ruhman honoured him highly. Abdool Ruhman then ordered all the booty of Cabool and Sejistan to be brought forth; one-fifth of this plunder he sent home by his servant Ameer, with a letter announcing his victory." Oriental historians further describe Cabool as one of seven cities built by Hushung, son of Syamuk, son of Kyamoors; the other six being Tabristan, Isfahan, Old Merve, Babool, Candahar, and Mudayar. The extract I have given goes to prove the hissar, or bala hissar, of Cabool, to be a far more ancient edifice than the time of the Chaghties, or their Mahomedan predecessors. Modern Cabool is given to the days of Sultan Mahmood; but the ancient city is said to have stood on the same hills as those on which the present one is built, only to the south of the citadel, and where the Armenian and other burying grounds now are. In a country where earthquakes are so frequent, we need not be surprised at finding no remains of ancient architecture; there are not four substantial houses in the present town; and if any accident happened to it, few traces would remain to later ages. In the locality pointed out as that of the ancient city, many colossal idols are dug up: they are of mud, with a coating of red paint, and fall to pieces on the touch; bits of them were frequently brought to me. These relics carry us back, without doubt, to the Hindoo age. The coins found in and about Cabool have Hindoo devices on them; yet in the face of this evidence, many of the modern inhabitants of that caste will tell you that their emigration from India took place at no very remote date. Whilst we were in Cabool, an earthen vessel filled with silver coins, all of one type, was disinterred at Shukurduru, in Koh-damun. Mr. Prinsep calls these coins Indo-Sussanian, and he deciphered the Pehlevi Sanscrit legends upon them. But throughout all this country there are Hindoo remains. At Ali Musjid, in Khyber, when they were erecting a new fort, they dug up a small tablet of red stone, three inches square, on which was sculptured a group of four persons, and two deer, surrounding

a seated figure: the style of its execution was good. I imagine that the principal personage represented is Boodh, a scarf being thrown over the left shoulder, as in the figures at Bamian: the ears were pendent, and the tiara large. Gurdez is always referred to as a place of antiquity in Cabool, and is still of some importance, the fortification being built of huge stones, with a deep ditch. Between it and Ghuzni there are the ruins of a large town, called Khurwar, which seems to have stood on an extensive plain, like Begram; and from this place also many coins were procured.

I was not fortunate enough to find any written records regarding Cabool, nor does it appear that any such exist. In my search, however, I obtained some curious works on the geography of this and the neighbouring countries. One of these, styled "Moosalik ure Moomalish," had twenty-one manuscript maps in it, accompanied by chapters containing detailed descriptions. Another, called the "Juma ool insab," and which was brought from Balkh, gave a minute and curious account of that ancient city. A third, the "Ujuib ool tubukat," was compiled from eight other works, chiefly relating to subjects of geography. All these I forwarded to the Geographical Society of Bombay, an institution which from its position is peculiarly calculated to follow out such inquiries; but indeed it is impossible that any oriental society, whatever its specific objects may be, should be indifferent to the literature of men "whose emulation diffused the taste and the rewards of science from Samarcand and Bokhara to Fez and Cordova." In the absence of historical truth, we sought, with redoubled interest, to obtain a knowledge of the language and dialects of this country. To these a very valuable and detailed memorandum sent by General Court, and, I believe, received from the lamented M. Jacqueb, at Paris, directed our attention and assisted us greatly. Of the specimens of the Kaffir and Pushye dialects I have already spoken. Lieutenant Leech undertook the preparation of vocabularies and grammars of most of the languages to the west of the Indus, the Brahooee, Beloochee, Punjaubee, and Pooshtoo, together with the Burukee, Lughmanee, Cashgaree, &c. The language of the Brahooees was found to differ essentially from that of the Beloochees. The Burukee, or Kinigramee, spoken by the people of Logur, has an affinity to Persian, although those using it claim a descent from Arabia, and assert that they entered the country with Sultan Mahmood. The dialects of Lughman, Cashgar, and Deer, as well as the Puschye, are found to be cognate with languages of Sanscrit origin and Hindoo stock. The Arabs of Cabool have altogether lost their native language: this is also the case with the Calmucks introduced from Northern Asia, although the kings of Cabool, at one time gave great encouragement to that race, and were accustomed to make them a present of a sum of money on the birth of each child.

But to proceed to other matters. The gallant struggle made for the independence of Herat by the Afghans, guided by our able and courageous countryman, Lieut. Eldred Pottinger, now a major, and companion of the Bath, produced good effects for a time at Cabool; but these unhappily were not lasting. If I had become a convert to the Afghan belief in dreams, I should have had, during every week of my residence, proofs of our ultimate success and supremacy in the country; and it will not, perhaps, be

now read without interest, that on the 7th of January, 1838, the "Moojawar," or guardian of the tomb of the Emperor Baber, waited upon me, and stated, with much solemnity, that "he had on the preceding night seen in a dream the Firingees seated on Baber's grave, receiving the salutations of the Afghans." The ulterior results of our dominion he, however, could not precisely tell, as he was unfortunately awakened by the call of the crier for morning prayers. Another Afghan from Candahar, who called upon me one day said, "You stand aloof from us; but you will be unable to continue this course: our country is good, but it is without a head; and, like a beautiful widow, it voluntarily avows her attachment to you, and you cannot refuse to accept her as a wife." All my visitors, however, were not so complimentary. An Afghan, who had seen India, was speaking of our administration of justice; and I endeavoured to gather from him what he considered to be the defects of our Indian rule, as far as they affected his own class, which was that of a merchant. He answered me, according to the Asiatic fashion, by a proverb: "Give us a new life, and the patience of Job, and then all will be well." This satire on the tardiness of our courts of justice, coming as it does from *far* Cabool, may, perhaps, not be entirely without its effect. If, however, an Afghan complains of endurance being necessary to those who are so unfortunate as to be *embayed* in legal proceedings, what would an Englishman think of the trials of patience which the Kuzzilbashes of Cabool have voluntarily imposed upon themselves, and of which I had excellent opportunities of judging at this crisis? Nearly all the secretaries of the country are of this persuasion, so that the whole of the correspondence is in their hands. In all their written accounts, the defence of Herat, although the siege was conducted by the King of Persia himself, was described as the resistance of men true to God against wretches. The Persians were styled infidels and heretics; and the slaughter of a few of them recited as a triumph, while prayers were offered up for their destruction, and joyful expectations expressed that they would be annihilated. The letters containing these opinions are not only read in Cabool by Persian secretaries, but are answered by them in the same style, although it be perfectly known that they are of the very class on whose devoted heads so much obloquy is poured by the Soonee Afghans. The situation of the Kuzzilbashes of Cabool seems a good deal to resemble that of the Copts in Egypt; they lead much the same sort of life, and hold a similar station in society. Power and influence console both races for the hard words and rough usages of their employers. An Afghan Moollah asked me if we had any distinction of Soonees and Shiahs in our creed? I told him that we had various sects, and explained the difference of opinion between Roman Catholics and Protestants. He at once observed, that "it was not a stock or a stone that was an idol; it was what man worshipped, be it money or be it flesh." I had not expected such sentiments from a Mahomedan. I must also mention an observation of the same man as to the professors of Christianity. He said, "We were called 'Nussaree,' or 'Nazarenes,' because we had given *assistance* ('nusrut') to Christ." I ventured to tell him that our Saviour was born at Nazareth; and that a much simpler explanation of the term could therefore be given; but it is not an easy

matter to convince a Mahomedan doctor of an error in his opinions, founded as they are on the prejudices of education.

I was agreeably surprised by the mildness of the winter at Cabool, after all that I had been told of its severity; but it appears that this year the weather had been unusually temperate. The people have no knowledge of lighting their apartments, except by means of oil-paper or cloth; and it was not without great surprise that they saw me cause the quicksilver to be rubbed off mirrors, which we purchased in their bazaar, and the glass fitted into window-frames. Although this glass had been brought all the way from Moscow, it cost little more than half a rupee for a large-sized pane. The comforts which I thus so cheaply obtained led some of the Khans to imitate my plan for keeping out the cold. By the 26th of February, the willow, or "bedee mishk," had blossomed; on the 11th of March, the first flower of spring, or the "sosun," a kind of small sweet-smelling iris, made its appearance; and on the 1st of April, the apricots showed their blossom. Nevertheless it snowed on the 27th of March; and tradition states that Ghuzni was destroyed by snow, nine days and a half after the vernal equinox. The cold was not so intense, even in the depth of winter, as to prevent me from riding out, my horse being ice-shod; but experience has since proved to me that the severity of the winter in Cabool differs very greatly in different years. During winter the bazaars are well filled; but in the country the people literally do nothing. They sit outside their forts wrapped up in sheepskins, and basking in the sun, which is always warm and agreeable. If there were any manufactures in the country, the people might employ themselves well and usefully during the cold season; but at present their days are unprofitably passed in relating stories and adventures. From so much idleness, one is disposed to infer favourably of the natural resources of the country, and of the mildness of its government. I remember to have met with the remark in a late number of the *Westminster Review*, "that a despotic nation can only be great during a career of victory;" but, however true this may be as an abstract principle, in Afghanistan at least we see that a cessation from conquest has not been followed by ruin; and that if greatness has left this people, they still retain a large share of comfort and enjoyment, although the splendour of their monarchy be no more. The Afghan invasions of India were not made by open warfare: they were as the prowling of wild beasts after their prey; and, like them, the invaders were contented secretly, and by surprise, to obtain their spoil and drag it back into their dens. Happily, neither the Afghan, nor his neighbour the Tartar, any longer dares to ravage the land. British supremacy now hems them within their own limits; and the vast power which we have established brings these nations as suitors for our alliance, instead of invaders of our territory. It will compel a restless people, and in a degree it has already done so, to fall back upon their own resources, and must in time lead to the development of many elements of power and happiness which have long lain neglected in their fine country. The impatience of an Afghan is proverbial. He has a homely expression, "Not to use the wager of the knife" (shurt i karun), that is, to seek to cut his melon before he buys it; but his conduct is at variance with his proverb. Greater reforms have, however, been made in

society than that of weaning an Afghan from his evil habits; time and circumstances have rendered them familiar to him, and time and circumstances may also efface them.

The ruler of Cabool, Dost Mahommed Khan, partook at this time of the impatience common to his nation; and some may perhaps say, not without sufficient cause. Herat was closely besieged by Persia. Should it fall, the danger to Candahar and Cabool was apparent; should it be successful, and repulse Persia, that danger still existed to Cabool. The British government, confident in the success of its measures in Persia, placed no value on an Afghan alliance. Fear, therefore, overtook Dost Mahommed, and it was seconded by appeals to his interest; and thus two of the most powerful motives which influence the human mind inclined the chief to look for support to the west instead of the east. Having clearly ascertained that such were his views, there was no room for doubt as to the line of conduct which it was expedient for me to adopt; and I accordingly intimated to him my intention of returning to India. He expressed great regret at my decision: and when, on the 26th of April, I finally quitted Cabool, he was profuse in his professions of personal friendship and regard. Mr. Masson accompanied me, as he conceived that his position in Cabool would not be safe after my departure, and under the circumstances which led to it. We reached Julalabad on the 30th of April, and were hospitably received by the Ameer's son, Akbar Khan, and by whom, as I have before mentioned, I had been received with great pomp and splendour on entering Cabool on the 20th of September. I was anxious to examine the river of Cabool, and resolved, therefore, to descend it upon rafts: two days were spent in their preparation. More pains were bestowed to effect this than I had anticipated. About eighty skins were used for each raft; but only a fourth part of these were inflated; the rest were stuffed with straw, spars were placed across, and the whole bound together by a floating frame-work. When the paddles are used, the motion of the raft is circular, the great object being to keep it in force of the stream. On the 3rd of May we set sail, and reached Lalpoor, which is half-way to Peshawur, in seven hours: here we halted for the night, and were hospitably entertained by the Momund chief. Next day we prosecuted our voyage, and in eight hours reached Muttee, in the plain of Peshawur, where there were elephants, palanquins, and horses, waiting to convey us to the hospitable mansion of General Avitable. The excitement in descending the river of Cabool is greater than the danger; nevertheless considerable care and dexterity are required to avoid the projecting rocks, and the whirlpools which they form. We were caught in one of them, called Fuzl: one raft revolved in it for two hours; and it was only extricated by the united exertions of the crews of the other rafts. The Camel's Neck, or the far-famed "Shoothur Gurdun," presented an appearance, as we approached it, so grand and impressive, that it will never be effaced from my memory. We had dropped down the river for half an hour under heavy clouds; precipitous rocks rose some thousand feet high on either side; and the stream was deep and glassy. At length we saw, at the termination of a long vista which lay before us, the water boiling, or rather heaving itself up. Before we reached this point the rain fell in torrents, the lightning flashed, and tremendous claps of

thunder reverberated from cliff to cliff. In the midst of this storm we passed down the rapids, the water dashing wildly upon us, and the wind roaring and hissing through the chasm. The scene altogether was sublime, almost terrific. On the banks of the river the villagers were washing the sand for gold in the usual manner, the operation being carried on in wooden trays. I heard from them that in the Oxus and its tributaries it is usual to spread out and fix bushy sheepskins in the bed of the river; and the water, as it passes over them, leaves the pure particles of gold, free from extraneous substances; the skins are then dried in the sun, and the precious metal collected from them. If I remember rightly, a similar plan was adopted by some of the nations of antiquity.

After this very long extract, which the deep interest existing with regard to the persons and places mentioned in it may justify, while the buoyancy and descriptive power of the author will always lend to his Narrative a real value, we proceed to cull several charming sketches of life, manners, and individuals: all have a truly Oriental air about them. Here is an instance of the way in which Dost Mahommed established royal alliances:—

Not far from our residence in the Bala Hissar lived Syud Mohsun, a man of some influence among the Huzaras, who used frequently to visit us, and tell us strange stories of that simple people. The unexpected honour of marrying a princess, and becoming brother-in-law of the Ameer of Cabool, had fallen upon him. Dost Mahommed, after he had allied himself to the family of Shah Zada Ablas, was afraid lest his wife's sister should marry any of his nobles, and determined that the lady should be united to a holy man. He accordingly sent for the Syud to his harem, whither he had already summoned the Cazee, and without previously informing either party, forthwith proceeded to join them in holy wedlock. The Syud at first refused, and declared that the honour was too great. This objection the Ameer removed by assured him "that his fortune had predominated." "But," insisted the involuntary bridegroom, "I am a poor man, and cannot afford to clothe a princess." "Never mind, never mind," replied Dost Mahommed, "I will do that for you;" and married they accordingly were. And now the Syud sorrowfully declares that he is not master of his own house. Two slave-girls from the Huzara country attend this fair scion of royalty; and the poor man declares that he himself is but an upper servant. Such marriages are common in these countries; since Syuds and others ministers of religion, when allied to females of royal blood, can do less political harm than other persons. At all events, there was not much regal dignity in some of the occupations of Syud Mohsun and his illustrious wife; seeing that they prepared the best jelly which I tasted in Cabool, made from the sour cherry, or gean.

Not less characteristic of some parts of the East is the following account of matrimonial arrangement: it occurred among the Uzbacks, and was reported by Dr. Lord:—

Jándad, a Kaboolee Attari, to whom I spoke of the custom of selling

wives, which I did not entirely credit, said, "I'll tell you what happened to myself. I was one day returning from Khanuabád; and, being overtaken by darkness, halted for the night at Turnáb, three kos short of this. After feeding my horse and going to the house for shelter, I found three men busily engaged; and, inquiring the subject of their conversation, was told that one of them was selling his wife to the other, but that they had not agreed about terms. Meantime, Khúda Bérdí Ming, Bashí and chief of the village, came in and whispered to me that if I could go halves with him, he would purchase the woman, as he had seen her, and found her very beautiful. I agreed: upon which we purchased her for seventy rupees, thirty-five each; and she went home with me for that night. Next morning Khúda Bérdí came and said that partnership in a woman was a bad thing; and asked me how I intended to manage. I said she should stay with me one month, and then go to him next. To that he would by no means agree; because, if sons or daughters were born, there would be disputes to know to whom they belonged. 'In short,' said he, 'either do you give me five rupees profit on my share and take her altogether, or I will give you the same profit on your share, and she shall be altogether mine.' To this latter alternative I consented; and she is now living with him, as every one well knows."

The Afghans appear to be a sect of phrenologists:—

As we sat at the windows and looked out upon the extended prospect, the sun every now and then was hid by clouds; and as their shadows moved across the distant hills, our friends repeatedly exclaimed, "What 'Saltanut!' what majesty in nature!" with an enthusiasm which would have done honour to European tourists. I must never forget to mention, that on this occasion I was asked as to my knowledge and belief in a science which is called "Kiafa" by the Afghans, and which seems to be something between phrenology and physiognomy. Not only the eyebrows, nose, and features generally, but even the beard, form the discriminating marks, instead of the bumps of the skull as with our sapient professors; and the result of experience is recorded in sundry pithy axioms, such as the following—A tall man with a long beard is a fool; a man with a beard issuing from his throat is a simpleton; an open forehead bespeaks wealth and plenty. The science is further developed in various couplets, some of the most curious of which may thus be rendered—

He that has red eyes is ever ready to fight: and who has thick lips is a warrior.

Hope for liberality from him whose arms are long: and fear not the courage of one with a thick waist.

Men of small stature are often deceitful: and so are those with deep-seated eyes and thin noses.

Those who have soft hair are of good disposition: but those whose locks are hard are otherwise.

Open nostrils are proofs of a tyrant: and large teeth of little wisdom.

Large ears give hopes of long life: and spare ankles of activity in the race.

The man who has the arch of the foot large cannot walk far: but the flattened sole tires not.

They also practise a species of alchemy:—

One of the first applications which we received was from the Nawab; who requested us to supply him with some platina wire, to aid his studies in alchemy. I took the occasion to inquire into the state of the science, which has always been in such high favour among the Afghans; and was forthwith made acquainted with several ways of *making gold*, by which the adepts trick their credulous employers. One of these is by secretly introducing some gold inside the charcoal; and after the quicksilver has been evaporated, the more precious metal is left to delight the wiseacre, and to tempt him on to further expenses. Another method is to put the filings of gold into a stick or pipe, and fasten the end with wax; with this rod the materials in the crucible are stirred, and the desired result obtained.

Afghan gardening:—

The best soil in the district of Cabool is at Deh Afghanee, a village in the suburbs; where a jureeb of land, or half an English acre, produces a rent of ten tomauns, or two hundred rupees, and yields, besides the profits of the proprietor, a revenue as high as forty rupees to Government; but this is ground on which vegetables are reared, the sale of which is highly advantageous; for the Afghans preserve cabbages, carrots, and turnips, as we do potatoes, placing them on the ground, with a little earth over them and leaves, so that they are thus kept fresh till April.

Afghan irrigation:—

Immediately on crossing the river of Ghoorbund, we entered Kohistan Proper, a country rich without parallel. It is of no great extent, its form being that of the segment of a circle, the length of which is about sixteen or eighteen miles, and five or six its greatest depth. The fertility and productiveness of the soil is equalled by the industry of the people, who, forming bank above bank, acquire, as it were, land from their stony hills, all of which they irrigate with a care and zeal greatly to be admired. Aqueducts may be often seen fifty and sixty feet up the hill, conducted round every swell and valley, till at last they pour out their contents on the embanked fields. Irrigation from natural rivulets is of course more economical than by canals or subterraneous watercourses. Near Chareekar, there are some magnificent artificial canals, which, according to the people, are as old as the days of Timour. The canals are either dug by the government, or the villagers make common cause. If the former, the revenue derived is considerable; one hundred rupees per annum being charged for every place through which the supply passes. In some parts of the country the water, after being conducted, is made free property; in others it is carefully distributed and sold. A cut from a canal ten fingers broad and five deep is sufficient to irrigate eight khurwars of grain. Much abuse, however, attends the subdivision of the water, and the owners of lands at the lower extremity of a canal are often obliged to watch over the

proceedings of those who live higher up, and even to bribe them not to damage their fields by stopping the supply; nay, battles are sometimes fought for the water. For one night's supply to a crop of twenty khurwars, from fifty to a hundred rupees are sometimes given.

We look for variety in these our lighter and shorter extracts. Take now a Mahomedan geologist:—

Our geological and other similar researches in Kohistan naturally led to our being questioned as to the particular objects of our pursuit. "We are seeking," said I to a Mahomedan, "for the organic remains of a former world." After ascertaining from me that Christians and Mahomedans agreed on the subject of the Deluge, he observed that "when Mahomed was asked what existed before the world, he answered, the world; and he repeated the same answer seven times. I can therefore," continued the Moslem, "well understand the motives of your search." Another individual with whom I fell into the same conversation, observed, "We do not even know ourselves; what can we know, therefore, of the past and present world?" The remark, however, of my first acquaintance will serve to show that it probably will not be a difficult task to explain to the Moslem the mysteries which geologists have of late years so successfully unravelled.

Our next presents more touching evidences of Mahomedan faith and simplicity:—

The Ramazan, which had commenced with December, was rigidly kept. A gun was fired long before dawn to rouse the faithful from their slumbers, that they might eat before the crier announced the hour of prayer. This fasting had blanched the cheeks of many of my visiters; and observing this, I asked one of them, a Moollah, "if it was not a severe penance?" he replied, "No, I am a mere worm, addicted to food; and hence the change which you remark in my countenance." Having upon this incidentally observed, that "all of us would shortly become food for worms," the holy man expressed his unbounded admiration of this trite truth. I, in my turn, was pleased with an expression which he used when I asked him if he had any children. "Two," was his reply: "the rest have gone before me." There was a tranquil sorrow and a simplicity in his manner of saying these few words which struck me greatly.

Death and futurity form a frequent subject of conversation among the Afghans, as indeed they do with all nations. On one occasion I was much interested by the discourse of an old merchant, who visited me shortly after he had lost his daughter. In the failure of all medical treatment, he had a few days before her dissolution removed her from her husband's house to his own, in the hope that the air and the climate in which she had been born and reared might restore sinking nature. It was the will of God that it should be otherwise; and the spirit of his child fled while she was repeating some lines from "Musnumee," a philosophical poem, which he had taught her in early youth. The last lines she uttered related to eternity. The parent assured me that many circumstances which had occurred subsequently to her death had afforded him consolation and recon-

tiled him to his loss. One of his neighbours had dreamed that this beloved daughter was remarried and in great prosperity. He himself had dreamed that his forefathers had sent for his daughter and were overjoyed at receiving her. Other circumstances had occurred of a soothing nature: the shroud in Mahomedan countries is tied at the head, and when the body is deposited in the earth it is opened, that the relatives may take the last look and turn the head towards Mecca; in the case of this young woman, it was found that the face was already turned in the right direction. The priest who had been reading the Koran over the grave had fallen asleep, and dreamed that the deceased had declared herself overjoyed at the happy change. I found that the narrative of all these circumstances received the most serious attention, and thus, dreams and omens working on the father's mind, had yielded him consolation: and why should we deny peace of mind to an afflicted parent by seeking to destroy their effect?

Here are darker spots: they occur in oriental despotism:—

The Rohanees described the King of Bokhara as having become tyrannous and headstrong: he had degraded his minister, the Koosh Begee, and had refused the Hindoos leave to burn their dead, because on being asked their creed, they had said they were "Ibrahamees," or followers of Abraham. He had also, without any show of reason, caused all Mahomedans trading with Hindoo partners to be doubly taxed. Having discovered an intrigue between a baker's daughter and a Hindoo, he ordered both parties to be baked in the oven, although in his own person he held out the worst possible example to his subjects. It is, however, to be doubted if he is altogether in his senses. His acts of tyranny are so audacious and so numerous, that I have never ceased to congratulate myself at having passed so successfully through his kingdom. In espionage he appears even to surpass the Chinese. From these men I received an account of the horrid dungeons in Bokhara, known by the title of "Kuna-Khanu:" Kuna being the name of the creatures which attach themselves to dogs and sheep, (Anglice, ticks,) and which here thrive on the unhappy human beings who are cast in among them. The dungeons abound also in scorpions, fleas, and all kinds of vermin; and if human subjects happen to be deficient, goats or the entrails of animals are thrown in to feed them; so that the smell alone is in the highest degree noxious. One day suffices to kill any criminal which is cast into these horrid dens, and a confinement of a few hours leaves marks which are never effaced in after-life. The situation of the dungeons is below the ark or citadel in which the King resides.

Persian scimitars:—

Some very fine blades were sent to us for our inspection by a decayed widow lady, whose husband had been one of the former Durance lords. One of these scimitars was valued at five thousand rupees, and the other two at fifteen hundred each. The first of these was an Ispahan sword, made by one Zaman, the pupil of Asad, and a slave of Abbas the Great. It was formed of what is called "Akbaree steel," and had belonged to Ghoolam Shah Calora of Sinde, whose name was upon it, and was brought

from that country during the wars of Mudad Khan. The especial cause of its great value was that the *water* could be traced upon it, like a skein of silk down the entire length of the blade. Had this watering *been interrupted* by a curve or cross, the sword would have been comparatively valueless. The second was also a Persian sword of the water called "Begumee." The lines did not run down straight, but waved like a watered silk fabric. It had the name of Nadir Shah on it. The third was what is termed a "Kara" (black) Khorasan blade, of the water named "Bidr," and came from Casveen. There were neither straight nor waving lines in it, but it was mottled with dark spots. All these swords were light and well-balanced; the most valuable one was the most curved; the steel in all the three tingled like a bell, and is said to improve by age. One test of the genuineness of a sword is that it can be written upon with gold; others, more certain, are its cutting through a large bone, and severing a silk handkerchief when thrown into the air.

Our last extract of all brings us to a character nearer home, and is as descriptive of a nation, or at least of a class, as any we have met with:—

At Bhawlpoor we heard of an European being in a caravanserai, and immediately sent him an invitation to join us. He proved to be Monsieur Benoir Argoud, Capitaine d'Infanterie, who had arrived here from Lahore: he was a red-hot Republican; and after we had risen from table, the good things of which had a little overtaken him, continued half the night shouting out "Liberty! Equality! and Saint Simonianism!" Early the next morning he broke into my apartment and exclaimed, "that it was seven o'clock, and that I must instantly rise, as the battle of Wagram had been fought, and his father killed at it, before that hour!" To crown all, Monsieur announced himself to be *en route* for Cabool to join Dost Mahomed Khan and constrain him to raise the green shirt of the Prophet, and attack these canaille, the Sikhs; being determined, as a preliminary part of his plan, to plant potatoes for the subsistence of the troops. We concluded Monsieur to be mad; but, as Fanny Kemble says of the Americans, "it might be otherwise;" and the question of "How comed you so?" would in this instance also have led to the explanation of the whole affair. Monsieur Argoud, too, had method in his madness; for he made out his journey safely to Cabool by the Bolan Pass and Candahar—not a very easy thing; and afterwards, when I had the honour of again meeting him, he told me that he had "saved himself from death, *with the sword over his head!*" by ejaculating the Mahomedan "Kuluma," or creed, of there being but one God and that Mahomed was his prophet.

ART. III.—*Children's Employment Commission. First Report of the Commissioners.* Presented by Her Majesty's Command to both Houses of Parliament.

IN this *Christian* land, whence benevolence and bounty not only flow but impetuously rush, even to the ends of the earth, at humanity's call, to save and to succour, no matter what the colour or the faith of the suppliants, there is cruelty practised towards multitudes of the most helpless and tender of our race, of a most appalling character, and such as was never heard of in the darkest regions, in the most oppressed kingdoms. But it would be untimely to indulge in bitter irony or indignant comment, when we have not sufficient space for the crying facts which present themselves; and therefore without another word of sentiment we hasten to make such a selection as may at least direct the attention of our readers to the subject of this Report.

The investigation pursued in this case, which relates exclusively to mines, was directed by royal commission, with a view "to collect information as to the ages at which the objects of it are employed, the number of hours they are engaged in work, the time allowed each day for meals; as to their actual state, condition, and treatment; and as to the effects of such employment, both with regard to their morals and their bodily health." The Report is very voluminous, while the facts which it elicits not only address themselves urgently to humanity, but afford an insight never before publicly obtained relative to various highly important branches of British labour and industry. Nothing like completeness could belong to the statistics of the national economy while there was total ignorance of the condition of those who toil in the bowels of the earth.

Four gentlemen, viz., Mr. Robert Saunders, Mr. Leonard Horner, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Mr. Thomas Tooke, were appointed by the commission to supply the Report. There were also assistant commissioners selected, who were to act under the directions of the gentlemen forming the Central Board, each of whom had a particular district and locality assigned to him for investigation; the object of which investigation, as will be observed from the terms of the royal commission, were of two natures, moral as well as physical. The latter branch of the subject is sufficiently ample, interesting, and pressing to occupy us on this occasion.

There are but comparatively few of the community who can have a chance, and still fewer who entertain a desire, of exploring a coal mine. Many of the masters and proprietors themselves appear to be entire strangers to the subterraneous chambers which yield them vast treasures, and without which Great Britain would be but an insignificant country in the rank of nations. It naturally results

that gross oppression and monstrous evils may exist for a long series of years in places to which the eye of scrutiny, or even the light of heaven, never reaches; and the more inaccessible and the less frequently visited the mine, the more heart-rending, as we shall find, are the scenes.

It will hardly require any description to enable the most entire stranger to the appearance and character of a coal-mine to comprehend the general differences which occur in them, with regard to dampness and wetness, foul air, and intractableness of the minerals to be worked. But the great distinction between one coal-mine and another seems to arise from the comparative thickness or thinness of the stratum or seam of coal; for when it is six feet in thickness, it is obvious that, without any waste of labour, in order to make room for working in a standing posture, and of ready conveyance along the passages to the shaft, the whole operations may be carried on; whereas if the seam be only half of that thickness, and often it is less, there will be as little labour spent in hewing down clay or stone as possible; and therefore both the hewer, and the person that has to convey the coal to the shaft, have to work constantly in a crouching, reclining, or otherwise constrained position, from morning till night.

In several districts the seams average from five to ten feet. In Yorkshire and Lancashire, for example, many of the seams are most uncomfortably thin; and when wetness and thinness predominate, our readers will immediately understand the nature of the misery and horror that have to be encountered.

Darkness, to a stranger to these mines, would be one discomfort. But when it is added that the springs which generally ooze through the best cased shafts, trickle down the sides, and keep up a perpetual drizzle below; that the chamber or area at the bottom of the shaft is almost always sloppy and muddy; that the escape from it consists in a labyrinth of black passages, often not three by four feet square; and that although the dampness increases as you advance, the subterraneous smell increases, the idea of misery must enlarge. Says one witness, "The place I work in is very wet; the water is half a yard deep in some places. My husband has worked in wet places for many a year; sometimes he has worked in water up to his knees, and does now where he is at work. When I am drawing for him my clothes are all wet through." One of the assistant commissioners, speaking of a particular pit, says that he walked, crept, and rode 1,800 yards, where the bottom or floor was every here and there three or four inches deep in water, and muddy throughout. "The Swan Bank Pit, to which I was accompanied by Dr. Smith and Mr. Saunders, was almost as bad, and more resembled a city drain than anything else. In some of them I have had to creep upon my hands and knees the whole distance,

the height being barely *twenty inches*, and then have gone still lower upon my breast, and crawled like a turtle."

Most of our readers must be aware that females work in coal pits, and many may also have heard that boys and girls are numerously employed in our mines. But few, we presume, ever dreamt that children at six, seven, and eight years of age are not only from an early to a late hour daily confined to these mines, but are subjected to a species of solitude and employment of unimagined irksomeness. Let us now attend to the nature of that employment,—we mean for the younger ones, who have not yet acquired the physical strength that can be turned to hard drudgery and continued labour. Observe first the plan and arrangement of a coal pit:—

Coal lies in an inclined plane, of which the inclination downwards, called in Yorkshire "the dip," is about one in eleven yards, and generally towards the east (magnetic). At the lowest point in the field to be worked is sunk the engine-shaft for pumping the water out of the pit; a few yards higher up the coal-bed is sunk the working-shaft for drawing the coal. From the bottom of each of these shafts roads or galleries are driven parallel to each other, and nearly, but not quite, at right angles to the dip of the coal, so that each may rise gently from the shafts. The gallery from the engine-shaft is for the conveyance of water, and is called the water-level. The gallery from the working-shaft is for the conveyance of coal, and is called the main-road, or working-level.

Ventilation is a matter of great importance in coal pits. Each colliery has two or more shafts, perhaps twenty yards from each other; one, the downcast pit, sunk towards the dip of the strata, for the air to descend, and the other, the upcast pit, towards their rise, for it to return to the surface. The current is generally quickened by a furnace in the upcast shaft, which, rapidly drawing off the air in the passages below, brings a brisk current through the whole distance from the downcast pit, however great that distance, by its purposed tortuousness, may have been made. The ventilating furnace naturally puts the current of air in motion in the straightest possible direction, and therefore to direct this current into the various intricacies of the workings, stoppings of brick or stone are used in the "dead" passages, and doors in those passages used for the transit of coals. Our readers are now in some measure prepared to understand the nature of the employment to which the children are put:—

As the air invariably takes the shortest course, not a breath of it would pass up the board-gates or visit a single bank-face, were the doors left open so as to allow it to pass straight back to the upcast shaft. The ventilation depends entirely on the trap-doors being kept shut, and on their being properly closed immediately after the carriages conveying the coal

have passed them. The youngest children in the mines are intrusted with this important office! They are called trappers. Their duty consists in sitting in a little hole, scooped out for them in the side of the gates behind each door, where they sit with a string in their hands attached to the door, and pull it open the moment they hear the corves (*i. e.* carriages for conveying the coal) at hand, and the moment it has past, they let the door fall to, which it does of its own weight. If anything impedes the shutting of the door they remove it, or, if unable to do so, run to the nearest man to get him to do it for them. The ages of these children vary from 6½ to 10 years old; few come before they are nearly 7, and few remain longer than 9. There is no hard work for these children to do,—nothing can be easier; but it is a most painful thing to contemplate the dull dungeon-like life these little creatures are doomed to spend; a life, for the most part, passed in solitude, damp, and darkness. They are allowed no light; but sometimes a good-natured collier will bestow a little bit of candle on them as a treat. On one occasion, as I was passing a little trapper, he begged me for a little grease from my candle. I found that the poor child had scooped out a hole in a great stone, and having obtained a wick, and manufactured a rude sort of lamp; and that he kept it going as well as he could by begging contributions of melted tallow from the candles of any Samaritan passers by. To be in the dark, in fact, seemed to be the great grievance with all of them. Occasionally they are so posted as to be near the shaft, where they can sometimes run and enliven themselves with a view of the corves going up with the coals, or perhaps, occasionally, with a bird's-eye peep at the daylight itself; their main amusement is that, however, of seeing the corves pass along the gates at their posts.

When examined many of these children told woful tales. One says, "I have no time to play; I never see daylight at all in winter, unless I look up the pit-shaft, and then it looks about half a yard wide." Another states that he stops twelve hours in the pit; and never sees daylight "now" except on Sundays. "I fell asleep one day, and a corve ran over my leg and made it smart; they'd squeeze me against the door if I fall to sleep again." There is evidence in the Report that the diminutiveness of the children is sometimes remarkable. And says one gentleman, "That children of *five years of age* should ever, under any circumstances, be engaged in pits would have appeared incredible, but for the respectability of the informants." And here are striking and touching indications,—"The perpetual recurrence of the vacant stare, or the heedless 'I don't know,' in answer to varied and reiterated questions, were sufficient symptoms of morbid condition."

But not only is the imprisonment of the poor children wofully cruel and pitiable from the extreme monotony of the occupation, as well as the solitude, darkness, and dampness of the dungeon, but the dangers to which they and all employed in the pits are exposed, should any one of the immured, dejected, and yawning creatures neglect the business to which he is set, or leave his post to take a peep of a

yard's breath of the sky, or to play with his fellows, are frightful. It is not long since thirty-two persons lost their lives in a colliery near Newcastle, the cause of which is supposed to have been the child's having left his door open, by which the current of air must have ceased "to ventilate both the holing and the board," and would, instead, flow straight down the board through the door left open "into the main winning headways." The fact of the body of the boy "being found away from his own door," and with that of another of the boys, "where it is almost impossible he could have been carried by the force of the explosion, naturally leads a person conversant with mining affairs, to conjecture, that he had left his door open to come and play" with his fellow-prisoner.

The principal occupation of the children as soon as they gain strength to perform heavier work than that of being door-keepers or trappers, is to convey the coal from the place where it is hewn, along the passages to the shaft, the coals being conveyed in *corves*, —large baskets. The boys and girls thus employed, are in some places called "hurriers," in others, "putters;" in many pits the corve with its complement weighing from 6 to 10 cwt., and being driven or drawn along tramways. When the passages are sufficiently spacious horses are used. Hurrying, according to some of the commissioners, when done with a reasonable expenditure of strength, and for a proper continuance of time, is not an unhealthy occupation, provided the space be large enough to allow the children to work without coming in contact with the roof, and provided the tramways are kept in good repair, the air be free from foulness, and the collier for whom the child hurries be of a kindly disposition. But according to the account of some of the Reporters, all these things are not uniformly attended to. Says one of them, speaking of the labour as conducted in Northumberland:—

I am, however, persuaded that much suffering and overworking of children will continue to occur so long as the amount, duration, and nature of their work be left to the uncontrolled will of the colliers. In respect to age, in respect to severity of work, and in respect to its duration, the children in mines are at the entire mercy of the individual workmen who hire them: *their lot is dependent on the chance of his humanity or the impulses of his avarice.* I have seen children hurrying corves in places where, when stopt, it required my whole strength to move them, and at which, if the children stopt, they would have been wholly unable to move. I have seen them assist in filling and riddling, when out of breath with their journey to the bank-face; and I have seen them also cheerfully and merrily performing each branch of their work under more favourable circumstances. I do not think their employment necessarily hurtful: on the contrary, I am certain the exercise itself is beneficial, and the mode in which the power of the body is applied in pushing straight forward is free from constraint; and I have no doubt, when done in moderation, as Mr. Ellis,

the surgeon, states, that "hurrying expands the chest, and produces robustness and strength." But I am equally confident that instances are *very numerous* in which it is prolonged oppressively and made injurious to health.

In Northumberland the "putters" are represented as being also exposed to the following evils:—

With "skinned backs," "wrenches," &c., the putters declared that they had been very frequently troubled; and when some of them averred that the severity of their labour was such that they would willingly suffer a proportionate diminution of wages to secure a limitation of the hours of work, there could be no doubt of the intensity of their feelings and the sincerity of their descriptions. * * In endeavours temporarily to increase his earnings, the putter is frequently regardless of fatigue, and, were he permitted, would ofttimes only terminate his toil by entire physical exhaustion.

Yorkshire, Lancashire, &c. present abuses of another sort:—

Girls regularly perform all the various offices of trapping, hurrying, filling, riddling, topping, and occasionally getting (coal): just as they are performed by boys. The practice of employing females in coal-pits is flagrantly disgraceful to a Christian as well as to a civilized country. On descending Messrs. Hopwood's pit at Barnsley, I found assembled round the fire a group of men, boys, and girls, some of whom were of the age of puberty, the girls as well as the boys stark naked down to the waist, their hair bound up with a tight cap, and trousers supported by their hips.

Here is part of the story of one of these victims: her age was seventeen:—

I have to hurry myself. I have hurried by myself going fast on three years. Before then, I had my sister to hurry with me. I have to hurry up hill with the loaded corves, quite as much up as down, but not many have to hurry up hill with the loaded corves. When I riddle I hold the riddle, and have to shake the slack out of it, and then I throw the rest into the corf. We always hurry in trousers as you saw us to-day when you were in the pit. Generally I work naked down to the waist like the rest. It is harder work than we ought to do a deal. I have been lamed in my ankle, and strained in my back; it caused a great lump to rise in my ankle bone once.

Worse still, in parts of Lancashire as well as Yorkshire, when the heat and confinement are oppressive on account of the thinness of the coal seam:—

The system is even more indecent; for though the girls are clothed, at least three-fourths of the men for whom they hurry work *stark naked*, or with a flannel waistcoat only, and in this state they assist one another to fill the corves 18 or 20 times a-day. I have seen this done myself, not once or twice, but frequently. Neither do the girls or the men attempt to

gainsay the fact. * * Under no conceivable circumstances is any one sort of employment in collieries proper for females. From the guarded evidence of Mr. Clarke, (a large employer of females) who states that it is "not suitable work for girls," to the indignant resolution of the collected body of the colliers themselves, that it is a "scandalous practice," I found scarcely an exception to the general reprobation of this revolting system.

We have not even yet arrived at the climax of the vile system of oppression and indecency; for when the seams are very thin, and where the entire height of the passage may not be above two feet and in many instances it is under 30 inches, the children cannot push the corves in the walking posture of bipeds, but have either on all-fours to crawl behind the creel, and push it with their heads, or else on all-fours to drag the corves after them. A broad belt in this latter case, is buckled round their waist, to the front of which a chain is fastened, which, when they go down on all-fours, is passed between their legs and attached to the corve, which they draw after them, thus harnessed to them like animals. This "extremely hard work" is performed by girls as well as boys, although not in every pit or district; girls "from *five* to *eighteen*" doing all that is required of the other sex at similar ages. "There is no distinction whatever in their coming up the shaft or going down,—in the mode of hurrying or thrusting,—in the weight of corves, or in the distances they are hurried." One of the witnesses, at Little Bolton, gives the following testimony:—

I was married at 23, and went into a colliery when I was married. I used to weave when about 12 years old; I can neither read nor write. I work for Andrew Knowles, of Little Bolton, and make sometimes 7*s.* a week, sometimes not so much. I am a drawer, and work from six o'clock in the morning to six at night. Stop about an hour at noon to eat my dinner; have bread and butter for dinner: I get no drink. I have two children, but they are too young to work. I worked at drawing when I was in the family way. I know a woman who has gone home and washed herself, taken to her bed, been delivered of a child, and gone to work again under the week. *I have a belt round my waist, and a chain passing between my legs, and I go on my hands and feet.* The road is very steep, and we have to hold by a rope; and when there is no rope, by anything we can catch hold of. There are six women and about six boys and girls in the pit I work in: it is very hard work for a woman. The pit is very wet where I work, and the water comes over our clog-tops always, and I have seen it up to my thighs: it rains in at the roof terribly: my clothes are wet through almost all day long.

Another female gives this evidence:—

I wear a belt and chain at the workings to get the corves out. *The getters are naked*, except their caps; they pull off all their clothes. I see them at work when I go up. They sometimes beat me, if I am not quick

enough, with their hands; they strike me upon my back. The boys take liberties with me sometimes; they pull me about; I am the *only girl* in the pit. There are 20 boys and 15 men. All the men are naked. I would rather work in the mill than in the coal-pit.

When the *putting* is done in a crawling posture and with the head, a pad is generally interposed to prevent the head from being wounded. But yet baldness and sores generally attend the unseemly labour. We must, however, quote the extenuating with the revolting:—

There is something very oppressive at first sight in the employment of children hurrying all day in passages under 30 inches in height, and altogether not much above the size of an ordinary drain. The fact is proved beyond all doubt notwithstanding, that there is nothing unhealthy or hurtful in the employment of children in gates of 30 inches, so long as attention is paid to the repair of the rails, to the drainage, and to the free current of air. I have seen many children quite as healthy and strong who had been employed for years in well-conducted thin pits, as I have ever seen employed in thick ones. There are, however, many pits where the gates, especially those up to the bank-faces, are not above 24 inches in height; all these ought to be heightencd. It is impossible that the children can avoid a most constrained posture, and often injuries to the spine in such places.

If young people of both sexes are necessary for the working of our coal mines, it appears from several passages in the testimony of the Reporters, that their condition need not positively to prove injurious to their health. Says one gentleman:—

I do not deny that there are numbers who do work in collieries without visible injury to their health. On the contrary, I have been frequently astonished at the healthy appearance of girls thus employed, and who have come to be examined in the evening, well dressed and comely, and respectable in appearance, and wholly unrecognisable as the same beings whom I had seen in the pit the same morning, disguised in a dirty skull-cap, bed-gown, and trousers. It is strange that they should so well bear labour so severe, and inhaling, moreover, the impurities of subterraneous atmosphere for ten or twelve hours daily. That they do not generally evince the effect of such trial of their constitution, can be accounted for only by the fact, that they leave this work at a comparatively early age—that they then enjoy every circumstance that is most favourable to health; fresh air, ample meals, early hours (for they must get up at half-past four, to get breakfast for their families), and a total absence of fatiguing work. It is a common saying that "Colliers' wives lead ladies' lives." There are, of course, however, painful exceptions to the healthful appearance of collier girls.

There are peculiarities in some parts of Scotland, but we are sorry to say the barbarity and the oppression are not diminished.

For instance, the girls carry not only immense loads, but for long hours, so as to complete the tasks allotted to them daily. The basket is placed upon the back, and is half-suspended partly by a broad belt passing round the forehead; the carriers walking with their bodies bent forward, and often making long journeys along inclined planes, up to the surface, and ofttimes they have to ascend ladders. The toil imposed is excessive. Speaking of what girls and women in parts of Scotland have to endure, one Reporter says they—

> Always did the lifting, or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings, nor are they where they are employed. Females submit to work in places where no man, or even lad, could be got to labour in; they work in bad roads, up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double. They are below till the last hour of pregnancy. They have swelled haunches and ankles, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, a lingering existence.

Most assuredly the strong and appalling conclusion to which Mr. Franks arrives is amply substantiated by innumerable evidences in this voluminous Report. He says:—

> Now, when the nature of this horrible labour is taken into consideration, its extreme severity, its regular duration of from twelve to fourteen hours daily, which, and once a-week at least, as in the instance of J. Cumming, is extended through the whole of the night; the damp, heated, and unwholesome atmosphere in which the work is carried on; the tender age and sex of the workers; when it is considered that such labour is performed not in isolated instances selected to excite compassion, but that it may be truly regarded as the type of the every-day existence of hundreds of our fellow-creatures,—a picture is presented of deadly physical oppression and systematic slavery, of which I conscientiously believe no one unacquainted with such facts would credit the existence in the British dominions.

It is not irrelevant to the horrors of the coal-mine system to mention, that the Report brings to light the condition of females of mature years, wives and mothers, who are doomed to the degrading occupation which we have seen is allotted to girls, and children of the tender sex. The women who are torn from their domestic duties, are subjected to a species of labour, and thrown into associations, which at once reduce the physical powers, and destroy the moral feelings; while the consequence is, that all the domestic comforts and ties of kindred, upon which the very framework of society rests, are annihilated; inducing, moreover, a frightful sacrifice of human life, beyond what would be incident to the employment of males only.

As far as we can gather the facts from the Report, it would appear that it is in the east of Scotland that the women are subjected to the most oppressive species of physical labour. They are

there denominated "coal bearers," and are employed, as already mentioned, to carry coals on their backs, and this too in unrailed roads, with burdens varying from three-quarters to three hundred weight. Well may this remnant of the barbarous and cruel slavery of a degraded age, which happily has long since been abolished in England, and in the greater part of Scotland, be described as a condition of humanity which renders the existence of those who sustain it, "the most weary of all the pilgrimages of this journey through life."

The evidence of the witnesses fully explains the nature of the horrible labour to which we refer; and when it is borne in mind that its regular duration is, according to one Reporter's account, from 12 to 14 hours daily, which once a week at least is extended through the night, we shall be convinced that "a picture is presented of deadly physical oppression, and of systematic slavery, of which no one unacquainted with such facts would credit the existence in the British dominions."

Jane Cuming says, "I gang with the women at five, and come home at five at night, *work all night* on Fridays, and come away at twelve in the day. I carry the large bits of coal from the wall face (the place where it is cut out) to the pit-bottom, and the small pieces in a creel. The weight is usually a hundred weight. The distance varies. Sometimes it is 150 fathoms, whiles 250 fathoms. The roof is very low; I have to bend my back and legs, and the water comes frequently up to the calves of my legs. Have no liking for the work." "It is no uncommon thing for women to lose their burdens, and drop off the ladder down the dyke below."

The evidence of Jane Peacock Watson, aged 40 years, shows most painfully the sufferings of women following this laborious employment. "I have wrought in the bowels of the earth 33 years; have been married 23 years, and had nine children; six are alive. Three died of typhus a few years since. Have had two dead born. Thinks they were so from the oppressive work. A vast number of women have dead children and false births, which are worse, as they are not able to work after the latter. I have always been obliged to work below till forced to go home to bear the bairn, and so have all other women. We return as soon as we are able; never longer than ten or twelve days, many less, if they are needed. It is only horse work, and ruins the women; it crushes their haunches, bends their ancles, and makes them old women at forty."

Any one reading the evidences of the women will readily enter into the feelings of a poor creature, a married woman, who, passing Mr. Ball, the coal viewer, who was going down one of the mines as she was ascending, groaning under an excessive weight of coals, trembling in every nerve, and almost unable to keep her knees from

sinking under her, exclaimed in a melancholy voice, "Oh, Sir, this is sore, sore, sore work. Would to God that the first woman who tried to bear coals had broke her back, and none would have tried it again."

Such is the frightful condition to which large numbers of the female sex are reduced, and such the murderous consequences resulting from it, in a country which exalts itself as a model of Christian sensibility and sympathy, and which expends its many thousands annually to "improve" the condition of the "free sons of the desert."

The number of hours during which girls and boys have to toil are often protracted, one would imagine, beyond the power of human endurance. At an early hour, and in the depth of winter, they are roused from their dirty beds, and obliged to descend into the dreary pits, there to labour for a greater stretch of time than the adults.

Says one of the Reporters,—

It will be noticed how frequently the boys state that they have remained in the pits for 24 and 36 consecutive hours, and even 48 hours. These statements were too numerous to be disputable, and were often fully confirmed by the evidence of separate witnesses. The frequency of the fact is surprising. A witness asserted his knowledge of an instance in which a boy had, eight years previously, remained an entire week in a pit in the Tees district, but there were no means of confirming this statement.

Here is the corroborative testimony of one boy, whose work is hoisting a crane for 1*s.* 6*d.* per day, as reported by the gentleman whose words we have just now quoted:—

George Foster has wrought a double shift of 24 hours three times in the Benton pit. About a year and a half ago he wrought three shifts at one time, going down at four o'clock one morning, and staying 36 hours without coming up. The overman asked him to stop, &c.—George Kendall, two or three times, has stood 36 hours down the pit. When lads say they stop double shift, they mean generally 36 hours. If, for instance, they are in the day shift, and are asked to stop for the night shift, then they stay their own shift for next day;—their baits (meals) being sent down to them. *A great quantity of boys are doing this now*, from a scarcity of boys. * * * Some lads have worked double shift (36 hours) lately. John Clough, aged 14, worked 36 hours down last Friday. (His brother confirms this.) George Short has always been drowsy since he went there. Twice he has worked three shifts following, of 12 hours each shift, about three years ago. They had no lads, and he was forced to do it: and he was wanted to drive and "put" coals. Never came up at all during the 36 hours; was sleepy, but had no time to sleep. * * * His head "swells" very often, and he feels sickish sometimes; and drowsy sometimes, especially if he sits down.

We have alluded to the dirty beds of the colliers. It would certainly require no ordinary ablutions to rid their persons of its dark dye. The face and hands, therefore, become the representative seats of cleanliness; and in Scotland particularly their dwellings are a scene of filth,—are disgusting hovels. On the subject of washing we have this evidence:—

How often do the drawers wash their bodies?—None of the drawers ever wash their bodies; I never wash my body; I let my shirt rub the dirt off; my shirt will show that; I wash my neck, and ears, and face, of course. Do you think it is usual for the young women to do the same as you do?—I don't think it is usual for the lasses to wash their bodies; my sisters never wash themselves, and seeing is believing; they wash their faces, and necks, and ears. When a collier is in full dress he has white stockings and low shoes, and very tall shirt-neck, very stiffly starched, and ruffles?—That is very true, Sir, but they never wash their bodies underneath; I know that; and their legs and bodies are as black as your hat.

Without charging wilful neglect to the parents, I must repeat (Mr. Kennedy adds) that I have found the children of colliers, with of course some exceptions, exceedingly dirty, and, in looking at the beds of some of them, I have seen a black mark of the bodies on the sheets.

True, all these evils and enormities do not unite in every coal district of the empire, nor in every colliery of the same district. Some proprietors are far more considerate than others. Cupidity does not always steel the heart of masters; viewers are sometimes humane and unhardened; colliers are not necessarily divested of tenderness. Still, the mass of suffering, the number of unprotected slaves which spend the budding period of their lives under the surface of British soil, offer appeals to the justice, not to speak of the sympathy of the nation, more loud and heart-rending than was the cry even of the Factory children.

With regard to the *moral* branches of the investigation pursued by the Commissioners whose Report we have been quoting, and the *remedies* suggested, or which may hereafter form the subject of legislation, another opportunity will be offered for us to speak. In the meanwhile we merely state that difficulties and delicacies abundantly interpose themselves. There are great interests, private as well as public, at stake, so as even to admonish the legislature that it must not rashly interfere. The industrial economy of the country is deeply involved with regard to an adequate supply of coal; while the profit of many coal owners might be entirely swept away, so as to cause their pits to be shut, were no children allowed to be employed in the thin seams. Again, the condition and necessities of multitudes of the working population, in this great mercantile and manufacturing country, are such that there is no alternative at present but the species of oppressive slavery of which we have been

hearing, and starvation. Still, ameliorations may be introduced; remedies to some extent may be devised. Why should children not be exempted by Act of Parliament from the coal bondage, drudgery, and excessive toil, till they have arrived at a certain age, as well as those tending machinery in a Factory? Can no reasonable limits be fixed to the hours of continuous labour and confinement? Is there no method by which they may be enabled to inhale the pure air, and sport in the cheerful light of heaven each day of the week, for a short space? Might not a certain amount of schooling be combined with heathful exhilarating exercise? Do science and mechanical art offer no cheap method of enlarging the passages in mines where thin seams prevail?

It is manifest that the worst evils of the system have hitherto existed and grown to their terrific maturity in consequence of the general ignorance as to its reality which has prevailed. Indeed had the employers and the proprietors only been in the habit of visiting mines and witnessing the daily course of proceeding in their works, as is the case in every other branch of industry, the horrors now disclosed must have been checked and in a measure provided against. And this consideration may suggest remedies.

ART. IV.—*Narrative of the Second Campaign in China.* By K. S. MACKENZIE, Esq. Bentley.

MR. Keith Stewart Mackenzie's Narrative follows up, and will properly be classed, in regard to character and judicious expression, with Lord Jocelyn's welcomed account of the early operations of our forces in China. As military secretary to the commander-in-chief, Sir Gordon Bremer, our author was necessarily at the fountain-head of information, and must have enjoyed some rare occasions for acquiring a knowledge of Chinese manners and matters. A principal subject of the volume consists of the operations in the Canton river, and the taking of the city, which are well described. Indeed Mr. Mackenzie's style of treatment suits the nature and interest which attach to our quarrel with the Celestials, a conflict which was regarded and conducted at first as a "little war." From his Narrative, however, it will be gathered that not only at the beginning were false steps taken, and incompetency displayed by Captain Elliot, but that the duration and issue of the contest are points which even now admit of doubt, and are calculated to create anxiety. In running through the book, the best thing that we can do, is to select a few passages which may seem to yield our readers fresh information with regard to the scenes which the narrator witnessed, and the disposition and peculiarities of the Chinese people.

It was near the close of the year 1840 that Lieut. Mackenzie

landed at Macao; and ere long, although after certain fruitless and vexatious negotiations, operations with some show of earnestness commenced at Ty-cock-tow, where, speaking of a particular period of action, we are told as follows:—

During this time [military services one side] our sister service had not been idle, for we found the guns in the lower battery completely silenced; but still many Chinese remained in the fort. After waiting a short time, to allow the men to recruit their strength, we descended the hill, with the intention of attacking this fort. When the Chinese, however, saw us advancing, many of them fled, but they were met by a party of marines and of the 37th, by whom numbers of them were killed. Some again returned to the fort, where they witnessed the fate of their comrades. Thither they were quickly followed by the marines and native troops, who, blowing the gate open, rushed in, but met with considerable resistance; for the Chinese had barricaded all their houses, and as the soldiers passed, they inflicted several severe wounds with spears. Just at this time, Mr. Viner of the Blenheim entered the fort, at the head of a party of seamen, and pursuing several Chinese towards the upper end of the fort, observed them retreat into a house, on which he fired his pistol off through one of the windows. In an instant a terrific explosion took place, which we at first attributed to a mine; but it appeared that the pistol had been fired into the magazine, and as all the powder lay loose, it instantly blew up. By this accident Mr. Viner was severely burnt, and many men were injured for life. Had the Chinese submitted on our obtaining possession of the fort, many lives would have been spared; but they continued to wound our men, which so irritated them, that numbers were shot. In some instances during the fight, they took refuge in the water, and discharged their matchlocks at the pursuer, and then throwing the weapon away, begged for mercy: a system of warfare which our men did not at all understand. The loss on the side of the enemy was not less than 600 killed and wounded, while we had not one killed, but thirty wounded; many of these were, however, disabled for life. The tortures which most of the Chinese endured must have been dreadful; for whenever they were wounded and fell, the matchlock set fire to their cotton clothes; and I saw several instances of their being literally burnt alive. In this affair, the Chinese, neither on the part of officers nor men, showed any want of courage; on the contrary, they displayed many instances of individual bravery, and all defended their positions as long as they were tenable with great devotion. The officer in command was shot through the breast while leading his men on, his button and feather being among the trophies in my possession. Having secured our prisoners, the troops lay down to rest, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the Nemesis, and boats of the men-of-war, attack the war-junks in Anson's Bay. The first shot went completely through a large junk, and sent the crew jumping into the water in all directions; while a Congreve rocket, which was fired at the admiral's junk, went through the deck into the magazine, upon which she immediately blew up. Being full both of men and money, which had been sent down from Canton to pay the troops, the loss was great. These

operations continued for some hours, during which time seventeen junks were destroyed, and many brought away. * * *

On returning with Sir Gordon Bremer to the Wellesley, we found a Chinese medico on board, who had been taken prisoner at Ty-cock-tow. As Captain Elliot supposed that the Chinese, after their lesson of the forenoon, might be more pacifically inclined, he despatched a chop by this prisoner to Kwan, the Chinese admiral, explaining different usages of civilized warfare; adding that, if the forts struck their colours, we would not fire on them, but would take them under our protection. There can be no doubt that Captain Elliot, in sending this chop, was actuated by feelings of pure humanity; for having witnessed the great loss of life sustained by the Chinese in the morning, together with the probability of a still greater loss in the capture of the large forts, he wished, if possible, to spare them. The policy of the act may, however, be questioned, more particularly with his Excellency's knowledge of the national character. Subsequent events have also shown how utterly unworthy they were of such leniency, and with what a perfidious race we had to contend.

The following statement and remarks are more decided and comprehensive:—

It is more than probable, that had the action of the 7th of January, 1841, been vigorously followed up by the total destruction of the Bogue forts, and had we then advanced on Canton, we could have dictated our own terms with greater facility than we afterwards did in May. To some this may seem rather a rash mode of procedure; but when it is taken into consideration that we had then 1,300 men, besides seamen (who could have been landed on an emergency), all in perfect health, the season in our favour, and no concentration of Chinese troops against us, the proposition is not so totally impossible. But it was owing to delay, and trusting to the *Punica fides* of the Chinese, that our affairs were ruined; and the same remark is indeed applicable to all the operations of this expedition. Had we, on the first arrival of the expedition, demolished the Bogue forts, destroyed Amoy, Ningpo, and *then* appeared off the Peiho, all our demands would have been acceded to; there would have been none of the enormous waste of life at Chusan; no barbarities inflicted on Mrs. Noble, a widowed lady at Ningpo; none of the heavy losses on our merchants; while the expedition would have terminated, in all probability, honourably to our arms and national character, instead of being now again to commence. Of the final termination, indeed, of the contest, no one can yet form any opinion; for the terrors of our warfare are daily decreasing, the mandarins being well aware that delay injures our strength in a far greater degree than any hostilities they can carry on against us.

The Chinese, it is more than once admitted by Mr. Mackenzie, proved themselves to be willing enough to fight, and showed no want of courage. But the science and art of war are all on one side; and therefore diplomacy, so as to produce delays, which expose our people to the sickness which the climate and other circumstances

induce, is studied with *perfidious* skill. The pertinacity of the Celestials, their insensibility to generous treatment and forbearance, together with some other national features, appear in a somewhat amusing form in our next extract:—

Leaving the Algerine to settle the gun-boats and war-junks, the Nemesis pushed on in chase of the numerous boats that were escaping up the river, throwing an occasional shot among them, much to the detriment of their masts and spars. While engaged in this amusing occupation, a small fort situated up a creek of the river, mounting nine guns, opened on the steamer. Upon this, Capt. Bethune, who had command of this division, immediately pushed off, and attacked the fort. The Tartars, who composed the garrison, made a most determined resistance, and we observed them shooting arrows at us, through the embrasures, while their comrades loaded the guns. At length we effected a landing, but the enemy had as usual escaped, carrying off their wounded. In this fort I found great quantities of female dress, and was informed that the soldiers believe that any part of the attire of the other sex, renders the wearer invulnerable. After spiking the guns, we returned to the boats; but our attention being attracted by the firing in the direction of the factories, we pulled round, and had the satisfaction of finding the British colours waving in the garden. The flag of true was now hoisted; but it had not been up five minutes, before the Chinese again commenced firing; when down came the emblem of peace, and hostilities recommenced. We then captured the Dutch and French follies, after which the flag again went up; but some of the gun-boats, which had not had any share in the action, and hoped to do something to retrieve the honour of their country, again commenced firing. For a second time the white flag came down, and the gun-boats were captured. Peace, however, had not been restored ten minutes, before some tiger-hearted Tartars commenced firing from a small battery: the same ceremony was, therefore, again observed with regard to the flag. At length, after five successive truces, and as many breaches of truce, we were allowed to hold undisputed possession of the factories, singularly enough exactly two years after Lin's first edict against the opium-trade. Thus was this enormous town, and the vast property it contained, the lives of the inhabitants, and the existence of the town itself, dependent on our forbearance. Our power we used in the most lenient manner possible. No ransom was demanded by us: we only insisted that trade should go on as formerly, and that protection should be assured to the inhabitants. I fear that our quality of mercy did not bless those that gave, however much we know it blessed those who were the receivers of our bounty.

Canton was taken, and evacuated in consequence of more negotiation and convention. Whatever treaty was formed it was broken by the Chinese almost as soon as made. A second attack upon the city became necessary; and the forts by which it was protected were taken by storm. The ransom of which our readers have heard so much was, according to our author's opinion, quite inadequate and

far below what might have been obtained. He gives his reasons for thinking so:—

At an interview with the Prefect, he informed Captain Elliot that the distress was very great, in consequence of the state of blockade in which the town was placed; for, owing to our occupation of the heights, no provisions could enter on the land side, while the ships effectually blockaded the river entrances. The inhabitants were consequently reduced to the last extremity; in addition to these miseries, a civil war had been carrying on between the Tartar and Chinese troops, with a heavy loss on both sides, so that the authorities were very glad to get us away with six million dollars, as the ransom. This sum, under their straitened circumstances, might have been increased to twenty; which they were not only able to pay, but would have done so gladly.

The military equipment of the Chinese furnishes a good subject for description:—

The weapons of the mandarins consist of a sword, similar to that used by the ancient Romans, with a short straight blade, the scabbard being ornamented according to the fancy of the bearer. This is invariably carried on the right side, in order to prevent that weapon from getting entangled with the slings of the quiver for arrows, which is fastened round the waist by a handsomely embroidered belt, and hangs on the left side. The quiver is made of leather appropriately ornamented, and has generally a species of sabretache attached to it, in which the bow is placed; some of which I have seen with a hinge in the centre, to admit of being folded up into a smaller space. The arrows are of various lengths, some armed with a ball at the end perforated with holes, which in their progress through the air causes a whistling noise, and is supposed to strike terror into the hearer; the points are barbed, hooked, and broad-headed, while the butt is generally decorated with bright coloured feathers, those of the Tartar pheasant being most esteemed, and used by the mandarins only. The arms of the soldiers are shields, matchlocks, spears, bows and arrows, and double swords. The only kind of armour is a round cap, made of rattan, painted with a huge pair of eyes, and well calculated to ward off the blow of a sword; sometimes the soldiers wear a cap similar to that of the mandarins without any button. The shields are of different sizes, made also of rattan, containing a ring inside sufficiently large to pass the arm through, and, a little farther in, a bar to lay hold of. They are generally painted with a devil's, or some such fascinating animal's face, intended to intimidate the beholder. These shields are not bullet-proof to a close shot, but no sword can either pierce, or cut through them. The matchlock is as nearly as possible the old European weapon of the same name. It is not held in such estimation by the Chinese as the bow, from its danger to the bearer, in consequence of the liability of the match either to ignite his clothes or to blow up his powder-pouch, which is carried round the waist in a cotton or leathern case, containing fourteen or sixteen wooden tubes, each holding a loose charge. This pouch is adorned with a representation intended to resemble a tiger's face, and from the careless manner in which the powder

is carried, the probability of the wearer blowing himself up, extremely great. Their spears are of all kinds, sizes, and shapes, with which, in coming to close quarters, we found that they inflicted most horrid wounds; the favourite pattern of them is a long broad blade. They also use pikes, and a species of straight scythe with a handle very short in proportion to the length of the blade.

Mr. Mackenzie gives a vivid description of the scene, when an immense flotilla was towed, carrying one of our columns beyond Canton. The flotilla had been captured during the previous days, and was admirably adapted for the conveyance of our troops, as well as to shelter them from the sun:—

The steamer was full of red-coats; while the tail, beneath which Dan O'Connell's must for ever hide its diminished head, was composed of every variety of China craft, from the far up-country tea-boat, capable alone of conveying 400 men, and quaintly christened by Jack, "Noah's Ark," down to the humble sampan, conveyed about 2,400 fighting men. In fact, what with the novelty of the scene, and the excitement of the service, such a sight was never before witnessed. The scenery around, as far as the eye could reach, was very beautiful, the fields being in the highest state of culture; while the banks of the river, bordered with hedges, would, to a vigilant enemy, have afforded great facility for harassing our progress. On arriving at the landing-place, five miles above Canton, at 5 P.M., the 49th regiment was immediately landed; and after taking possession of two large Joss-houses, or temples, for as many of the troops as they could contain, proceeded to escort the general in a reconnoissance of the country which next day would be the scene of action. We were out on this service about three hours, and were able distinctly to ascertain the position of the enemy, and succeeded in advancing close to a small camp with the advanced guard.

The Chinese, however, took the alarm. Some casualties attended these transactions. There were also some peeps obtained of Chinese domestic arrangements and of their general economy:—

A poor camp-follower was carried off; and next day we found his headless trunk, the head having no doubt been cut off, to enable his captor to claim the reward. As night closed around us, it was beautiful to observe the lured glare of the fires in Canton, which were now blazing up fiercely, and showed the tall masts and spars of the ships distinctly, while the light of the "chaste moon" was completely eclipsed by the brilliancy of our earthly fire. Having obtained the necessary information, we fell back on our position on the banks of the river. On returning thither, as may well be imagined, we were rather hungry after our march; and it was with much pleasure that I accepted an invitation from a friend of the Madras artillery, to take some supper. I found the party assembled in the large Joss-house, the interior of which presented the most extraordinary sight I ever witnessed; the few lights merely serving to render the darkness visible, and at the same time show the numerous sleeping forms of the soldiers. In

the centre of the extreme end stood the principal altar, adorned with grotesque idols: among these figures I discovered two camp-followers busily employed in taking down a fine Joss; to serve, no doubt, to enrich the collection of Chinese *curios*. In the adjoining apartment, I found our party most zealously engaged in discussing an ample supper, at which I need not add, I had much pleasure in assisting. This important operation being satisfactorily executed, and the necessary number of cheroots smoked, without which no meal to the east of the Cape is reckoned as complete, Captain Gough and I set off to explore the house. The elegance of the rooms, as well as the chasteness of the decorations and furniture, was astonishing; while the beauty and delicacy of the carving, which was lavished around with an unsparing hand, showed that the Chinese fully merit the praise they have received with regard to their skill in this art. The garden also was in perfect keeping with the character of the building, being laid out in that picturesque style for which the Chinese are so celebrated. The grounds were stocked with many of those extraordinary gigantic shrubs, which are produced by stunting the growth of the plant. One "merrie conceit" in particular attracted our attention: at the end of a short passage was an oval opening, which seemed to terminate in a long walk; but on stepping out, we found another garden, laid out in a different style from the last. After wandering about for nearly two hours, we returned on board the Nemesis; but had not laid down half an hour, before we were roused by the bugles sounding the alarm: fortunately it proved a false alarm, and the remainder of the night passed away quietly.

The neighbourhood of Canton afforded other insights into manners and customs:—

The 29th was devoted to numerous exploring parties round the various positions, and in the villages near Canton, in many of which were some curious Joss-houses. One suburb of the city deserves particular mention; being, in the literal acceptation of the term, a city of the dead. It consisted of a well-built town, which was apparently not inhabited by living beings, but devoted entirely to the tenants of the tomb. The front of the houses was appropriated to the worship of Joss, while the back part was divided into several small chambers, each containing several coffins, arranged on elevated platforms, and surrounded with incense-burners. The outside of these chambers was tastefully ornamented with beautiful creeping plants; while over the doorway were generally inscribed some Chinese characters. The coffins were very thick, and made of camphor-wood; and, when opened, contained embalmed bodies in the highest preservation. Each "tenant of his narrow bed," being attired in his best clothes, presented no unpleasing image of our long sleep. One coffin, in particular, contained a mandarin, dressed in full uniform, with rich satin robes and cap and button, denoting the rank of the deceased: one hand held a fan, and the other a Chinese chop, perchance a letter to Charon; while some money was arranged on his breast, in the form of a cross, intended no doubt as a fee for the boatman. The Chinese are, I believe, very particular in paying respect to the memory of their ancestors, which may in some degree account for the extreme neatness of this immense mausoleum.

We now quote an illustrative anecdote with regard to the opium-smuggling. Comment is unnecessary, seeing that a magistrate furnishes the example:—

During an excursion into the interior, we halted a short time to rest; and while here, the elder of the village, at which we were, came out, and invited us to sit down in his house—an invitation I accepted with pleasure. After being seated a minute or two, the old gentleman produced an opium-pipe, with all the paraphernalia belonging to it, and, after preparing every thing, offered it to me. Not being inclined to partake of it, I declined the proffered civility; at which the old gentleman smoked the pipe himself. This is but one instance, out of many I know, of the partiality of the Chinese for the drug. The well-known venality of the mandarins is such, that it will not surprise my readers when I say, that I never yet entered a mandarin's house without finding quantities of opium. This will serve to show the error some have fallen into, in supposing that the practice is not universal, and that it is not connived at by government officers. In fact, to talk of the Chinese government putting down opium-smoking, or even wishing to do so, is about as absurd as to attempt to stop beer-drinking in the United Kingdom.

The Narrative presents some facts which indicate the disposition of the Chinese people:—

An expedition, under Captain Scott of H.M.S. Samarang, having the plenipotentiary with him, proceeded up the Broadway, a passage of the Canton river never before navigated by any European vessel. This force took and destroyed several small forts and mandarin stations, and otherwise harassed the enemy. In addition to the natural difficulty of the navigation, the passage was much obstructed with stakes, placed there to prevent our advance. The peasantry, however, came to us voluntarily, and assisted the seamen in clearing them away, manifesting no signs of fear or distrust, and none of hostility: they also rendered us, in other respects, every assistance in their power.

Although it would be rash in us to speculate with regard to the precise issue of the war, it yet seems probable, now that a new campaign has commenced, that the final treaty will be concluded in the capital of the Chinese empire. Mr. Mackenzie himself says, even after his lament over omissions, procrastinations, and fruitless observance of civilized manners, that "A new scene and new theatre for action is now open to the expedition: let us therefore, in conclusion, hope that the operations carried on may lead to a certain and honourable adjustment of the many difficulties with which we have to contend; but that, at the same time, so severe and salutary a lesson will be taught the Chinese, as effectually to prevent a recurrence to their formerly oft repeated and too long unpunished atrocities."

The appendix to the volume contains several highly interesting

papers. Among these we find the memorial which Keshen sent to the emperor on the state of the defence of Canton province. We must copy out a portion of this characteristic document:—

Your slave has also made personal observation of the character and *disposition of the people* of this province. He has found them ungrateful and avaricious. Putting out of view those who are actual traitors, and of whom, therefore, it is unnecessary to say anything, the rest dwell indiscriminately with foreigners; they are accustomed to see them day by day; and, after living many years together, the utmost intimacy has grown up between them. They are widely different from the people of Tinghae, who, having no previous intercourse with foreigners, felt at once that they were of another race. Let us reverse the circumstances, and suppose that the English had craftily distributed their gifts and favours, and set at work the whole machinery of their tricks, *here* as at Chusan; and it might verily be feared, that the whole people would have been seduced from their allegiance; they would certainly not have shown the same unbending obstinacy that the people of Tinghae did. These plain evidences of the want of firmness on the part of the people here, give us still more cause for anxiety. We find, on turning over the records of the past, that, when operations were being carried on against the pirates of this province, although these were only so many thieves and robbers, with native vessels, and guns of native casting, yet the affair was lengthened out for several years; and was only put an end to by invitations to lay down their arms under promise of security. And it is much to be feared, that the "wasp's sting is far more poisonous" now than then. Your slave has again and again revolved the matter in his anxious mind. The consequences, in so far as they relate to his own person, are trifling; but as they regard the stability of the government, and the lives of the people, they are vast, and extend to distant posterity. Should he incur guilt in giving battle when unable to command a victory, or should he be criminal in making such arrangements as do not meet the gracious approbation of his sovereign,—he must equally bear his offence; and for his life, what is *it*, that he should be cared for or pitied! But if it be in not acting so as to meet the gracious approbation of his sovereign that he becomes guilty, the province and the people have yet their sacred sovereign to look to and rely upon for happiness, protection, justice, and peace. Whereas, if his guilt should lie in giving battle when unable to command a victory, then will the celestial dignity of the throne be sullied, the lives of the people sacrificed, and for further proceedings and arrangements it will be, in an increased degree, impossible to find resource. Entertaining these views, a council has been held of all the officers in the city; namely, the general and lieutenant-generals of the garrison, the lieutenant-governor, the literary chancellor, and the commissioners, intendants, prefects, and magistrates, as also the late governors, Lin Tsihsen and Tang Tingching; all of whom agree that our defences are such as it is impossible to trust to, and that our troops would not hold their ground on the field of battle. Moreover, the troops ordered from the different provinces by your majesty having yet a long journey to come, time is still necessary for their arrival: nor can they all arrive together. The assem-

blage of a large body of troops, too, is a thing not to be effected without sundry rumours flying about:—our native traitors are sure to give information; and the said foreigners will previously let loose their contumacious and violent dispositions. Your slave is so worried by grief and vexation, that he loathes his food, and sleep has forsaken his eyelids. But, for the above-cited reasons, he does not shrink from the heavy responsibility he is incurring, in submitting all these facts, the results of personal investigation, to your celestial majesty. And, at the same time, he presents for perusal the letter of the said foreigners, wherein they make the various restorations before enumerated. He humbly hopes his sacred sovereign will with pity look down upon the blackhaired flock—his people, and will be graciously pleased to grant favours beyond measure, by acceding to the requests now made. Thus shall we be spared the calamity of having our people and land burned to ashes: and thus shall we lay the foundation of victory, by binding and curbing the foreigners now, while preparing to have the power of cutting them off at some future period.

ART. V.—*Arabic Language and Lexicography.* By W. GESENIUS, Professor of Theology in the University of Halle.

To his "Manual Hebrew and German Lexicon" Professor Gesenius has prefixed a dissertation, containing a condensed, and, by oriental scholars, highly esteemed, view of the sources of Hebrew philology. In pursuing his examination of the ultimate sources of our knowledge of the signification of Hebrew words, he traces them back to several. Among these the following figure, viz. the *kindred languages*, all of which, he admits, so far as the monuments of them are now extant, are younger than the Hebrew of the Old Testament. But still they are in fact more copious than the Biblical Hebrew, and are either living languages, or have been systematically treated in grammars and lexicons by native scholars, or at least are extant in several writers. On these accounts these kindred languages are of great importance, seeing that there can be in them comparatively much less doubt than in the Hebrew. To make use of all these sources with critical judgment and with a correct estimate of the value of each; and, in the special cases where they sometimes are discordant with each other, to search out and establish the proper relation among them, and also the context;—this, he says, is the office and the duty of the truly learned philologist and lexicographer, who investigates for himself, and who then assuredly cannot rest with merely making use of his immediate predecessors.

According to the high authority of Gesenius, the most copious and important source of Hebrew philology and lexicography, are the languages kindred with the Hebrew, usually denominated (in the absence of any appropriate appellation employed by earlier writers) the *Shemitish* languages; an acquaintance with which, he asserts, particularly in the etymological part of the investigation, is

indispensable. He divides the Shemitish stock into three principal branches; the *third* being the Arabic language, the most valuable by far, he tells us, of all the languages kindred to the Hebrew, and in every respect the most fertile source of Hebrew etymology and lexicography. We shall select some passages from the dissertation, where he goes more minutely into the subject of the Arabic, prefacing his observations, however, with a few words on the character and culture of its literature.

The literature of these cavaliers of the desert, is not more useful than it is delightful. Its very existence is a romance as wild, as bewitching, and to the first view seeming almost as unreal as the wildest of its enchanting tales. In studying the works which compose it, the Orientalist finds that fresh and racy feeling often renewed which he had in his boyhood, when reading, by the wasting light of his bed-lamp, the "Arabian Nights," which he had smuggled to his chamber. Amid the dulness of a study so dry and spiritless as numismatics, where every coin is almost like every other, this feeling is revived, with peculiar force, by the specimens of the medals of Arabian countries. A Cufic coin of gold is in the antiquary's hand. Cufic! there is poetry in the name; there is mystery and gracefulness together in the curves of those noble old letters. The gold is virgin gold, purer than the western sovereigns could afford. Nor is it any vulgar ore, washed from the red clay of Carolina, mined from the earth by the half-savage Brazilian, or picked from the sand by naked Guinea negroes. No; it is the gold of Ophir, coined from the hoarded ingots of Solomon, Darius, and Alexander. And its inscription, how strange!

"In the name of the most merciful God, Abdallah Imam Abu'l Abbas Ismael Al Mansur Billah, Prince of the faithful.

"Son of Imam Abi Abdallah Mohammed, the son of Imam Kaiem Beamrallah Al Sherif Hosein.

"O servant of God! God is the Lord; he will take away thy calamities.

"Coined in the castle of Segelmassa: may God defend it. 340 Hegira."

What a fulness of words is here; and what a simple and fervent religious feeling in the third legend, making the coin a sort of circulating homily! What an antidote to hard times it must have been!

Arabic poetry is interesting for its very strangeness. It loses not its value or enchantment, because it has not a Homeric, or a Miltonic richness, strength, and grandeur. It is wild and melodious, and often fervent and tender.

Arabic History is enchanting; nor can it be read without that high excitement which no history creates that does not preserve the rich pictorial style of an eyewitness.

Arabic literature had a peculiar growth before the Hegira; it consisted mainly of a few historic legends, war-songs, and hymns, which had perhaps never been written. These, like the northern *Sagas*, were preserved by tradition, and constituted the oral library of the tribes. The professed story-teller, while entertained in the tents of the desert, repeated these fragments to the tribe, seated around him, *à la sultana*, till every child came to know them well. The Koreish, who dwelt at Mecca, the centre of the old idolatry, the *keblah* of the black-stone religion, may have had some written literature before Mohammed, since the confluence of the rovers of the desert to that mart of commerce and temple of religion conferred on them peculiar privileges of refinement, and gave them the means of collecting the dialects of the language, and the traditionary literature of all the tribes. When Mohammed arose, the art of writing among them was so recent and so rare that the composition of the Koran was deemed a miracle. Not, as might be imagined, because its style or language is so wonderful, for it can maintain no pretensions of this kind, although the author of the *Bordah* was said to have been converted by the eloquence of one passage; not because its matter is so sublime, for it is a mere compound of Judaism, corrupt Christianity, and nonsense, in about equal proportions; but merely, that an Arab should have written a book of any sort. This was the real miracle.

From this low state, Arabic literature sprung into existence, as if by the working of a charm. Under the genial influence of the caliphs it flourished like the grass upon the sun-scorched desert when the early rain comes sweetly down upon it. The Cufic character, whose unsuitableness for literary purposes would have been a hindrance, was consecrated to the solemn inscriptions of medals and monuments; and at a very early period its place was filled by the more cursive and graceful *neski*. The oldest document in this character has been discovered in a Memphis manuscript, by De Sacy, bearing a date much earlier than has been given to the *neski*, namely, Heg. 133.

The conquests of the Saracens made them acquainted with the literature of Europe, and, in their universal ambition they also conquered it. The light of literature had gone out in the academies of Greece; it was dim in the forum of the Papal city, and in the basilicas of the Christian church; and it was dying in the marble palaces of the queen of the Bosphorus, when the Arab caught the flickering torch, and bore it away to the plains of Babylon.

The basis of the learning of the Arabs lies in translations from Greek writers. Certainly as early as the ninth century, they had translated Euclid, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Galen, Theophrastus, and Ptolemy. The Poetry of the west they neglected; for their taste was too rude to enjoy poetry without rhyme. Its history they

omitted; for they felt the proud consciousness that their own swords were destined to carve out a new history of the world, which would bear but a slender relation to the annals of the past. Native authors soon appeared and were fostered; and literature extended with the march of the Moslem, and paused in its march only when they were weary of conquest, and spread the canopy of their glory as a tent to dwell in. In Balkh and Samarcand, in Bagdad and Damascus,in Cairo and Granada, libraries, universities, and learned men rose like the mists of the morning, and literature was domiciled in all the high places, from the rose gardens of Cashmere beneath the rising sun, to the glorious and gloomy Al Hambra of the west. Among the interesting peculiarities of Arabic literature, the time, or rather age of its prevalence is not the least. It shone forth in its highest radiance in the darkest hours of the dark ages. Thus it preserved many of the lost works of antiquity by translating them ere they had become the prey of the moth and the mildew, or gave them a new range when the gates of oblivion were about to close upon them. Even where we find no actual translations of Grecian works, we find their ideas; so that much of the real learning of antiquity, especially in the arts and sciences, is preserved for us in the Arabic language.

Many of the "seeds of things" among ourselves can be traced to an Arabic source. The first university (if we omit the *Bottei Medrashoth* of the Jews, and the Christian schools of theology at Alexandria, Antioch, and Edessa, which we did not copy,) was the University of Cordova, an Arabic establishment founded by Al Hakem, the Al Mamon of the west. Encyclopædias, if we do not call Pliny's "Natural History" such, Almanacs, and probably Lexicons (for Hesychius is a glossary only), are of Arabic invention. Our numerals and arithmetic come to us from the same source, though they doubtless have an Indian origin. Algebra, or, as the Arabs call it, "al gebr u al mocabelah," *the reduction of equations*, was entirely an Arabic invention. So was Chemistry, a science now so magnificent as to be too proud to remember its mother. And who can say that the science of Geography among us is not more indebted for its parentage to Al Edrisi, the Nubian geographer, or to his magnificent patron, King Roger of Sicily, than to Ptolemy, or the Roman Itineraries?

Another peculiar feature is, that while Arabic literature shows the traces of a high degree of culture, both in its language and rhetoric, it is eminently a popular literature. The richness of the Arabic language is not often duly estimated, and cannot easily be explained in consistence with the shortness of its career as a learned language. It does not, like the English, with the recklessness of a bucanier, plunder words from foreign languages; nor does it, like the Greek and German, increase its stores by compound words;

nor does it, finally, like the Chinese, multiply them by pronouncing the same word with varying tones and accents to signify various things. Its words all come from its own roots, and are formed almost as regularly as if a committee of philosophers had moulded them, attached their meanings, and then secured their adoption and use by sovereign authority. It is also more opulent in words than almost any other language. Indeed one of the chief causes of difficulty in acquiring it arises from its prodigality of terms. Words expressive of a single quality or action, of a single thing or class of things, such as the words *laugh, trot, sorrel, marry*, and others in English, are very abundant in Arabic.

The rhetoric of the language is highly artificial, and shows much culture. Of this the numberless treatises on particular points of grammar or rhetoric afford sufficient evidence. Still the literature is popular. It has no learned or sacred language, like the Sanscrit of India, or the Latin of Europe, in which scholars write for scholars. Its works are composed for the multitude, nearly all of whom can read, and accordingly it is eminently practical and useful.

Arabic literature is rich in just what we need to fill the vacancy caused by the dark ages; namely, works of history and geography. Philosophy we can manufacture for ourselves. Astronomy, medicine, chemistry, and most of the arts are on the onward march, and must be learned in the observatory, laboratory, hospital, or workshop. For geography, and for the history of man and of nature, we must recur to the monuments of past ages. Invented history is already a weariness to the world. For the geography of the East in the middle ages, and till recent times, we have little light but from this source. Our only knowledge of India and China, from Arrian to Marco Polo, comes from two Arabian travellers, whose works are in an English version under the title "Ancient Accounts of India and China." Arabic geography is, however, quite rich in authors.

The advancement of Arabic learning among European scholars has been slow, but solid. Its relation to Hebrew literature gives it a permanent importance for students of the Old Testament Scriptures. Who can estimate the biblical labours of Schultens and his successors, down to Gesenius in our day, and not render homage to the Arabic language, in whose rich mines they have so successfully wrought? Its commercial value, too, is beginning to be great. It would become of the first consideration, if the commerce of the East should again flow through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as it did in the days of the Ptolemies and the Fatimite caliphs; an event now by no means improbable, since the British government, after Colonel Chesney's careful survey of the Euphrates, has fixed on the Red Sea route for the great Oriental mail line. There is, further, in our age, an interest in it among learned men, belonging

to that search which they are prosecuting after the literary treasures of every language, time, and country; an interest in which Christian men participate, from their determination to send both the documents and the teachers of their religion to all nations.

We now follow Gesenius, who declares that the Arabic is one of the richest and most cultivated, and also in its literary history one of the most important languages in the world. We know, however, only the northern and principal dialect which prevailed in the region of Mecca, and which, being elevated by Mohammed to the language of the books and the universal dialect of the people, has entirely supplanted the southern or Hamyaric dialect; unless, indeed, this latter, as is very probable, be for the most part preserved in the Ethiopic language.

Arabic literature, and consequently our knowledge of the language, commences shortly before Mohammed, with numerous specimens of highly original and genuine popular poetry, of various contents; the shorter of which are contained in the collection called the *Hamasa;* while seven larger ones bear the name *Moalakal.* These were soon followed by the *Koran* itself, which veneration towards the prophet at once elevated to the rank of the loftiest model of language and of poetry; and also by a number of elegant poets, who are as yet least of all known to us. After the earliest Abassides and the building of Bagdad in the ninth century, the national literature assumed also a scientific character. This latter literature grew up in a foreign soil; and contains treatises upon philosophy, mathematics, and the natural sciences, partly translated from the Greek, and partly imitated after Greek models. The Christian literature of the Arabians, viz., the different versions of the Bible by Jews and Christians, may also here be mentioned. The strictly national literature of the Arabians, however, consists of an extensive series of poets, grammarians, rhetoricians, historians, and geographers, closing in the 14th century. The poetry which has partly a lyrical character, and partly wears the external form of prose, was often in the hands of the grammarians: a circumstance which indeed often gives it a more learned and laboured form and manner, but at the same time increases its value to the philologian. In history and geography the style and manner are simple, often indeed careless; and the whole wears rather the character of compilation.

For the biblical student's purpose it is particularly important to become acquainted with the Arabic lexicons compiled by native grammarians; and with the manner in which our modern lexicons have been derived from them. Here, two classical lexicographers meet us at the outset. The first is Abu Nasr Ismael ebn Hammad al Djauhri, who died in 398 of the Hegira, or A.D. 1107, a Turk by birth; and who, after many journeys among the tribes most celebrated for the purity of their language, compiled a dictionary to

which he gave the title of *the pure;* and in which he has collected about forty thousand words, but with the exclusion of provincialisms and phrases not entirely pure. It is arranged, like most of the Arabic lexicons, according to the *final* letters; and the significations are supported by numerous citations, mostly from poets and grammarians now lost. The second is Medjeddin Mohammed ben Yakub el Firuzabadi, known most commonly by the latter name of Firuzabad in Persia, who died in 817 of the Hegira, or A.D. 1415. He was the author of a yet more complete dictionary under the title of *the Kamoos*, or the Ocean; in which all the words, even the most frequent, are inserted; but with the omission of the citation of authorities, of which at least not very many occur. The number of words amounts to about sixty thousand; and the compiler states that he gives in this work the fruits of his perusal of two thousand of the most applauded Arabic writers.

From these two original lexicons, have been chiefly derived all the modern Arabic lexicons; and that in the following order. The earliest, by Antonio Giggeius, contains a translation of the Kamoos, the words only being arranged in the occidental manner according to the initial letters. But not only is the general arrangement of the work exceedingly inconvenient, inasmuch as the signification and derivations of each root stand confusedly mingled together; but the translation also, as we are now in a situation to perceive, is not to be confided in, and is full of errors; arising no doubt partly from the false readings of the probably incorrect manuscripts, and partly also from a false apprehension of the meaning of the original. The Latin, moreover, is barbarous, and often leaves the reader in doubt as to the sense which the translator means to express. A better work, beyond all comparison, is that of J. Golius, which is as yet the most useful Arabic lexicon. (Professor Freytag of Bonn had, at the time when Gesenius wrote, his Arabic lexicon in the press, which is partly a renewed use of the native lexicographers and a certain number of the best authors, and partly a more correct arrangement and deduction of the significations.) Golius, who had opportunity to perfect his knowledge of the language in the East, took Djauhari as his basis, supplied from the Kamoos what was deficient, and made use besides of many other lexicographers and writers with much learning and judgment. But he wholly neglected the proper arrangement of the signification; so that the primitive signification sometimes stands last. Something more was done in this respect by Castell in the Arabic part of his *Heptaglotton;* he also supported the different significations by quotations from the biblical versions, and from some writers on medicine and natural history, and supplied also many words and forms from the Kamoos. But yet these supplements are not at all to be depended on; because he has mostly, if not exclusively, made use only of Giggeius;

and the scholar has cause here to be very much upon his guard. The very useful dictionary for other purposes, compiled by Francis a Mesgnien Meninski, and republished by Bernhard von Jenisch, 1780-1802, in four volumes folio, is rendered less useful for etymological investigation, from the very circumstance of its strictly alphabetical arrangement; and besides, the Turkish and Persian are the principal objects in it.

But whilst these writers, and especially the Kamoos, are most invaluable and authentic sources for the knowledge of the existing idiom, yet the scholar must not seek with the same confidence in them for etymological research, for remarks upon the primitive significations of words, and the like. For these objects the Arabic Scholiasts on difficult writers, as on Hariri and the Moallakat, are much more fruitful sources; and A. Schultens especially deserves great praise for his labour in working up and developing this rich mine, although he may have here and there gone too far in his etymological conjectures. Many etymologies of Schultens' school, with a cautious separation of what is conjecture and what is fact, are found in Willmet's Arabic Lexicon; in which at the same time special reference is had to certain Arabic writers.

The personal and continued perusal of Arabic writers will be indispensable to the truly learned interpreter of the Old Testament; and will always be to him a rich source of parallels and comparisons for language in the broadest sense of the word, as also for ideas, poetical figures, &c. But still the helps afforded by lexicons which are extant, will suffice for him who knows how to employ them; and will enable him to determine almost every where the proper *usus loquendi*, and to detect the errors which have found their way into many philological works, partly through careless use and misunderstanding of the lexicons, and partly through the mistakes which have crept into the most common of the lexicons themselves.

Before starting with his observations relative to the Arabic language, Gesenius states that the *Ethiopic* is an early branch of it; and that of both these again, there are later corrupted dialects; viz. of the former the *Moorish* and *Maltese* dialects, and of the latter the *Amharic*. In an after part of the dissertation he, in accordance with this statement, says that, in a language so copious and so widely extended as the Arabic, it could not well be expected that there should not be a great variety of dialectical differences; and that in fact we find that many a dialectical idiom of this sort corresponds more nearly to the Hebrew, than the common Arabic language of books. This is particularly the case with the so called *Vulgar Arabic;* which indeed much more resembles the Hebrew, both in a grammatical respect by its fewer and shorter forms, and also in its far less degree of copiousness. Even the still remoter dialects of the Moors and of the natives of Morocco and Malta,

contain many peculiarities, which connect themselves back with the most ancient idioms; just as it is often the case, that the same phenomena of language repeat themselves unexpectedly, in the remotest periods and districts of the same people.

In the Ethiopic language, we possess a very remarkable relic of the Hamyaric, or dialect of southern Arabia, which since the time of Mahommed, has been wholly supplanted by the present written Arabic; the Ethiopic people having been, as is well known, a colony from southern Arabia, which wandered across the Red Sea. Its peculiar written character also seems to be of Arabian origin, and to have been primitively the same with that of the ancient Hamyaric. The language accords in general, indeed, most nearly with the Arabic, but it is less rich and cultivated; and has quite a number of words in common with the Hebrew, which are not found in the Arabic. The literature is exclusively of an historical and ecclesiastical kind; but of the not unimportant historical writings, nothing has as yet appeared in print. The date of these writings falls between the introduction of Christianity into Ethiopia under Constantine the Great, and the fourteenth century; when this language, by a revolution in the government, was supplanted by the Amharic, which is still spoken in Abyssinia, while the Geez dialect is employed only as a written language for every species of written works or documents. The Ethiopic, both in respect of grammars and lexicons, has been handled with uncommon skill and learning by J. Ludolf; whose Grammar and Lexicon, in the second editions of them, are among the best philological works connected with the Shemitish languages. In the composition of both, he made use of many manuscripts, and also enjoyed the oral instruction of Abba Gregorius, a learned Abyssinian priest.

The present spoken language of Abyssinia, the Amharic, is poor in words and in grammatical forms; and is more interesting for the Hebrew scholar in a grammatical respect, than as supplying a vocabulary for lexicons. At least I am aware, Gesenius says, in concluding his observation on Hebrew lexicography, and its kinship with the Arabic language, of almost no coincidences which the Amharic has with the Hebrew, which do not already exist in the Ethiopic.

Freytag's lexicon has been published since Gesenius wrote the dissertation from which we have been quoting. The announcement of Freytag's plan led the learned to expect no more than a reimpression of Golius. For this they waited long; and when it was told, that the work was to be entirely original, they cheerfully waited longer still. This interest in the work, caused by a growing desire to cultivate the language and literature of that Arab race, whose history, and whose position among the nations of the earth, are almost as peculiar and mysterious as those of the outcasts of Israel,

whose dwelling is every where, and whose home is nowhere, was highly favourable to its reception. It gave to the author the power of realizing the most brilliant dream of a German mind, in making an epoch of his age. How he has used his opportunity, how he has met the wants and expectations of his compeers and his followers in Oriental learning, can now be decided; for the work has been long enough before the public to admit of its being not only examined, but used.

His lexicon is not, as it was first announced, a recension of Golius, but an original work, so that it must enter the lists of comparison with this time-honoured father of Arabic literature in Europe. Freytag's advantages certainly were greater since his work is founded on both the native standard lexicons already mentioned, viz. those of Djauhari and Firuzabadi. These are the two great pillars on which he has reared the structure of his lexicon. But, it is maintained by scholars, that the only merit, which he can claim over Golius and Giggeius, arises from a more accurate reading of the text, a truer translation, and a solution of some difficulties, by comparing them together. His Latin seems often to be carefully indefinite when he is translating words that he never saw except in the native lexicons. Indeed, a translated dictionary must always be a feeble and hazy light to a linguist.

In short, Freytag's merits and demerits lie in little matters; and he, who, by composing a lexicon from original reading, is to make for Europe an epoch in Arabic literature, is yet to appear.

No lexicon deserves patronage, which will not suffice for the perusal of a number not only of printed classical Arabic works to which access may be obtained, but also of those manuscripts which are now in public libraries, or in private collections, promising from their value ere long to be published, in obedience to the wants of the age. A new Arabic lexicographer must explore all these, whether they be already in print or not in print. The study of them demand not only *a* lexicon, but the very best lexicon; and whoever offers one must expect it to be judged by its adaptation to the present wants. Arabic literature ought now to be, as it soon will be, made accessible to English scholars. Perhaps a taste for it must first be fostered as it was for that of the Greeks and Latins, by translations of interesting and important works. The "Oriental Translation Fund," instituted in 1828, for the purpose of publishing oriental manuscripts, has already done something towards the required and the interesting end. But much more will be and ought to be accomplished. New translations and lexicons will reciprocate their influences; so that at length, not only will the demand for them progressively enlarge, but the supply will, as in other things, keep pretty nearly up with the demand.

ART. VI.—*A Journal of a Residence in the Esmailla of Abd-el-Kader, and of Travels in Morocco and Algiers.* By COLONEL SCOTT, K.S.F., K.C. Whittaker.

A SOLDIER—perhaps we best describe the book when we say a soldier of fortune—has written this work; for it has the manner as well as the incidents which such a character would be likely to place before the reader. Colonel Scott was an officer in the Spanish service during the recent civil war, and when it came to a close he seems to have given a distinct expression to his politico-military principles by enlisting himself under the banners of Abd-el-Kader, for whom he entertains a high regard; a personage of the name of Noel Mannucci having contagiously operated towards this result of feeling and of action. But this step was not taken without certain misgivings in relation to the Foreign Enlistment Act, however much the Colonel might be inclined to fight the French on the coast of Barbary, or any other coast, he having a terrible horror of "despotism" anywhere. Still, surmounting these obstacles, he went with an adventurous spirit to work, and half-soldierly, half-officially, became a not insignificant character, as we gather from his Travels, in the quarrels between our Gallic friends and the invaded people of Algiers and Morocco, among whom he figured for some ten or eleven months in 1841.

Colonel Scott has not all the requisites of a traveller. He appears neither to have had time nor taste for antiquities, or any other subject of literary pursuit. But his book is not destitute of merit, nor of an informing character; for what it speaks about it does plainly and sensibly, affecting neither to say more than it has a right to do, nor telling anything in a manner unbefitting a gentleman "of arms." There is besides an interest attached to the subject not dissimilar to that which accompanies the British position in Afghanistan; and therefore we copy rather lavishly from the pages, were it merely on the principle of parallelism with what we have exhibited about China. Accordingly we go to work, commencing with natural history:—

I had often heard of lions being numerous in this part of Africa, but had never seen any till to-night, when I saw two of them, by moonlight, at a short distance from the government building. I called Hadgi Mahomet, and pointing them out to him, he laughed, saying in broken Spanish, that there were more lions here than sheep; in fact, from the frequent roarings which we heard of these nocturnal visitors, he appeared to be borne out in his statement. It appears that Abd-el-Kader, like Araoun-al-Raschid in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, frequently goes about in disguise, in order to inform himself of the actual state of affairs; one night he came from the Esmailla to Tegedempt alone, to ascertain the

correctness of a report which had been made, that it was unsafe to be in the streets after nightfall. He remained walking about the town till near midnight; on his return he had to pass the brook of Tegedempt, and it being the hour of prayer, he halted to perform his devotions, and was washing his feet in the stream, when a huge lion made his "handsome bow before him," doubtless having just dropped in, like Paul Pry, to make a call. The Sultan met the lion's stare, and with a frown, calling him a Kilb-ben-el-Kilb, for intruding upon him at so unseasonable an hour, bade him begone for a Kaffer; strange to say, the lord of the forest cowed his head before the defender of the faithful, and, turning tail, walked off. By the Arabs this was considered as a miracle wrought by the prophet in favour of his *protégé* Abd-el-Kader, who is frequently styled by his subjects "the beloved of Mahomet." I should, however, be more inclined to place this circumstance to the generosity of this noble animal, who seldom attacks the human species unless driven so to do by extreme hunger. The Arabs say that the females of their tribes, if a lion makes his appearance at their tents, have only to show him their breasts, when he invariably hangs down his head and walks away. Although a traveller, and used to strange stories, I did not exactly give credit to this assertion.

Variety:—

In consequence of to-day being so great a festival, there was nothing to be heard but the firing of muskets in all directions; and frequently the Arabs were to be seen amusing themselves by pointing their muskets at the Jews, who did not much relish this part of the diversion, as a stray musket might chance to be loaded with ball. There is not much trade carried on here at present, the products of the country, such as camel's hair, wax, and wool, not affording a sufficient profit to convey overland to Tangiers or Tetuan; that is, in the opinion of the Moorish trader, who is content with nothing less than cent per cent, and the Jews here are none of them sufficiently opulent or enterprizing to undertake any trade of consequence. The wool of Algiers is of various quality. Towards Constantina it is much finer than in the western provinces; but so little attention is paid to the breeding of their flocks by the Arabs, that all qualities of wool are to be met with in the same tribe, some of which in England would bring 2*s.* 8*d.* per pound, whilst others would not be worth more than 8*d.* However, still an immense profit is to be made on it, as a fleece is to be had here at from 4*d.* to 6*d.*, weighing from two to four pounds, according to the fineness of the wool; and if it be wether or ewe wool, the former is always much more weighty than the latter. The duty on shipping wool in Morocco is five dollars per cwt., which, added to the expense of land-carriage for four hundred miles, brings it to about 4*d.* per pound at Tetuan. Wax is to be procured here at about fifteen dollars per cwt. The Cashmere goat might be introduced into this country with every advantage, the climate from hence to the Taafna being peculiarly adapted for that animal. The common goat is sold here at about 2*s.* per head, full grown; and as there exists the most extraordinary circumstance in breeding this most valuable stock, viz., that in three crosses of the Cashmere buck with the common female, the wool or down becomes the same as that of the pure

breed, it would be a most profitable speculation. A more strange circumstance is, that the progeny of the Cashmere buck are invariably white, like the sire; each goat produces on an average ten to twelve ounces of down, which is worth 20*s.* per pound. The principal manufacture of this wool is into the celebrated Cashmere shawls. The breed is to be had at Paris; it was exported from thence to New South Wales in 1830 by Mr. Edward Riley, and was found perfectly to answer in that climate, which is in the same latitude south as this is north. On the 6th we received information that the part of the convoy taken at Blida consisted of seventeen mules and eleven horses, and seventeen prisoners and one hundred and seventeen heads had been brought in to the sultan. This convoy had the ill-fortune to fall in with some of the tribes of the Metidja, who had a razia to revenge, and consquently gave little quarter. The Arabs did not state how many wounded the French had sustained, but an idea may be formed from the number of killed; four to one is usually allowed in regular warfare, but here the number of killed often exceeds that of the wounded. On the 7th we left Mascara for Tegedempt, travelling up a beautiful valley, whose rich soil appeared extremely favourable for the production of fools, if one might judge from the number of monuments erected to deceased marabouts or saints. I counted no less than fifteen of these monuments in sight at one time. We remained for the night at the foot of the mountains which bound the plain to the eastward, and on the morning of the 8th proceeded through a beautiful country of rich hilly land and valley. The hills were in many places under cultivation, yielding heavy crops of wheat and oats; maize being little cultivated till you come to the neighbourhood of Meliana. The French, we are informed, had marched a considerable force from Algiers on Meliana, and had attempted to surprise the sultan's camp. They failed in their principal object, which was to take his highness prisoner, but his determined courage and horsemanship were what saved him from this scrape. He was surrounded, and in the middle of a French square, who thought themselves sure of the one hundred thousand francs, which reward exists for the emir's person whether dead or alive; but uttering his favourite expression, "Emshallah!"—with the will of God,—he gave his white horse the spur, and came over their bayonets, escaping without being wounded. He lost, however, about thirty of his body-guard, which is composed of his personal relations and intimate friends: amongst these was his secretary. We had brought a beautiful silver-mounted Turkish scimitar for this latter worthy friend; but his translation to the seventh heaven rendered our present unavailable. We gave it to Buccleigha, the governor of Tegedempt, and it afterwards flourished in his hand when he made the *razia* on the descendants of Sodom and Gomorrah.

More of a parallel nature:—

With the firm belief that paradise is open to him who falls in battle, or takes away the life of a Christian, is it to be wondered at that they rush headlong into danger, or give so little quarter? He who can boast of having cut off the head of an infidel is looked upon as already booked in the muster-roll of the seventh heaven. The unfortunate females taken by the Arabs had been all brought to the Esmailla, and placed under care of

the Sultana. There had been six taken last year, who had all died of the fever which prevailed here during the summer, excepting one little girl, whom Mr. M.'s lady had taken charge of. Maria, the name of the child in question, was only about nine years old; she had been taken, with her two elder sisters, in the neighbourhood of Algiers. Her father was one of those deluded settlers who had emigrated from his mother-country, in the hopes of bettering his circumstances in the new colony, which was held out to them under the most flattering aspect. One night when he was absent from his cottage, it was attacked by the Arabs: the servant maid, who commenced giving the alarm, had her head cut off; the mother was felled by a blow from an Arab, but whether it was fatal or not, the children could not tell. The Arabs commenced plundering the house, but the shots which some of them had incautiously fired, bringing the French to the spot, they mounted their horses, and each placing one of the girls on the saddle before him, they came off at full speed, not taking time to see if they had killed the mother, or to bring off her head, which would have most probably been the case had they not had to make such a precipitate retreat. In the field of battle I have beheld my *compagnons* in arms fall around with unconcern—this is *fortune de guerre;* the blood, however, runs chill in our veins when we hear of, or see such scenes of horror practised upon the innocent and defenceless. In this barbarous transaction was concerned a renegade, now in the camp of Bennallel, named Mustapha. This traitor to his country, and renegade to his religion, is notorious for the number of heads he has brought in during the campaign; he once brought in those of two young ladies, whom he and another French deserter had surprised in a country house belonging to their father, and which was situated near the *maison carée.* The particulars of this shocking murder the pen would blush to relate; from a wild Arab they might have been expected, but from Europeans, and above all, a Frenchman, such atrocities would not be looked for. Yet the daring deeds performed by this vagabond cause him to be so far tolerated by Bennallel, that he is allowed to mess with his servants. The usual style of passing the dishes first from the Bey to his personal staff, and from thence to the menials in his service, frequently caused Mustapha to come off with short commons. One day, however, he hit upon an expedient which secured him a good dinner, which was as follows. Just as the Kalifa was seated to his repast, a cat jumped into the tent with its ears tied together, and a devil of wet gunpowder fastened to them, with one of the same description to its tail. To avoid having their clothes burned, the tent was immediately evacuated by its inmates; the renegade availed himself of the confusion which he had created to appropriate to his own purposes a fine dish of koskouso and two boiled fowls. On the return of the party to the tent, the dish was missed, and search being made, the individual in question was found behind a bank, doing full justice to the plate intended for his master. Being brought before him to answer the charge of purloining the dinner, and introducing Miss Puss in so unceremonious and unwelcome a manner, he stated that he had done it for the purpose of securing a good dinner for once, as in general the plates were so well demolished before it came to his turn to partake of their contents that there was scarcely anything left,

Bennallel was so much amused at the fellow's impudence, that he gave him two dollars, telling him that after a good meal he would also require some coffee to digest it.

Notices and facts for the observation of African travellers :—

The dates being dried, are ground and made into cakes. They had been upwards of three months from Tombuctoo, owing to their having made several halts at the different towns on their way. They had fifteen negroes with them for sale, principally girls; only one of them appeared to be above twenty years old, the rest were from twelve to sixteen; they appeared quite contented, being usually romping and playing about in front of their owner's tent, which was placed near the soto, or market; this is held once a week, on Thursdays. When this day arrives they will be exposed in the market, unless disposed of previously by private contract. Whilst I was looking at them, an Arab arrived to examine them, with intention to purchase. He commenced feeling their arms, breasts, &c.; and for one of the girls, the prettiest amongst them, who presented a bust which appeared particularly to strike his fancy, as he said she was *imlehah*, fine, he offered seventy dollars; the merchant in human flesh, however, asked eighty dollars, and no sale was consequently effected. The prices demanded for them varied from sixty to eighty dollars. Being desirous of obtaining information as to the manner in which they were obtained at Tombuctoo, I asked if they were purchased from their families, or were taken in the forays made by one tribe on the other. He said they were generally stolen from their parents, but sometimes taken in the wars; in either case they were brought to Tombuctoo, and deposited in a building outside the town, under the regulations of government, as the purchaser who went there was not allowed to enter the building in question to choose the number of slaves he wanted; but on stating the age and sex he required, and the number, they were brought out to him, and a bargain made for them, giving property in exchange, but that money was not received, it being there considered a sin to sell them for specie. The goods usually carried for this barter are haiks and blankets of Fez manufacture, and striped and plain cottons, beads and knives of European. He stated Tombuctoo to be as large as Fez, and was particularly anxious that I should accompany him there in December, swearing by the head of the emperor, and the sultan's, that he would bring me back in safety to Tegedempt. Had I it in my power, I should not have felt the least objection to taking the trip with him, disguised as his servant, and remaining in a separate tent with him alone. By pretending to be deaf and dumb before strangers, I might have gone with perfect safety, taking my interpreter as another servant of his; and being cautious to avoid its being observed, as Burns says, that there was "a chiel amang them taking notes;" which could only have been done by writing them by candle-light. And it would have been also requisite to have shaved the head, and put on the Turkish costume. More information is to be obtained in this way than by expensive expeditions, and being known as Christians, when you are looked upon not only as *Kilbs*, or dogs, whom to kill is to obtain Paradise, but

as spies of nations whom they fear, as wishing to seek out the nakedness of the land, to pave the way for future conquest. Gold dust and ivory, it is needless to say, are principal articles of trade with Tombuctoo. Gold dust can be procured here at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty dollars per lb. from the trader, but it is a monopoly which the emperor is desirous of maintaining; and to this may be attributed the death of Davidson, who was no doubt got rid of by the emperor in order that he might not bring to light any way of perverting the Tombuctoo trade from Fez.

Take a string of our free and easy Colonel's journalized dashes:—

We had all the Jewesses in the house in tears in the evening, for the fate of a youngster about fourteen, a nephew of the owner of the premises. We always barred the doors at eight o'clock, and no one was allowed to be admitted after that hour, unless leave had first been obtained from the Governor of the castle, Mr. M. The young Jew allowed an Arab to enter on pretence that he came to see some of the Jews: this, however, was no excuse: a breach of all military discipline had been committed; the delinquent was immediately brought up, and *viâ* summary jurisdiction, sentenced to receive fifty. The sentence was consequently executed on the spot. Hadgi Mohamet and Mousa, perfect adepts at the art of *hamlooing*, as tying the feet is termed, had him on his back in an instant, with his feet in the air; and a fine orange-stick, with which one of the soldiers administered the *quantum* prescribed, made the younster call out *aima*, mother, in splendid style, to the great amusement of the Arabs, who kept exclaiming Kilb el Judi, or dog of a Jew.

* * * * * *

The subject of religion brings to mind a curious belief which exists among the Arabs, viz. that we in England are not Christians *entirely*, but of an amphibious sort, something between Christians and Mahometans. They say that Mahomet was a great friend to the English, and wrote them a letter exhorting them to turn to the *true* faith, and that they should be the first people under his sway; and that we were almost converted, when the death of Mahomet put an end to the correspondence, and we remained infidels; but still we are not so bad as the others, because we do not worship images. It is also strictly forbidden by the Koran to make any resemblance of any thing supposed to be in heaven. I allowed them to indulge in this belief; which is so general, that to the question of what nation you belong to, when answered by "English," they reply "Imlehah," good; but if French, it is "Kilb ben el Kilb." For Spaniards, they merely value them in the ratio of the price they bring in Morocco, and call them "Gallinas," or hens.

* * * * * *

The fever prevalent here now paid us a visit. First my interpreter, then Domingo, and a renegade servant whom I had taken, (a Frenchman, formerly employed in the manufactory under De Casse,) were attacked by it; and lastly it came to my turn. However, I fully determined to make it countermarch as speedily as possible; and having no calomel at hand, I broke a looking-glass and swallowed the whole of the quicksilver on the

back. When the shivering-fit came on I took a glass of saltpetre; continuing the saltpetre for three or four days, and eating nothing, I *starved* it out. It, however, returned at intervals for near a month, but never lasted above a day; as, when I felt the chill which precedes it, I always had recourse to the saltpetre.

* * * * * *

Among the Jewesses are many good-looking girls; but what most attracted my attention in these ladies, was their gold-embroidered tunics and sashes of various colours, richly woven with gold threads, or silver, according to the rank and wealth of the wearer. I must not forget to mention their ear-rings: one young lady, the daughter of the Jew who acts as French Vice-Consul, had her ears decorated with a pair about the size of a quoit, and so weighty that she had to fasten them up with gold chains to the tiara. This is also an ornament which they pride themselves in having decorated with all kinds of precious stones; many thousand dollars are often expended on this peculiarly Oriental and graceful head-dress. Few wear stockings, but in lieu, the lovely white ankle is surrounded by gold or silver anklets; and the small foot is placed in a red morocco slipper, which shows it off to the best advantage.

* * * * * *

On the morning of the 26th, a caravan arrived from Tlemecen: among those who came with it were two French renegades and one Spanish, deserters from the Emir's service. The two Frenchmen stated that they escaped from Oran, to which place they had been transported to hard labour. The Spaniard confessed that he was a deserter from the Spanish Legion in the French service; and that he was also a deserter from the regiment of Zamora, or Eighth Spanish Infantry. From this corps he had deserted to the ranks of the infamous Cabrera. On the latter escaping from Spain, he had accompanied him to France, where he had entered the Foreign Legion. He was thus, according to his own account, a deserter from two services. There being, however, no doubt that they had at present escaped from the service of the Emir, we had them taken up and sent to Fez, to be dealt with according to the Emperor's pleasure; where, in all probability, they would lose their heads. Let not the reader accuse me of want of veracity when I state, that so little value is placed upon a renegade's life here, that the unfortunate Spaniards who escape from Ceuta or Melilah are sold by the chiefs into whose hands they fall, for from three to four dollars each. Those who have the good fortune, if such it may be called, to reach Fez, are made to enter the body-guard of the Emperor, which consists of about six thousand French and Spanish renegades; or they are sent to Ligouri, a town situated about sixteen leagues to the south of Fez. They are formed into regiments, and officers are selected from the most intelligent among them: here they are given ground, furnished with wives, and paid at the rate of three dollars per month. They are considered as a sort of soldier-peasants, being obliged to serve the Emperor whenever called upon —something on the plan of the Russian military villages—which is never the case unless the Emperor himself takes the field.

The Jew in whose house we were lodged was a silversmith: he informed me that another of his trade, an Arab belonging to the town, had three

Spaniards in his employ, having purchased them at three, seven, and ten dollars respectively. Jews are not allowed to hold slaves; which appeared to be the cause of much regret to our host, who no doubt would most willingly have procured some apprentices at the above specified prices. Black slaves here are extremely numerous; their price varies, according to their sex and age, from thirty to eighty dollars: a good-looking female has been known to cost one hundred dollars; but this is the highest price I have heard of having been given. A handsome White female will bring as high as three hundred dollars; but if they are of a *certain age*, as Byron terms it, or not good-looking, they are then considered as of no more value than a Black slave.

* * * * * *

On arriving at a defile through which we had to pass, the convoy halted, and refused to go any further unless another hundred dollars was given them. To be left here was certain robbery; therefore there was no alternative but to pay whatever they might choose to exact. After a little hesitation on the part of the Jews, the sum required was promised, and we resumed our journey. From the rear, cries continually assailed the ear, proceeding from those who having loitered behind were being plundered by the Arabs, whilst every now and then shots were fired in front, and the robbers were seen scampering off up the mountains: my interpreter, who was only the ninth part of a man, being a tailor, did not at all relish the music of a stray ball which now and then came past us, and contrived to keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down. The *agua ardiente* bottle suffered considerably, as at every ball he heard pass him he gave another pull at it.

On arriving at the Arab village Ben Nonan had been at, we found that he had left early the same morning for Oushdah, paying a thousand dollars to Bouhanani, the chief of Angad, to allow him to pass in safety through his territory: it was therefore determined that under these circumstances it would be better to go to the small town of Kaaf. A short time before we reached our destination, the party was halted, and a soldier begged that I would draw off my mules to a distance from the convoy. I accordingly suspected what was about to happen, and took the hint; availing myself of the opportunity to discuss some bread and cheese, and assist my interpreter in his respects to the *agua ardiente*. The Arabs now commenced collecting the sum which had been promised them; and any one who was at all dilatory in paying his quantum received a hint to accelerate his motions, by a blow from one of the bludgeons of our escort. The money having been collected, we proceeded to Kaaf; on arriving there we found that our loss was three killed and some four or five wounded. The killed were two Jews and a Jewess: the latter was a sweet pretty girl, only fourteen years old; her father brought in the body in front of him on his horse; it was a melancholy sight to see the venerable old man, down whose blanched and withered cheeks the tears trickled, falling on the lifeless body of her who but a few hours back was his sole solace. She was his only child, and her mother had been dead some years. * * *

The day after our arrival, a large party of Jews who were coming here were attacked and robbed by the Arabs: twelve of them were killed, the

rest being retained as prisoners till their brethren came forward, with three dollars per head to save them from a similar fate; the poor devils arrived at night in a perfect state of destitution. * * *

The route to-day was considered particularly dangerous, and it was dark night ere we reached the Fonduque: the ill effects of being so late on the road were felt severely by some whose animals had knocked up, as they did not reach that night, but came in at daylight the following morning *en négligé*. There were about twenty: the male part of them came in eased of every thing but their drawers and shirts; and the fair sex, of whose persons the day before only one eye was to be seen peeping out from under their haik, now offered all their charms to the vulgar gaze, being literally *en chemise*: the other females of the convoy, however, furnished them with garments to again envelop their fair forms from sacrilegious gaze, and we proceeded on our journey.

ART. VII.—*The War in Syria.* By Commodore SIR C. NAPIER. 2 vols. Parker.

THE "old Commodore" is too full of himself: Lord Ponsonby, the ambassador at Constantinople—Sir Robert Stopford, the commander of the expedition—and every one else who did not think and act as Sir Charles Napier dictated or would have done, being incompetent or in the wrong. These volumes are really far less interesting than one would expect, considering the position of the author, and the subject matter. They have not even the value of a plain unvarnished history of an important episode in the recent fortunes of England. No doubt the author regards the War in Syria as a theme worthy of a Gibbon to handle, and deems himself as mighty in the capacity of a diplomatist as he is as a brandisher of the sword. But there is a wondrous difference between the promise and the feat,—the girding on, and the laying aside. We could not have supposed that the War in Syria would have so soon become dull and issueless, or that its hero could have so entirely written himself down. The newspapers, after all, have been the historians of the Expedition.

Not that Sir Charles is an uninformed or a tortuous writer. He disdains to speak otherwise than he thinks, and has weighty enough matters to speak about, which he does in a straightforward style. We also believe that, had his system been steadfastly pursued, the contest would not only have been promptly brought to a close, but sundry misunderstandings avoided. And yet his book is of the heaviest sort, chiefly owing to its excessive egotism, and an undue enlargement of affairs which every one has already accurately measured. Still it is not unamusing to hear him talk of the convention which he entered into with Mehemet Ali, without adequate authority, and how he outwitted his superiors in command, by direct and

independent communication with the Admiralty and Foreign Offices, who praised him for the arrangements which he had made, and which saved these Boards a deal of trouble, although they must needs finds fault with the form. Sir Charles, for example, had his revenge, even in the form of a letter, of Sir Charles Smith, the commander of the troops, who strongly and testily disapproved of the convention to which we have referred. The correspondence is characteristic, at least in so far as relates to the Commodore. We first of all copy Smith's opinion of the "hasty and unauthorized" treaty:—

Head-quarters, Beyrout, 30th November, 1840.

Sir,—Had you fortunately abstained from honouring me with your letter of the 27th instant, I should have been spared the pain of replying to it. I am not aware that you have been invested with special powers or authority to treat with Mehemet Ali as to the evacuation of Syria by the Egyptian troops; and if you have such special powers and authority, you have not taken the trouble of acquainting me therewith.

The convention into which you have entered had been, as relates to the advanced stage of military events in Syria, more than attained by the retreat of Ibrahim Pasha. If therefore you have, unknown to me, had authority to treat, I must decline to be a party to recommending the ratification of the said convention; and if unauthorized to treat, such convention is invalid, and is by me protested against, as being highly prejudicial to the Sultan's cause, in as far as it has or may have relation to the operations of the army under my command. It is needless for me to add, that a copy of this protest shall be forwarded to her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

I have, &c.

C. F. Smith, Major-General, Commanding the Forces in Syria.

Commodore Napier, C.B., H. M. S. Powerful.

Now, how did the "rum old Commodore" treat this snappish letter? Why he took no notice of it at all to the Commander, until he had received an approving despatch from London, when he felt himself in a position to return this smart reply:—

H. M. S. Powerful, Marmorice, 6th January, 1841.

Sir,—Had I unfortunately abstained from writing to you, and the Admiral had quitted the coast, you would have had just cause to have complained of my want of courtesy.

When I left Beyrout, Sir Robert Stopford was Commander-in-chief of the Allied Forces by sea and land; it was therefore unnecessary for me to communicate to you what my powers were, as on him alone devolved the duty of approving or disapproving of my convention. He disapproved of it; and Ibrahim Pasha returned to Damascus. I quite disagree with you that the convention was prejudicial to the interests of the Porte; and I

am happy to say it has been approved of (with the exception of the guarantee) by her Majesty's Government; and I am now going to Alexandria to see it carried into execution.

I have, &c.

CHARLES NAPIER, Commodore.

To Sir Charles Smith, &c. &c., Gibraltar.

Seeing that our present number already contains an unusual quantity of matter relating to wars, expeditions, and campaigns, we cannot allow much room to the Commodore's strictures and exploits. We shall merely permit him farther to be seen on Mount Lebanon, and next in company with an Emir and an Emir's family. First, on the Mount:—

It was rather a new occurrence for a British Commodore to be on the top of Mount Lebanon commanding a Turkish army, and preparing to fight a battle that would decide the fate of Syria; but the very novelty was exciting to a degree. I was in my glory; standing on an eminence, surrounded by the general officers and my own staff, I fancied myself a great "Commander."

Here follows description,—

I have travelled in Switzerland and in the Tyrol, and admired the romantic scenery that you meet with in these fine countries; but still I give the preference to Mount Lebanon. The whole country is one mass of rocks heaped one on the other: and every spot of land capable of cultivation, is supported by terraces, and irrigated by streams of water from springs, which are abundant in the mountain. On these terraces the mulberry tree is cultivated with great care, and grows with much luxuriance. Fruit and vegetables of every description are grown in great abundance. The mountains produce only a sufficient quantity of grain for three months' consumption: the other nine months are supplied either from the plains of the Bekaa, or by importation. The roads throughout the mountain are purposely bad, to render the passage of artillery impracticable. This assists the mountaineers in the defence of their country. The mountain passes are strong, and if bravely defended by peasants alone, no army, ever so well disciplined, could obtain possession of them without immense loss. On approaching Ammanah, we descried armed peasantry stationed on the various heights to prevent surprise; and on our arrival at the court-yard of the château in which the Grand Prince was lodged, some hundreds of men were lounging about in the gay attire of the mountains, armed at all points. Many horsemen were also in the court-yard, ready to be despatched to any point whence an attack might be apprehended. On entering the château, which certainly had not much the appearance of the residence of a Prince, I was immediately ushered into his presence. The old man was sitting cross-legged, smoking his pipe, but immediately rose and embraced me with much warmth, calling me his friend, his protector, and master; praising, with much apparent warmth, the English, who had come to

release the mountaineers from the oppression of Mehemet Ali. Pipes and coffee were then produced, and after puffing away for a few minutes, the room was cleared, and an interpreter sent for.

Now for the Emir and his household:—

After going over the ground, we partook of the hospitality of Padre Ryllo, at Bechfaya. He had been an officer in the Polish army; and, after witnessing the destruction of his country, became a priest, and took refuge in the mountains of Lebanon. He was a most useful and intelligent man; had a large correspondence through the country, and was most serviceable in procuring information. Besides the Padre, there were half a dozen more priests in the convent, French and Italians, who possessed great influence in the mountains, and turned their attention to the education of the people.

After enjoying a good dinner, we mounted our horses, and proceeded along the summit of the mountains leading to Brumanhar. * * We were well received by the wife of the Emir of the place, whose name I do not recollect; she was mother to the wife of the Emir Bechir Cassim. We had a tolerable dinner served on a low table; and were afterwards invited into the ladies' apartment, where were seated the Princess and her two daughters, smoking their pipes, dressed out in all their finery. The three ladies wore horns on their heads, studded with jewels, about two feet and a half long, over which were hung veils, the horn richly ornamented. The old lady had lost her beauty, but not her dignity. The husband of the eldest daughter was a prisoner in Nubia; and when she heard I was going off to Alexandria, she implored me to obtain his release; she was a determined smoker, and frequently handed me her pipe. The second daughter was unmarried and handsome, and also treated me occasionally with a whiff, which is considered a high compliment on the mountains. After a good deal of conversation through the medium of an interpreter, we were served with coffee; the ladies then retired, and we followed their example.

ART. VIII.—1. *Banks and Bankers.* By DANIEL HARDCASTLE, JUNIOR. Whittaker.

2. *An Inquiry into the Causes and Modes of the Wealth of Individuals.* By THOMAS CORBET, ESQ. Smith and Elder.

WE shall try to make a lively article of "Currency" and the "Wealth of Nations," and begin with anecdotes. Who would believe that the genealogies, the statistics, the heraldry of money-makers, money-lenders, would ever produce such rich and fresh facts as the following?—

Apropos of Sir J. Child, I have to remark that he founded the firm which still retains his name at Temple Bar, and which, with the house of Willis, Percival, and Co., is considered to be about the oldest in London. Child's

house is understood to possess documents which prove their existence as a bank as early as 1663; since which they have never moved out of the same premises. The books of Messrs. Hoare, in Fleet Street, are said to go back to 1680; and those of Messrs. Snow, in the Strand, to 1685. Stone, Martins, and Stone, of Lombard Street, claim to represent the house of Sir T. Gresham; but this, I presume, must be more a matter of tradition than of documentary evidence; and is principally noticeable as suggesting views of ancient descent upon the part of our commercial interests which will bear a comparison with the genealogy of many noble houses.

The London banker of the old school—

Bore little resemblance to his modern successor: he was a man of serious manners, plain apparel, the steadiest conduct, and a rigid observer of formalities. As you looked in his face you could read in intelligible characters that the ruling maxim of his life, the one to which he turned all his thoughts, and by which he shaped all his actions, was, that he who would be trusted with the money of other men, should look as if he deserved the trust, and be an ostensible pattern to society of probity, exactness, frugality, and decorum. He lived, if not the whole of the year, at least the greater part of the year, at his banking-house; was punctual to the hours of business, and always to be found at his desk. The fashionable society at the West end of the town, and the amusements of high life, he never dreamed of enjoying; and would have deemed it nothing short of insanity to imagine that such an act was within the compass of human daring as that of a banker's lounging for an evening in Fop's Alley at the Opera, or turning out for the Derby with four greys to his chariot, and a goodly hamper swung behind, and well stuffed with perigord-pies, spring chickens, and iced champagne.

Anecdotes of Mr. Lewis Loyd:—

Mr. Lewis Loyd, according to his own account to the Lords' Committee in 1819, began business in 1792, at Manchester: where having spent a year, he removed to London; and has since remained with a partnership in the Manchester firm. According to report, he was originally an Unitarian clergyman, but soon tired of that vocation; finding it, as he is sometimes said to confess after dinner, much more profitable and agreeable to spend his time in turning over bank notes than in turning up the whites of his eyes. This antithesis reminds me that the figure is one to which Mr. Loyd is partial. When Frys and Chapman, the Quaker bankers, failed, a member of the Society took his account to Jones Loyd. "We think thee right, friend," said the senior partner; "it is wiser to place thy money with a rich sinner than a poor saint."

An extraordinary Manager:—

About the best thing a joint-stock bank can have is a good manager, and perhaps the most valuable talent he can possess is the faculty of judging, when a bill is offered to him for discount, whether it is legitimate or not; that is to say, whether it represents a *bona fide* transaction between the

parties to it. A friend of mine, a bill-broker in the City, tells me, that of all the men he has met in the course of business, the General Manager of the Union Bank possesses this talent in the most extraordinary perfection. The moment a London bill is shown him, he can tell whether a transaction to its amount can have properly passed between the parties; and will give off hand the most minute and extraordinarily correct information regarding the means and credit of the drawer, accepter, and endorsers.

Mr. Denison's decision in support of a great principle:—

The present Mr. Denison gave a striking proof of the extent of his resources and the spirit and decision of his character, when the Bank of Manchester, in 1835, proposed to become a bank of issue. That proceeding was highly distasteful to the Bank of England; which had previously enjoyed the exclusive circulation of Lancashire. Accordingly, the Manchester Bank was soon made to feel the displeasure of the Bank Parlour. Its drafts and acceptances became a subject of comment; its London bankers disagreed with the Directors, and closed their account; its London bill-brokers sent them notice that there would be difficulties to encounter in getting cash for their bills in future. A series of adverse circumstances arose in rapid succession to embarrass and distress the Company; they were full of anxiety, and reduced to extremities, when they had the good fortune to obtain an introduction to Mr. Denison. That gentleman, upon a brief statement of their case, and after satisfactory explanations as to their solvency, saw that a great principle was involved; that a cause in every respect national, and which the Government and Parliament had anxiously promoted, stood in jeopardy; and he brought the negotiation quickly to a favourable issue, by stating that he should be prepared with 600,000*l.* the next day to meet the demands of their agency, which, if necessary, he would increase to a million in the course of the week.

Irish embarrassments and Bank Failures:—

Severe as the distress of all classes was at this juncture, it gave rise to some ludicrous incidents. While it lasted, a gentleman in Cork wanted a leg of lamb, and offered a five-pound note for it, which was refused. In Limerick, a country gentleman with 1,500*l.* a year, had sent invitations out for a dinner-party the week the banks broke, and considered himself most fortunate on finding among his notes one Bank of Ireland note for ten pounds. No one doubted the goodness of the note, but no one could give change for it. Ten pounds, in gold or silver, were not in the county; and as for credit, there was none to be had. In this extremity, with money—which was not money—and without credit, having tried butcher, baker, and confectioner, in vain, the gentleman gave up the idea of his dinner-party in despair, and wrote to his friends to keep the engagement standing until he could procure cash or credit for a ten-pound note.

These extracts belong to the more lively and amusing parts of "Banks and Bankers," Mr. Hardcastle, Junior, appearing to have the run of the City, and to be a thorough-paced gossip, along with

the dogmatism of a political economist of his own narrow-floored school. He is in his own eyes a second Adam Smith, and talks of the precious metals and of bank-notes with more than a Macculloch's assurance. His object is "to explain, in a plain and familiar manner, what money, banking, and currency, properly speaking, are; and how it behoves us to deal with them at present in this country." But, not to trouble our readers at any considerable length with the more thorny and vexed branches of the subjects indicated, we merely have to state that he has a proposition for a system on the expiration of the Bank charter, viz. that gold and silver shall both be legal tenders, and that all paper shall not merely be exchangeable on demand for the amount of metal it promises to pay, but actually represent that amount.

The mixed silver and gold currency of our author is to be represented by mint-notes, which shall only be issued on lodgment of the quantity of metal for the amount of notes required. The following are definite heads of his theory:—

To accomplish these important results a few plain enactments would suffice; and I venture to name them.

1. That her Majesty's Mint should be managed by three Commissioners, who, like the Judges of the land, should be well paid, and removable from office only by an address from the House of Commons.

2. In addition to their present function of manufacturing the current coin of the realm according to the standard fixed by law, the authorities of the Mint should be empowered to issue notes payable to bearer on demand upon a sufficient deposit of gold and silver of the standard value.

3. Notes of 5*l.* and 10*l.* should be payable in silver only; notes of 20*l.* and upwards in gold.

4. Power might be given the Commissioners at those extraordinary junctures which will occasionally present themselves, when the superabundance of silver might happen to be very great and the scarcity of gold extreme, to fix an agio to be paid by those who required the scarcer metal.

5. Mint-notes should be the only legal tender; all banks should meet their issues either in specie or Mint-notes.

It would be very easy for us to show that where there is any novelty in this plan, it is either impracticable or dangerous; but instead of fatiguing the reader with details of figures and principles of currency, we at once proceed to a more novel and individually interesting theme, and one which is not far different from that which is involved in the questions, How to get and keep rich? How, upon scientific principles, to make money?

The "Inquiry" treats of Trade and Speculation, the principles of both being plainly and forcibly set before the reader. Some of the rules require only an enunciation; others, although not less

sound, call for reflection and illustration. For example, in regard to trade, the seller ought to have his views directed rather to steadiness of demand than large and unforeseen transactions. This is clear enough, but the following law is not so obvious, viz., that the safest policy is to sell as well as to buy at the regular market price, no matter what was the price at prime cost. Mr. Corbet shows that this is the wisest as well as the honestest principle; and indeed any other course of conduct becomes speculation instead of fair trade, which most probably will result in ruin, together with loss of character. With respect to *profit* also our author's lessons are striking and upright. Profit he proves and exemplifies is not something obtained for nothing, but a return for expended attention and knowledge, and the employment of capital. Our first extract carries us forward to another piece of sound doctrine, which is well supported by reference to notorious facts. Business, says Mr. C., is always overdone:—

> The excess of supply above the demand, may in truth always be remarked in trade, whether as viewed generally or particularly. Thus a ship-owner is obliged to exert himself to procure freights, and thankful when he gets them; a shopkeeper, to advertise his wares; a manufacturer, to send round travellers to sell his goods; in fact, most solicit custom, to puff themselves or articles; to use arts, as well as to incur expense, to obtain their object, and it is seldom that the best employed tradesmen or house ever do as much as they could, or at least would wish to do. All, generally speaking, are anxious to extend their business. Nor is this the whole. There is always in every business or trade a number of aspirants to, or candidates for, the public favour, who do not so much expect to live by it in the first instance, as to get into employment by their industry and patience, or the vacancies which occur in the course of time, and in the meanwhile hang loose upon trade.

Mr. Corbet selects a particular business for closer illustration, taking that of book-publication for his example; and certainly a more striking instance can hardly be found in recent trade, when readers may be safely said to have multiplied tenfold:—

> Yet, (as our author truly observes,) how many excellent or meritorious publications have been obliged to be given up from the want of the due or proper encouragement. And it is not long since the book-trade generally was in a state of unexampled distress,—evidently from having outrun the demand from over-publishing. If, also, we advert to that most popular of all species of literature, a newspaper, we shall find, such is competition and its effects, that a single generation is scarcely sufficient to establish one that shall pay. In short, however great the appetite or desire of the public for anything, the food administered, the supply furnished, goes beyond the demand. Like the Malthusian principle of propagation, the talent in society is always in advance, redundant, superabundant; and

great as are the exertions of the press, there can be no doubt that they are nothing to what they would be were there a correspondent call for them.

To pass on to Speculation :—this is said to be to Trade what the orbit of a comet is to that of a planet. It is more eccentric; still it has its regular, fixed, and uniform rules, and may be reduced to a science. *Trade* is the reward of industry, *speculation* of skill and sagacity, combined with patience. It is the present only which concerns trade, and its profits arise in small sums; whereas the gains of speculation are obtained at long intervals, the greatness of which makes up for their unfrequency. Another distinction between the two branches is this, that while the tradesman is careful to preserve his customers, the speculator is perfectly indifferent on this head.

The great principle of *speculation* is to calculate on the average price of any article during the course of a series of years, and to purchase below it. The profession and practice of the speculator has therefore got into bad odour, although they may be pursued not only with perfect uprightness, but so as to benefit society.

In a comparison between trade and speculation, Mr. Corbet does not for a moment hesitate to give the superiority to the former. Speculation he regards as a mere exception in business, arising out of the derangements of trade, or impossibility of adjusting the supply to the demand; but at the same time so far useful and necessary as respects trade itself, as it has a tendency to produce readjustment, to prevent extremes in price, whether these are extremely high or low. For, says he,—

If a person buy when prices are low, this has clearly a tendency to raise price; as if when he brings out a store and sells when prices are high, it has to lower it. With regard to the individual which is to be preferred, there seems to be as little doubt. Trade is steady and uniform, and can be carried on at all times; speculation, on the other hand, only occasionally, or when opportunity offers. There is therefore a peculiar certainty which belongs to the former which does not belong to the latter, and this certainty is the certainty of employment or scope for it. The time also required to mature a speculation is not to be forgotten, during which it may be conceived more money will often be made in the regular course of trade. As in mechanics, so in speculation, what we gain in force or accumulated power, saving of labour, we generally lose in time. Yet without doubt occasionally very large sums are made by opportunities which it requires but a very ordinary share of sagacity to foresee and take advantage of.

Here is an illustrative example,—

Greenland whale-oil within fourteen years, (viz., between 1822 and 1836) has afforded four good opportunities for speculation, low price as

well as high, on three of which a gross gain of 100 per cent. or upwards might have been obtained, on the fourth 50, while during the same period it is known to have been a bad business to the whale-fisher.

Our few extracts may convince the reader that not only may *trade* and *speculation* be treated scientifically but in an entertaining manner. What we conclude with will show that such is the case, the anecdote being an illustration that although it is a false principle to purchase largely with the view of creating a scarcity, and afterwards putting any price upon the article, yet that success may sometimes attend this species of gambling:—

A certain citizen of Montrose, it is said, wrote to his agent in London to purchase a ton of copper for him; but the letter being one of the very worst specimens of penmanship, as well as perhaps not very correct in point of orthography, the agent read the order a ton of capers. Surprised at such an order, but nevertheless anxious to oblige his correspondent, he immediately set to work, and he bought up the commodity in all quarters till he had the requisite amount. This, as may be conceived, was attended with the very natural effect of creating a demand for capers, (in the language of trade, capers came to be inquired after,) and also of rendering them scarce, so that they in consequence rose very much in price. The agent now wrote his correspondent that he had had great difficulty in fulfilling his order, but at last had succeeded in procuring for him a ton of capers; but that capers had since risen very much in price, and if he chose to sell he had now an opportunity of realizing a handsome gain on the transaction. The Montrose citizen, as might be expected, was very much astonished in his turn by the communication, and the manner in which his order had been fulfilled, but had the good sense to write immediately to sell by all means—and thus, it is added, pocketed a considerable sum from an unintentional speculation and unexpected advantage. Such a thing is possible or may be conceived to succeed with such a commodity as capers, of which there is always a limited quantity in the market; but resembles one of those stratagems of war by which a town is sometimes taken, the success of which is more wonderful than would be the failure.

ART. IX.—1. *Greece Revisited, and Sketches in Lower Egypt.* By EDGAR GARSTON. 2 vols. Saunders and Otley.

2. *Rambles and Researches in Thuringian Saxony.* By J. F. STANFORD, ESQ., M.A. Parker.

WHAT a change in Greece since Mr. Garston first visited the classic land, and like a true Philhellene fought for its independence! We must also remark that often as Greece has been described by tourists during the last twenty years, his Sketches have a vividness and a freshness that no one but an eye-witness with a clear vision could impart. In his pages Greece is a living land, and yet strangely

different from what it looked before the Cross vanquished the Crescent. Indeed his reminiscences have an interest in them which is happily matched by the pictures of a present or recent condition. Take a notice of a passage in the history of Mavrocordato:—

In 1825, when the brig of war of Sachtouris, of which Tsamados had taken the command, fought its way so gallantly out of the harbour of Navarino, through the midst of the Turkish fleet, Prince Mavrocordato was on board; and at his suggestion it was resolved to blow up the vessel in the event of the Turks making themselves masters of her. To him was entrusted the duty of setting fire to the powder magazine. The Turks attempted several times to board, but happily were repulsed with great slaughter. In the meanwhile, the Prince sat at the entrance to the magazine, pistol in hand, waiting the announcement of the fatal moment. His enemies endeavoured to represent his having volunteered to perform this awful duty as the effect of his anxiety to escape the dangers of the deck; but leaving out of the question the trying nature of the duty itself, and of the suspense in which he was compelled to remain (far more fearful than the stir of the fight above), the active part taken by the Prince in the military operations of the first years of the revolution, both in the Morea and in Northern Greece, was sufficient to vindicate him from so strange an accusation.

But it may be as well to introduce certain circumstances which illustrate the altered condition of Greece, since Mr. Garston volunteered his services in the Morea. He lands in the Piræus:—

Although what I had seen at Patras had, in some measure, prepared me for the change, the contrast which the present state of the Piræus presents with its appearance in 1826, did not fail to produce a lively impression upon me. When I was there, at that time, a half-ruined monastery, and a few cottages and huts in an equally dilapidated state, were the only buildings which occupied the shores of the harbour, while in the harbour itself were anchored only a few caiques and mysticos. Now, besides a crowd of small craft and merchant vessels of other nations, are anchored in the harbour ships of war of almost every European power, and on its shores are ranges of handsome houses, and a town of no inconsiderable extent. Instead of the ruin and desolation, and almost solitude which I left at that time, I have found a scene of activity and prosperity, and a numerous and busy population, mixed up with sailors of various nations. The lazaretto, the dogana, the caffès, the carriages drawn up at the landing-place, were all so inconsistent with my reminiscences of a spot, where, as an invalid, I had with difficulty found a roof which could protect me from the rain, that for a moment I felt as if under the influence of a dream. I should indeed have accused him of dreaming who, fourteen years ago, would have told me that I should one day find myself at the Piræus, bargaining in my best Romaic for a conveyance to Athens in a good britscha, or that I should be driven from the one place to the other by a coachman in full Albanian costume. Such was the case with me

yester-evening; and I confess that it was no disagreeable contrast, to be conveyed at a round pace, and along an excellent road, over the same ground which it then required some caution to traverse on horseback.

Among Mr. Garston's classical notices we have the following interesting remarks concerning certain architectural antiquities at Athens:—

On the walls and columns of the Theseum are many traces of cannon shot, which are commonly stated to be the effects of attempts made by the Turks wantonly to destroy it. I am more disposed to ascribe them to the chances of war. There are similar traces on the columns of the Olympium, which are vulgarly ascribed to the same cause as those on the Theseum; but these also, I am inclined to think, have been received during some of the many struggles which have taken place for the possession of the city. Both the platform of masonry on which the temple of Jupiter has been built, and the mound on which that of Theseus stands, may very well have been chosen as positions, from which the approach to the city, in the respective directions, might be defended. I do not know whether it has been before remarked, that on both these monuments are visible the effects of a more mighty agent of destruction than any which man can wield,—those of an earthquake, or of a succession of earthquakes. The blocks of which the columns are composed, are in some of them so far displaced, that the profile of the column is converted into a jagged, irregular line; many of the blocks have also been more or less twisted, so that the grooves of the flutings do not correspond with those of the blocks above or below. This is much more observable in the columns of the Theseum than in those of the Olympium, and can only have been produced in either by the shock of an earthquake.

By a similar sort of theory our author vindicates the classical poets who have left so many fine pictures of the Ilissus, which now, however, is characterized by a miserable dearth of water; for he says they are not to be held responsible "if the waters by which they loved to wander, and whose delicious coolness they sung, have either been allured from their native bed for the purposes of husbandry, or affrighted from it by some convulsion of nature." The rocks, he states, retain traces of the passage over them, at one time, of a powerful stream.

The Sketches contain many interesting particulars, descriptive not only of events and of patriotic exploits during the revolutionary war, but characteristic of the state of society previous to the breaking out of that convulsion; each city, state, and island, having its own simple and semi-barbarous features. Previous to the revolution the government of Hydra, for example, exhibited some strange primitive usages. Culprits were tried by the governor in council, and punished in a summary manner by a sort of cat-o'-nine-tails; no other statutes being consulted than the said governor's own

decrees, aided by the wisdom of the four councillors, each of whom held in his possession a fourth part of the seal of the council, which when complete, represented the Virgin. "In the impressions of her image affixed to these decrees may yet be observed traces of this primitive mode of testifying that they were published with the concurrence of each of the members of the council."

The patriots of Hydra acted a prominent part in the revolutionary war. It is remarkable how much service the mariners of this small island performed in the struggle, and how much terror they produced among the Turks, by means of fire-ships, the agency of which is thus described:—

The body of the vessel was filled with combustibles of every description; under each of the hatches was placed a certain quantity of powder, communicating with which were trains or quick-burning matches, laid in pipes to, and along each side of the vessel, and having openings outward which were stopped with plugs. The captain of the "doomed" vessel was aided by his crew in carrying her as near as might be to the enemy. When so near that the fire of the enemy rendered the deck no longer tenable for the crew, they got down into the launch, which was towed under cover of the least exposed side of the vessel. The captain, however, kept his post at the helm, until the moment for setting fire to the craft was arrived. He then lashed the helm, and joining his comrades in the launch, set fire to the train, and every nerve was strained by the crew to get away from the fire of the enemy and beyond reach of the explosion. The fire running along the pipes, the hatches were blown up, and the vessel before its final explosion became a mass of flame. Great as was the terror of the Turks on the approach of these vessels, the service was one of no common danger, and these devoted brûlotiers, holding on their lonely way under a storm of shot, are certainly entitled to our admiration. Many of the most daring, and among them Canaris, however, repeatedly escaped uninjured from these acts of devotion.

Egypt was visited by Mr. Garston after leaving Greece. There are some gratifying sketches, as well as certain striking contrasts descriptive of the lands in the vicinity of the Nile. Even the outskirts of the Desert, under the anxious agricultural care of Ibrahim Pacha, have at particular spots acquired a smiling face, and are fertile in crops of grass and trees, grain and fruits. Speaking of the cultivation of one locality, we thus read:—

It is for the most part the property of Ibrahim Pacha, who, during his career of victory in distant lands, has caused infinite labour to be bestowed on its improvement, and a noble villa to be built about half-way between the capital and Matarea. This fertile district is on the edge of the Desert, and about twenty years ago much of it was covered to some depth by the inundations of sand, which rapidly encroach upon the soil where they are not repelled by the efforts of constant industry. At this time it is as vividly green as any of the most favoured counties of England, and but

for the peculiar character of the trees and crops, an Englishman might suppose himself to be taking a morning ride in his own land, provided the illusion were not destroyed by the appearance of the poor Fellahs, whose attenuated frames and wretched aspect, here, as elsewhere, are in striking contrast with the smiling and luxuriant face of the country they inhabit and fertilize, but do not enjoy.

Turn we now for a few seconds to John Frederick Stanford's Rambles and Researches, which are as empty and conceited as any made-up book we have ever met with. The contrast with Mr. Garston's sensible and modest pages is remarkable. The Philhellene volunteer surpasses the Master of Arts with the pen, as vastly as we believe he would do in the field and with the sword. No, our rambler in Thuringian Saxony is addicted to frothy verbosity rather than to deal blows in defence of freedom and to the discomfiture of oppressors: he would much sooner flatter, and pay court to, princes and ducal houses, than side with the patriots of Hydra, or share with them the dangers in a heroic struggle.

The object of Mr. Stanford's Rambles does not clearly appear. Whether he was merely an accepted volunteer, or had some sort of mission to perform by royal command, we cannot say. But we are sure that the good sense of Queen Victoria and of her husband will be offended at the issue of the enterprise. More obtrusive twaddle, at any rate, was never published.

It appears that the author, after having been presented at our Queen's Court in 1839, started for Gotha, and that he soon had admission to the members of Prince Albert's family, when he engaged in researches among the ducal archives of Saxe Coburg Gotha, "from the Times of Ernest the Pious;" with the view of correcting the misconceptions and misrepresentations that had found currency in England relative to the dignity and wealth of the house. Among these archives certain letters from Frederick the Great and Voltaire were found, which have been laid under contribution by the Rambler. Previous to the results of his Researches, he gives us a journal of his visits and daily proceedings; while a third and concluding division contains Letters from Thuringia, describing the manners and appearances of the country, with specimens of legends, as well as sketches of costume, which were transmitted to Queen Victoria.

Had Mr. Stanford's pages contained far less self-importance and fewer feeble attempts at vivacity and smartness, and nothing but plain and accurate descriptions, the day is now even too late for them to have the force of much novelty, seeing that the British public have become familiar through other channels in regard to Prince Albert and his family. But the frivolous cast of the author's mind, with his affected gaiety, spoil that which would have been tolerable, and at one time otherwise welcome. We quote one or

two of the more clever and informing passages. First, take a bishop at Gotha, and part of his sabbath occupations:—

First Sunday I have spent in Saxony. Can trace the effects of Luther's labours; all the sincerity of religion without the cant, and without the lugubrious garb, which, like the fog, envelops the day in London. No cold dinners and long solemn faces. The hausfrau puts forth her best skill, and all the good folks at one o'clock sit down to a hot dish; if but one, it is

"Ein Gericht
Und ein freundliches Gesicht."

Afternoon is spent in the neighbouring villages. The Walk Mühle is the favourite resort of the good Gotha folk, where a band of music is in attendance. The ladies knit, embroider, and sip coffee, while the men smoke and drink beer, all *al fresco*, enjoying the fine view of the Thuringian forest and hills; even the Bishop, Dr. Bretschneider, does not think it *infra dig.* to smoke his cigar and tipple his beer with the rest. Fancy the Bishop of London whiffing a cigar over a pot of stout in a tea-garden near London! and yet Bishop Bretschneider loses none of the respect due to his high and sacred character, nor does his reputation as a learned Greek and Hebrew scholar suffer in consequence. The grand secret of which is, that here people are not slaves to appearances as in England, and agree with the Italians, *L'abito non fa monaco.*

Character and manners of the Thuringians:—

In physical development, the Thuringians, though not so colossal as we find their ancestors described by the old historians, are nevertheless fine powerful men, robust and hardy, varying in height from five ten inches to six feet and upwards: possessed of great muscular strength, frequently carrying from the mountain to the village three hundred weight at once. The women are likewise tall, and in early years are fair and pretty; but they lose their beauty soon. Although of one common stock, there is a wonderful variety, both moral and physical, in the Wäldner. Almost every mountain-village has its peculiarities of dialect and dress, its appropriate fête, and original customs. There is as much diversity in the little mountain-districts of Thuringia as in the cantons of Switzerland; and it extends even to the monies, of which there are current many different kinds. The following characteristic qualities may, however, be universally applied: primitive simple manners; frugal and industrious habits; naturally gay and fond of society, as their numerous fêtes well prove; rarely, if ever, guilty of excess; high moral character; (a capital offence has not been committed in the Duchy these fifty years.) No people in the world can be more passionately fond of music, in which they practically excel. Almost every peasant plays upon some instrument, and they frequently meet at each other's cottages to join in a cordial harmony of voice and instrument. Their songs are usually accompanied with the cithern or mountain-lyre, of which thousands are made at Krämwinkle, a small hamlet in the heart of the forest: they are very elegant in shape, like the old English guitars; and, in compliance with the taste for ornament which prevails among the pea-

sants, they are painted with various colours, and gilt with great display; and you would scarcely credit me when I name the price—a Prussian dollar, or about three shillings English. They frequently play three and four together, and produce the most harmonious sounds, which blend softly with their songs. * * *

Their love of music is only equalled by their taste for flowers, in which Thuringia's hills and forest-glades are pre-eminently rich, and their skill in teaching birds, especially the bull finch tribe, to whistle popular melodies. Not a cottage is without a cage or two of warblers. A year's savings will be readily given by the peasant for a good schläger or whistler; one that whistles the Härzer Doppleschlag, or gute Weingesang, they value at a cow. Of the four hundred different kinds of birds found here, eighty may be seen encaged. Many of their feathered scholars are sent for sale to London and to Paris, where they fetch a high price.

Mr. Stanford had some intercourse with Professors; and although in the passage which we shall last of all quote, we find him declaring that he hates praising princes, yet he hesitates not to present to his readers the following fulsome eulogy, taken from a certain Professor's letter:—"Prince Albert has received and profited by a thoroughly intellectual education. Speak to him in Latin, French, English, or Italian, and he will reply with facility in those languages. Talk of politics, jurisprudence, natural science, physics, chemistry, antiquities, archæology, you will find him at home. He does not judge like an automaton, but like a judicious thinker. With all this the young Prince excels in all the fine arts. He is a painter, musician, loves and writes poetry, and dances like an angel, rides like a devil, swims like a dolphin, and skaits like a ducal dandy." But hear the Rambler's own direct testimony as respects Prince Albert's accomplishments:—

Invited to dine at the Palace—felt nervous as to what I should say by way of congratulation; so whilst rumbling along in the old coach *prepared* an *impromptu* address of congratulation on the approaching nuptials of his Serene Highness the Prince. His Serene Highness acknowledged the compliment very graciously, and presented me to his Serene Highness the Prince; and although my expectations were very great, still they were more than realized. I hate praising princes, because it appears all fudge; but I can't help saying, that his Serene Highness's manners are most elegant, and in person is enough to turn the heads of all women that are not blind, or who choose to cry sour grapes; dances to perfection; speaks English, French, and of course German, thoroughly well, the Italian slightly; sings well, and in moments of leisure composes musical bagatelles; paints really *well;* and what is better than all, his heart is in the right place: of this fact I have had repeated proof.

Now, we believe that the Prince has far too much merit, and has been too well educated, to be pleased with flattery which it is unworthy of a man to receive. It would lower our estimation of

him, if after perusing the present pages he afforded the Master of Arts many more proofs of how or where his heart is placed. Did the Prince's principles and attainments require to be published it would not be to the Rambler's feeble rhapsodies that we should turn for illustration; but to the sensible, direct, and earnest conduct as well as language of His Serene Highness, on those occasions when he has taken the chair at public meetings for the furtherance of benevolent and enlightened purposes. Can we do better than relieve ourselves of Mr. Stanford's conceit and twaddle by quoting two or three of the sentences which fell from the Prince when he the other day presided among the patrons of the Literary Fund Society? He thus, in one of his brief speeches, expressed himself:—

The toast which I have now to propose is, "Prosperity to this Institution," an institution which stands unrivalled in any country, and which ought to command our warmest sympathies, in providing for the exigencies of those who, feeling only the promptings of genius, and forgetting every other consideration, pursue the grand career of the cultivation of the human mind, and the promotion of the arts and sciences. It is surely right gratefully to acknowledge the benefits we have derived from the disinterested exertions of those great and good men, and cheerfully to contribute to their wants and aid their necessities. I conclude with a warm wish that the object for the promotion of which we have assembled this day may be responded to in the most ample and generous manner. I propose "Success to the Literary Fund."

ART. X.—1. *Homœopathy.* By a Disciple of the System.

2. *The Cold Water Cure.* London: Strange.

IT is a fact that the science of Medicine has gained some of its most brilliant results by listening to the suggestions of those who were not its professed students. It was from the observations of simple rustics, that Jenner took the first hint of vaccination. The ingenious idea of injecting the Eustachian tube, in cases of deafness, was suggested, we believe, and put in practice upon his own person, by a postmaster of Lyons. Many, who have hung in rapture over the pages of "Faust" and "Werter," are ignorant, that Goethe was the discoverer of the intermaxillary bone in the human embryo, and one of the first who developed the singular doctrine, now received among the truths of transcendental anatomy, that the cranium is but a series of vertebræ, modified from the original type to accommodate the expanded nervous columns.

But while the suggestions of a few persons who were not the professed students of Medicine, have been serviceable to the science, the fact is still more notorious that many who have had nothing to add to its complicated nature, have troubled the world by announcing their vagaries. Mankind and womankind have shown themselves

prone to meddle with its principles as well as its practice, and with consummate assurance have propagated new quackeries which have astounded and misled the public for a series of years, and until the preposterous claims of the empirics have been exposed, if not by direful experience, at least by deceptive issues. The multitude for a time are apt to be misguided, and in no department more so than as concerns the health of the body. But the false is always at length detected, although the same persons may be ready to fall into the snare, whenever the empiricism assumes a new name and shape; the pretenders generally making a lavish use of the history of such persecuted discoverers as Galileo and Harvey to mislead the ignorant and the credulous.

Now, we are inclined to rank among the medical quackeries of the age, or at least unsound systems, and inoperative for good, that of Homœopathy, and also its successor, Hydropathy; although we are convinced that each of them have their honest disciples. It seems but fair, at any rate, that their pretensions should be weighed, and if possible judged of, as tested by experience as well as theory.

The following are the Homœopathic pretensions as set forth by one of the ablest of the advocates for the system, and which we have gathered from the *Spectator* newspaper, allowing the Disciple to speak in his own person.

Upon its very first announcement, Homœopathy was received by the medical reviewers of the day with an amount of derision almost equal to that which was bestowed upon the discoveries of HARVEY, JENNER, and GALL; and, following the course of these discoveries, it has, in the face of the prejudices thus excited, maintained its onward way.

Although the system can now claim in every class of society a large body of unwavering disciples, to the majority of the public, even at the present day, Homœopathy is known only by name. By many it is still regarded as the dream of a German enthusiast; and by those who are prone to rely with unsuspecting credulity upon the representations of others rather than to derive their opinions from the results of careful induction, it is mostly considered to be a system that must, from some inherent absurdity, soon sink into oblivion. It has therefore been greatly laughed at and little studied; nor will this appear a matter of surprise when we bear in mind that the public must necessarily have gained from the periodical press their first information upon the subject, and that among all the notices of Homœopathy and Homœopathic works which have hitherto appeared, there is scarcely an instance where the principles of the system have been stated with the slightest regard to common fairness. Whether these misrepresentations have been the result of accident or design, it is not in my province to inquire. The notices in question proceeded, it is probable, in most instances

from contributors of established reputation in the medical profession, well acquainted with the necessity for precision in explaining any point of theory or practice, and from whom, therefore, misrepresentations from either of these causes could hardly have been expected. It is enough for me to remark, that by the suppression or misstatement of important facts the system has upon every occasion been converted into a legitimate subject for idle satire. That the public should ridicule doctrines which have thus been dressed up and palmed upon them under the name of Homœopathy, cannot therefore be a subject of complaint; but it is right that they should be enlightened wherever the columns of an impartial journal can be made available for the purpose, as to the source whence their amusement is derived. With this view, I am desirous of laying the following observations before the readers of the *Spectator*.

The Homœopathic doctrine is one of the plainest kind, and the principles which it involves may be stated thus:—

1. That all medicines, when received into the human organization, respectively possess the power of exciting specific morbid symptoms.
2. That when the human organization is in a disordered state, the restoration of health can most safely and certainly be effected by the administration of medicines which possess the power of exciting symptoms analogous to those which are exhibited by the patient, and which characterize his disease.

Upon the universal truth of these propositions the system of Homœopathy entirely rests. The points which have arisen out of the application of these principles are,

A. That medicines administered in obedience to the foregoing law (2) act with greater force and rapidity than when they are administered upon any other principle.

B. That medicinal agents exhibit higher power after they have been subjected to a process of friction, than they are capable of exerting in their original state.

It will be seen that these points are merely points of practice, involving the question as to the *quantity* of medicine to be administered in any given case, but in no way interfering with the law under which the selection of that medicine is made.

The first statement—viz. *that all medicines, when received into the human organization, respectively possess the power of exciting specific morbid symptoms*—will call for little explanation. As far as I am aware, no doubt has ever been entertained of the fact; and the reason why the peculiar symptoms which each of our most common medicines is respectively capable of exciting had not been discovered previously to the discovery of Homœopathy, must be found in the circumstance that up to that time these medicines had been

systematically used only in cases where the organization of the persons to whom they were administered was in a disordered state. It is obvious, that in order to impart value to a series of observations made with the view of establishing any given phænomena, it is necessary that the conditions shall be precisely similar under which in each case the experiment is performed; and it must therefore be quite vain to endeavour to discover from medicinal experiments made upon organizations variously disordered, any manifestation of a power which shall exhibit an invariable character. But as the power which a medicine has once exhibited will undoubtedly be again exhibited when it is administered under precisely similar circumstances, the observations which are made of its effects upon persons of average constitution, and who are in perfect or at least in fair average health, may be expected to be productive of results pretty nearly invariable in their character. Accordingly, in experimenting upon persons in this condition, it will be found that the effects which a medicine produces in one case will without any very important exceptions be produced in all; and by multiplying these experiments to a sufficient extent, the symptoms which each medicine possesses the power of producing may come to be regarded as established, and may be made the subject of scientific classification. Until the time of HAHNEMANN, the founder of Homœopathy, this mode of investigation had never been adopted: by that discoverer and his disciples it has been rigidly pursued, and by their efforts the inherent properties of no fewer than two hundred different medicines have now been ascertained.

The important uses of this accumulated experience will be seen when I enter upon my second proposition,—viz. *that when the human organization is in a disordered state, the restoration of health can most safely and certainly be effected by the administration of medicines which possess the power of exciting symptoms analogous to those which are exhibited by the patient, and which characterize his disease.*

From the existence of this law the term "Homœopathy" is derived. Its discovery, like that of gravitation, was based upon the observation of an isolated fact, which led to a train of experiments that resulted in establishing the universality of its application. Upon these experiments, fully and carefully recorded as they have been, the Homœopathist rests his claim. To those who deny the truth of the proposition, and who are unwilling to give credence to the reports of men who speak upon the authority of personal observation, the course of experiment is open; and this course, in order to justify their denial, they are bound to pursue, and also to furnish a rigid record of their means and modes of investigation, and of the results at which they may arrive. Unless they are willing to adopt this plan, they can have no title to the attention of rational or con-

scientious minds. The advocate for Homœopathy states a clear proposition; he supports it by an appeal to facts; and not only cites the result of a series of experiments performed by himself, but also of a vast number performed by other investigators. His opponent, in denying the truth of an argument thus supported, must do so upon one or other of the following grounds,—either that he does not consider that reliance can be placed upon the character of the persons by whom the experiments are alleged to have been performed; that, believing in the genuineness of the experiments, he does not consider that the persons by whom they were conducted possess the qualifications necessary to carry on a series of scientific observations, and that if he or others were to perform experiments of a similar nature they could observe their results with greater precision, and show that they warrant a different conclusion from that which it is attempted to draw from them; or that the proposition is inconsistent with some already established truth, and that as one truth cannot contradict another, it should at once upon this ground be rejected. Having rested his objections upon any one of these points, it becomes his duty either to show that he has sufficient warrant to impugn the honesty of those whom he opposes; that he is prepared, by the publication of a series of experiments, to demonstrate the erroneousness of their inductions; or that he can designate some recognised law of nature with the existence of which the new doctrine is inconsistent. If he refuse to take one of these steps, he must be held to exhibit a recklessness of assertion sufficient to disqualify him from any claim to attention; and we must regard him as possessing a mind little further advanced than that of the child who refuses to believe that the people at the antipodes stand towards him in an inverted position, and who rejects the lessons of his instructors upon the subject, merely because his mind is unable by any intuitive process to corroborate the assertion.

I dwell upon these points, because up to the present time no work, no pamphlet—not even a magazine paper—has been issued by the opponents of Homœopathy with the view of controverting the existence of the law upon which that system rests. The result of laborious experiment, its refutation has been attempted by no counter-experiment: involving in its speedy confirmation or overthrow the future comfort of thousands, the opposition to its progress has been carried on without even the assumption of decent gravity. Ridicule, born of misrepresentation, and therefore cold and pointless, has hitherto been the all-sufficing weapon to obstruct its course.

But, in addition to the strength which the Homœopathists derive from resting their doctrine upon the results of pure induction, they have that which arises from being enabled to point to the every-day experience of others. The action of all the unquestioned remedies in familiar use will be found to be in strict harmony with the

Homœopathic law. It is thus that when suffering from extreme heat we find relief in the moderate use of a warm drink, while a draught of cold water would be productive of the most injurious effect; that in the case of burns we resort to the application of hot oil of turpentine, which applied to the skin in its normal state would excite pain and inflammation; and that we use snow or iced water as the common remedy for a frost-bitten limb. In the moral world, it is also thus that we alleviate distress, not by a display of wit and humour, but by the expression of a full appreciation of the afflictions of the sufferer; and that we quell a paroxysm of passion by sympathizing with the emotions of the excited person and admitting the wrongs which he has received, whereas a cool denial that he had any ground of complaint would certainly lead to a more furious ebullition.

And not only does vulgar experience furnish thus on every hand proofs of the universality of the Homœopathic law, but in the use of those medicinal agents of which the remedial effects are found in particular disorders to manifest themselves with almost invariable success, and which have thus come to be regarded as specifics, its operation is clearly traceable. Thus, sulphur, the universal remedy for cutaneous eruptions, is well known to possess the property of exciting in healthy persons symptoms of an analogous kind. In like manner, mercury produces symptoms exactly resembling those of the disorder for which it is an acknowledged remedy. Quinquina cures ague, and produces an intermittent fever that presents its semblance; and the vaccine virus exerts its curative properties in obedience to the selfsame law.

These illustrations may be multiplied to any extent. When, therefore, to the results of the innumerable experiments performed and carefully recorded by Homœopathists, together with the confirmation afforded by vulgar experience and by the observation of all medical authorities in the administration of remedies approaching to the character of specifics, we add the testimonies to the truth of the Homœopathic law which are to be found not only in ancient authors but in the works of modern physicians,* we shall be prepared to admit that it merits the strictest investigation; and that

* In some of the writings ascribed to HIPPOCRATES, a passage occurs which says, "medicines cure diseases similar to those which they produce." PARACELSUS also more than once observes, that "it is a perverted method taught by GALEN, to give remedies which produce the contrary of the disease: remedies ought to be administered which act similarly to it." HIERONYMUS CARDANUS and THOMAS ERASTUS at the same time expressed their approval of this law of cure. About the middle of last century, a Danish physician very explicitly pronounces that the supreme law of cure is not *contraria contrariis*, but *similia similibus*.

the conduct of those who deny its truth and ridicule its disciples, without attempting to impeach it by the production of well-authenticated facts, must be held to give evidence of a deficiency of that cautious and unpresuming spirit of observation which can alone impart value to the opinions of any one upon a subject of scientific inquiry.

Having stated the principles upon which Homœopathy rests, I proceed to a consideration of those points of the system which have grown out of the experience derived from the practical application of them. The first of these, viz., *that medicines administered in obedience to the Homœopathic law act with greater force and rapidity than when they are administered upon any other principle*—is corroborated by universal experience. Thus, to use the words of Dr. Simpson—"In the heat of an inflammatory fever, the thirst is scarcely mitigated by the most copious dilutents, whilst the smallest quantity of salt food will increase it to an insupportable degree. In asphyxia, actual cautery and the most powerful caustics introduced into the nostrils often fail to excite even a momentary reaction, but an hysterical individual may be thrown into convulsions by the sting of a bee or the smell of a rose. So also in ileus, the most powerful purgatives are often unavailing, but an individual suffering under catarrhal colic will be seized with violent purging upon eating an apple or drinking a glass of butter-milk. A Russian peasant under the excitement of the vapour-bath will roll himself in snow, and expose himself to a shower of ice-cold water with impunity, whilst a few drops on the bare neck of a chilly individual will suffice to give him a shivering-fit. It is a well-known fact, that the habitual drinker becomes intoxicated by a few glasses of wine when taken in a passion; and the most practised smoker, when suffering under simple fever with affection of the head, cannot smoke half a pipe without becoming vertiginous and stupid."

These facts would lead at once to the general presumption that medicines administered in accordance with the symptoms of the patient should be administered in smaller doses than those which are resorted to in the opposite practice. Under this view, doses are successfully exhibited in Homœopathic treatment of a nature too minute to be productive under different circumstances of any perceptible effect. The analogies of nature point on every side to the propriety of this course, to which the results of daily experience bring universal confirmation.

We now pass to the assertion that *medicinal agents exhibit higher power after they have been subjected to a process of friction than they are capable of exerting in their original state.*

The fact that the development of the inherent power of medicines may be promoted to an extraordinary extent by subjecting them to the process of trituration, was discovered by Hahnemann subse-

quently to his announcement of the Homœopathic law. To such an extent is this increase of power exhibited, that under the Homœopathic practice, a globule containing only the one-millionth part of a grain of medicine so prepared is found in many cases of disorder to produce an action upon the organization sufficient to advance to the desired extent the curative operations which Nature has herself commenced. It may appear to unscientific persons, that the idea that the one-millionth part of a grain of medicine can, under any circumstances, produce a palpable effect, is one of the most ridiculous kind; but a moment's reflection will show that there is no inherent absurdity in the matter. If it were asserted that the one-millionth part of a grain of medicine in its ordinary state would be commonly sufficient to produce a well-marked functional disturbance, such an assertion would doubtless be fairly a subject for incredulity; because, in the majority of instances, we know that a much larger quantity of any medicine may be taken by a person in any state of disease without its yielding an observable effect; and as, other things being equal, the force with which a medicine acts must depend upon the quantity administered, it would be illogical to suppose that the lesser could produce a greater effect than the larger quantity. But the Homœopathist, so far from asserting, as has sometimes been ingeniously represented, that the effect of medicines becomes greater in proportion to the reduction of the quantity, confines himself to the common sense statement, that in proportion to the amount of the dose will be the amount of its action. He merely affirms, in addition to this, a fact which has never yet been disproved, and for the truth of which he appeals, as in all his propositions, to experiment alone,—viz., that the application of friction will increase the power of these doses to an extraordinary extent, and thus render a quantity exceedingly minute capable of producing the effect which he desires. In this there is nothing that is in opposition to experience; because until Hahnemann adopted the practice of trituration in the preparation of medicines, the effect of friction upon these substances had never been correctly ascertained. That this process should be sufficient to impart to them new or increased powers of action, is not more wonderful than that the application of friction by rubbing two pieces of wood together should produce flame, or that the application of an electric spark to a square inch of gunpowder should cause it to explode and to exert a pressure of 2,000 pounds in every direction. What the effects would be of applying friction to medicinal substances, could not be foretold prior to experiment, any more than the effect which would arise from any ordinary chemical combination could be predicted before the elements of which it is composed had ever been brought into juxtaposition. All circumstances of this kind appear, when observed for the first time, to be singular and astonishing. When, however, the experi-

ment has been repeated over and over again, we become habituated to the recurrence of the phenomenon; and, so far from seeing in its recurrence anything to excite our wonder, we experience a sensation of the greatest astonishment if in any instance it fails to occur. Now, those who carelessly assert that the one-millionth part of a grain of medicine which has been subjected to friction can have no effect upon a disordered organization, are guilty of offering a positive assertion upon a matter which can only be tested by experiment, and upon which, prior to experiment, they are therefore totally incompetent to furnish an opinion. The Pope and seven Cardinals asserted, in the face of Galileo's observations, that it was impossible that the world could turn round. They refused to make observations and to test the calculations of their teacher, but decided the matter in full reliance upon their own intuitive judgment. This example is followed to no inconsiderable extent at the present day by the opponents of all discoveries; and as the astronomer, relying upon the accuracy of his oft-repeated experiments, is said to have called to his departing gaolers through the keyhole of his cell, "The world turns round still," so the disciple of homœopathy, amid all the taunts of his dogmatizing opponents, must content himself by exclaiming, as, in the same confident spirit, he points to his experiments, "The law by which friction develops the power of medicinal agents still remains in force."

In the hasty notice which I have now given of the chief points of the homœopathic system, I trust that I have shown that, whether it be true or false, it is one that can be confirmed or refuted only by an appeal to facts; and that the attempt to dispose of the subject by ridicule must have one or other of the following effects,—that it will, if the system be true, retard the diffusion of its benefits; or that it will, if the system be false, indispose persons to give it that serious consideration which would lead to the performance and publication of those experiments by which alone it can be overturned. In the one case, the advantages of the system are prevented from becoming known; in the other, the injuries which its practitioners may cause by inducing diseased persons to delay having recourse to more efficient treatment are suffered to remain without being promptly checked, since ridicule can but partially and gradually lead to its decay, while the publication of an able and distinct refutation of the alleged existence of an homœopathic law would at once extinguish the pretensions of its supporters.

Thus much with regard to the principles and practice of homœopathy.

It will be conceded that, in giving to the world a fair statement of the nature of his observations, the discoverer of homœopathy fulfilled all that could be required of him; and that, in the event of those observations proving to have been correctly made, he

entitled himself to the immortal honour of having promulgated one of the most important physical truths that ever dawned upon the human race. The only question that can legitimately be raised upon its announcement is, "Are the alleged facts capable of proof?" —not "How do these facts harmonize with our ideas of what ought to be expected to take place?"

They may appear contrary to all our received notions, just as the action of the mariner's compass, or the generation of hydrogen gas, may have appeared to former generations; but if experiment confirms the homœopathic phenomena as it has confirmed these, we must not pursue the unphilosophical course of refusing to credit them, because their discoverer is unable to propound any satisfactory theory regarding the causes by which they are produced. With regard, however, to the theories which have been advanced to account for the facts observed by the homœopathists, I am not aware, although some of them have been of a conflicting kind, that any opposition has been made to their reception; the opposition which has arisen, loud and persevering as it is, having up to the present time, as I have previously stated, been confined to a general ridicule of the facts themselves. In stating these facts, and appealing to observation and experience for the confirmation of them, I have done what I chiefly contemplated in the present article; which has been written and addressed to the *Spectator* with the view of setting the propositions of homœopathy distinctly and fairly before a class of readers less likely perhaps than any other to join, prior to experiment, in the outcry which has been raised against it. I may, however, in conclusion, be allowed to state concisely what appears to me to be the theory to the adoption of which they naturally lead.

It appears to have been decreed by the Creator, that all infringements of the natural laws which he has instituted for the government of the world should be productive of pain to the individuals by whom they are committed, and that this pain should be the price by which alone we purchase a cure of the evils which would otherwise await us. The moment that an infringement of a moral or physical law takes place, an effort is made by the system to induce a return to the healthy state of obedience; and the pain which is ever attendant upon this effort is the only intimation that is afforded to us of the existence of derangement. It seems, moreover, to bear an exact proportion to the extent of the disorder; so that the further we transgress, the greater is the suffering that must inevitably be borne before our restoration can be effected. Thus, in the case of a moral disorder, we observe in the disquietude and anxiety of the offender the true indications of an erring state, and of the efforts of nature to warn him of its effects. In like manner, when an individual is suffering from bodily

disease, Nature immediately sets up certain efforts to remove it, which are indicated by the sensations of pain which they occasion, and which immediately warn him of the danger in which he is placed. Sometimes (as in the case of vomiting after the use of unwholesome food) these efforts are sufficient of themselves to annul the morbid condition, and the patient at once recovers; but in many cases the organization is found not to possess sufficient power to throw off the morbid state, although it makes an immediate attempt to do so. Its efforts, however, do not cease with this failure; they are constantly repeated, becoming in most cases weaker and weaker, owing, as it were, to gradual exhaustion, until at last they are totally powerless, even to retard the disease, and the system succumbs before it. If, however, the statements of the homœopathists prove to be correct, it will be seen, that upon the administration of a medicine (after the first efforts of nature have failed) capable of exciting additional symptoms similar to those which the organization has already set up, the remedial effort may be increased or prolonged so as to occasion the removal of the disease. The theory, then, at which we may arrive, is simply this, that the symptoms of pain which we experience under disease are merely indications of the instinctive efforts of the organization to throw off some morbid cause, and to return to its normal state; and that when these efforts prove of themselves ineffectual, the desired end may usually be attained by the administration of medicines which possess the power of stimulating the system to a performance of similar operations, and of thus adding to the amount of force which the unaided organization is capable of exerting.

In conclusion, it is necessary to request particular attention to the circumstance that the homœopathic medicines are administered with the view of exciting by *new* means the symptoms originally developed by the disordered organization, because many of the opponents of the system are apt to propagate the idea that, according to the new doctrine, in order to cure a disorder we must enforce the administration of the same thing that produces it. This leads to the witticism, that, "if a man makes himself ill by drinking a bottle of brandy, he can only hope to relieve himself by immediately taking a teaspoonful of the same." It is proper, therefore, distinctly to impress upon my readers the fact, that nothing of the sort is to be found in the homœopathic doctrine,—that doctrine simply being, that in order to cure a disorder, we must contrive to produce symptoms similar to those which arise from it, but by a *different* cause from that by which they were originally produced. This may be shortly illustrated. Let us suppose the case of an individual who takes a glass of ardent spirits. These spirits act immediately on the nerves, and an effort is set up, manifested by great excitement of the brain, to throw off, as it were, the influence of the disturbing agent, and

restore the organization to its natural state. We will suppose, however, that the effort proves insufficient, and that the individual under the influence of the poison sinks into a state of torpor. To relieve this, another glass is taken: the same effort is set up as before, but owing to the failing strength of the system, with less effect than at first: the feeling of depression returns, and the palliative glass is repeated, each time with the production of less effect, until it ceases to excite the system to any effort whatever, and the individual entirely succumbs to the effect of the poison which he has imbibed. But if before this takes place we present a new cause capable of producing symptoms of a similar kind, and of thus adding to those already in force, we may at once succeed in suppressing the influence of the deleterious potion. Let a stimulus be conveyed to the brain of the intoxicated person by some sudden fright—a narrow escape, the supposed appearance of a spectre, or any other cause—and the efforts which Nature had previously struggled in vain to accomplish are at once completed. The action of the brain in then found to be sufficient to throw off the undue amount of circulation which had been conveyed to it, and the sufferer is immediately sobered and restored to his original state.

Such is the account which we have met with of the homœopathic system by one of Hahnemann's disciples. But numerous, able, and we think convincing, have been the answers and objections to it, not only by the testimony which a great majority of the medical profession have offered in their practice, but by professional individuals who have given it a fair trial in hospitals and elsewhere. Not merely are its alleged principles impugned as being contrary to sound theory and scientific facts, but, (and this is the ground which is entirely satisfactory to us,) after experiments have been resorted to on a large scale in France, Italy, and Russia; nay, in Germany, the hot-bed of mysticism and empiricism, the system has fallen into disrepute. The establishment of homœopathic dispensaries has failed to keep it alive; and although a number of extraordinary cures have been paraded as the result of infinitesimal doses, yet the profession, and the bulk of the people everywhere, have at length become persuaded that the so-called cures were recoveries from ordinary ailments by the efforts of nature, which were frequently a long time under treatment; whereas, by a proper system of personal attention and medical treatment they might probably have been removed in a few days, while many of the more serious cases got worse instead of better, for the want of active treatment.

The Russian government became so much concerned respecting the pretensions of the system, that in order to ascertain and give publicity to the results, a certain number of patients were ordered to be treated homœopathically in one hospital, while in another an equal number were merely subjected to diet and appropriate regi-

men, without the exhibition of any medicine. The results are said to have been similar in both instances; and the medical council appointed to superintend the experiments give the following as the conclusions arrived at: "1st. Acute diseases require energetic means of treatment, which are not to be expected from homœopathy. 2nd. The homœopathic treatment of external lesions and surgical diseases is altogether out of the question. 3rd. Some slight affections got well while under homœopathic treatment, but similar affections disappear equally well without any medical treatment, by the adoption of an appropriate regimen, good air, and cleanliness." We therefore are persuaded that in England and on the Continent the system, in spite of the efforts of a few persons who still endeavour to lend it countenance, is doomed to a speedy and an entire neglect. Hydropathy, or, the Cold Water Cure, for a time may supplant homœopathy, ere long, however, to pass into oblivion with its rhythmical brother.

"The Cold Water Cure: its Principles, Theory, and Practice, with valuable directions for its self-application, and a full account of the wonderful cures performed with it on 7000 patients of all nations; by the Discoverer, Vincent Priessnitz," has not only found sundry patrons and publishers in this country, but has reached a second edition of one of its printed shapes.

In a secluded spot in Silesia, named Graefenberg, which is a little village, Vincent Priessnitz some ten or twelve years ago first employed on animals that system and practice which have since grown into such repute generally throughout Germany. His fame in the course of time widened, and numbers of the simple people flocked to be cured by the Silesian peasant.

Water is one of those simples which must ever attract the attention of ignorant and superstitious people, especially when met with in rustic corners, and springing pure from some mineral bed or rocky crevice. It is easy to fancy it then to be the beverage of God's immediate creation,—a primitive element, and as naturally cleansing as it is refreshing. Water has to the imaginative and the credulous properties akin to fire: both have ever by the barbarous, and by believers in the supernatural, been invested with peculiar virtues both medically and in respect of sacred qualities. According to fables, water has restored the old to youth; and many are the Holy Wells which have been resorted to by unlettered devotees. But that the rustic of Silesia should in a short time have attracted the notice of all Germany to his water cures, and multitudes of the medical profession as well as of the commoner sort of the people, can only, we think, be accounted for by the fact that the healings performed by him either were marvellous, or that the Germans are remarkably prone to run away with whatever is transcendental or

extravagantly novel. It was not long ere numerous institutions were formed for carrying out the practice of the peasant-water-doctor of Graefenberg, and that the method which he pursued came to be dignified with the title of a system, and a grand discovery in medical science. It even received the learned Greek term *Hydropathy*, and grew to be the theme of a host of publications; those writers who assailed, not less than those who advocated its principles and made boastings of its wondrous practical results, assisting to elevate the system to an unwonted eminence. Now, since it has been found possible to induce several hundreds of persons annually to submit to a diet homely and often coarse, to drink some quarts of cold water, and to be pumped upon and dipped more than once daily for weeks together, or to undergo processes which cause most profuse perspiration, and make the skin break out in boils, it is surely worth while to inquire, what may be the amount of truth or falsehood in a method so little in accordance with ordinary therapeutic proceedings. Von H. Claessen in a work having for its title "The Truth and Falsehood of the so-called Cold Water Cure," may be taken as a competent guide on the subject.

Dr. Claessen had two objects in view when composing his work; first, to check the unbounded exaggeration of the advocates of Hydropathy,—second, to obtain a scientific ground from which to enter upon a practical investigation of this new method of treating disease. But this latter branch is not easily disposed of; for the Doctor declares that the entire literature of the subject does not contain one trustworthy and closely reported case; so that he has been obliged to content himself with describing the proceedings of the Cold Water professors, and explaining the alleged effects in accordance with commonly received principles of science.

In one of the hydropathic institutions, the following are said to be different modes of employing cold water:—External employment of cold water, embracing under the head, General irritation of the skin,—1st. Simple irritation by washing, plunging, affusion, cold baths, and cold baths after previous sweating; 2d. Irritation by cold water, accompanied with mechanical action on the skin, viz., cold washing, with brushing the skin, shower baths, and douches. We next come to Partial irritation of the skin, under which head is embraced, application of wet compresses, hip and foot baths, water falling in drops upon a part, water propelled in a slender stream against a part, and douches. Lastly, we have the internal employment of cold water, by drinking, clysters, and injections into the different cavities of the body.

Sundry of these methods of applying cold water need no explanation. With regard to *cold baths after previous sweating* there is not even much novelty, unless in its modification of that kind of bath. The Russians and other northern nations practise a similar

mode. But as done by the hydropathists, this is the method, according to Lee, in his little work on the "Baths of Central and Southern Germany:"—"Each patient is awakened about five o'clock in the morning by an attendant, by whom the process of *emaillottage*, or wrapping up, is performed. A blanket or woollen covering is first bound firmly round, so as to envelope the whole body, the face only being left exposed; over this are placed one or two feather-beds, or eyderdown coverings, and over these again a second blanket is bound round the body, which, thus enveloped, appears to be about twice its natural size. After a time copious perspiration is induced, the window of the room is then thrown open to admit fresh air, and cold water is given to the patient at short intervals to promote the perspiration, and prevent his being weakened by its quantity, which in some instances is so profuse as to soak through all the coverings, and the mattress of the bed. When the perspiration has continued for the period that is deemed advisable (sometimes as much as two hours) the coverings are all removed except the first blanket; a cloak being thrown over the patient, and slippers placed upon his feet, he descends quickly to the bath; and first dipping his hands and face for a second or two, throws off the blanket and plunges into the water at a temperature varying from nine to twelve degrees of Reaumur, while the perspiration is still streaming from the surface of his body; the duration of the bath is only a few seconds in some instances, in others it extends to five minutes, or even a longer period, brisk motion and friction of the surface being enjoined."

This is the great feature of the hydropathic method, the internal employment of cold water, at other periods, being merely subsidiary. Six quarts are regarded as a quantity which any one may boldly drink every day, wine and all highly seasoned food being absolutely interdicted. All food, it is also enjoined, should be taken cold; and for this reason, according to one of the water-doctors: "The intestines of pigs who have been fed upon hot mashes are found to be extremely readily torn, and so rotten as to be unfit for making sausages. It is therefore evident that hot food is improper since it tends to relax and soften the intestines, and that persons should partake of no food but such as is cold, or at least only lukewarm."

It can hardly be doubted when we are told that the perspiration under the grand remedy of the hydropathists is not only enormous, but since the sweating process is often persevered in for months, that the effects produced are palpable. For instance, the perspiration has frequently a peculiar odour, which is regarded by the water-doctors as an infallible sign of the elimination of the morbific virus. But above all is a patient to consider himself fortunate if he becomes covered with stinking boils. Now, "this unusual commotion of the different fluids," says Dr. Claessen, "does not

take place without a deep impression being made on the organism. Congestion of various organs occurs, severe pain is experienced in different parts, more especially in such as are diseased, the activity of one or more organs of the senses is stimulated to a morbid and even to a painful degree, with all of which occurrences hydropathists are familiar under the name of excitement. In the further course of the treatment, and during the methodical increase of its activity, a regular fever is induced, which, according to the statements of the water-doctors, is usually followed by the cure of the disease, and to which they have given the name of crisis. It is, they assert, only in exceptional cases that the first appearance of the fever does not prove critical, but even in those instances its more energetic return, and the consequent cure of the disease, may be confidently anticipated." "It is not unusual," he continues, "for the crisis to be ushered in by stormy and even dangerous symptoms, for the relief of which hydropathy, in accordance with its exclusive tendencies, employs no other remedy than water. After the fortunate termination of the crisis, the patient is looked upon as cured, but it is considered desirable that the derivation of the fluids towards the surface should be gradually diminished, which is done by the employment of the so-called after-cure."

The hydropathic illustration of its theory is in part couched in the following words: "The curative power of water consists in its decomposing purifying action. The healing effects of water result from the animosity to all organic life, with which it attempts to destroy it by reducing it to its original atoms."

We must now leave it to our readers to consider how far ignorance, credulity, and imposture have gone to the promulgation of hydropathy. Even although there may be valuable hints lurking in the practice, one can hardly avoid thinking that it must often be extremely perilous; while the idea of its being a universal remedy, an unerring panacea for all diseases and all persons, cannot for a moment be regarded by any sober person otherwise than a proof that the so-called system will ere long be superseded by some novelty equally if not more preposterous. Hitherto, let it also be borne in mind, the water-doctors do not publish records of their loudly trumpeted cases with that precision and care which can enable persons profoundly and extensively read in medical science to pronounce positively concerning their value. Priessnitz might be excused, in his ignorance of established principles, for speaking indefinitely of his cures, especially as he displayed very considerable sagacity and ingenuity. We are even told that he is not to be charged with all the foolish pretensions and extravagant stories of his followers; and that it was not until he found the government only permitted him to use water in the treatment of diseases in any way which he chose, absolutely interdicting the employment of any other remedy, that

he thought of a multitude of modes of applying his one means; but which in the hands of still greater quacks were proclaimed as universal remedies. It appears that a doubt was for a time entertained by these worthies how far the cold water system corresponded with homœopathy. They, however, at last rested in the doctrine that the one was incompatible with the other; aud therefore they claimed for their own the merit of a discovery, and called it Hydropathy.

Art. XI.—1. *The Bishop's Daughter.* Dalton.

2. *Softness.* Saunders and Otley.

3. *Morley Ernstein.* By G. P. R. James. Saunders and Otley.

4. *Tales of the Jury-Room.* By Gerald Griffin, Esq. Maxwell.

"The Bishop's Daughter" is by the author of "The Life-Book of a Labourer," and is a readable, artistically constructed, and frequently informing work; although the plot is improbable, and the moral taught by some of the chief incidents on which the story hinges be questionable. To be sure the Bishop is declared to be a model for prelates, and is also blessed with great riches; yet dies insolvent, leaving his Daughter, Sibyl Chenevix, with little more than her jewels, which she hands over to his creditors. Then commence the encounters with the vicissitudes which a paragon of virtue with rare accomplishments must be exposed to in the world, which novelists are sure to picture. At length, however, according to the same creators of life, she is restored to competency, when she not only pays her father's debts, and does an amazing deal of good by stealth, blushing to find it fame, but actually is in the condition to relieve an old lover, and whom she had loved in return but refused for entertaining wrong ideas of a religious nature; he having been now stricken by misfortune. And thus it is that the author has endeavoured to come up to his motto, that "There is no cosmetic like a holy conscience." We should have stated that Sibyl dies at an early age of a decline; whereas a Minerva press author, we presume, would have wedded her to the lover and the beloved, having taken care to make him a thorough convert, after reflecting upon the converse, the example, and the excellence of her whose cosmetic was a "holy conscience."

How the model Bishop, with such worldly wealth, ran into debt does not very clearly appear. He certainly had no right to expose his daughter to beggary; the Scriptures have pronounced upon the man who neglects his own household. Not only was he opulent, but he was singularly fortunate in having been the tutor of two scions of Royalty; so that could we even reconcile profound learning, exemplary virtue and piety with bankruptcy occasioned by extraordinary charity; yet it is not easy to conceive how the faultless and

paragon offspring of the tutor of royal sprigs could have been utterly neglected, and obliged by pen, pencil, and needle-work to earn a precarious and scanty subsistence.

Still the author tells his story not only well, but has a large stock of anecdotes, many of them put forward as authentic, which he adroitly dovetails into the narrative and the dialogue. From these scraps of information we take our samples.

The Preacher and the Player as described by Sir George Beaumont:—

Of Whitefield he was once heard to say, "Oh, yes; I heard that young gentleman this morning allude to 'roaring Whitefield,' and was amused at his mistake. It is a common one. Whitefield did not roar. I have been his auditor more than once, and was delighted with him. Whitefield's voice could be heard at an immense distance; but that was owing to its fulness, roundness, and clearness. It was *a perfectly sound voice*. It is an odd description, but I can hit upon no better. There was neither crack nor flaw in it. To describe him as a bellowing, roaring field-preacher, is to describe a mountebank, not Whitefield. He had powers of pathos of the highest order. The tender, soft, persuasive tones of his voice, were melodious in the extreme. And when he desired to win, or persuade, or plead, or soothe, the gush of feeling which his voice conveyed at once surprised and overpowered you."

Again, Garrick—"There was one peculiarity about Garrick's eye, to which, in my opinion, none of his biographers have done justice. Its brightness and brilliancy, the manner in which it would light up during the delivery of some passages and flash defiance in others, its softness and tenderness at one moment, its joyous and exulting sparkle at another,—all this has been dwelt upon over and over again. But one point is untouched, the manner in which he could deaden it. That to me was the height of art. In parts where stolidity almost amounting to idiotcy was required, in Abel Drugger for instance, the address with which he could as it were throw a veil, a film over the eye, was alike inimitable and unapproachable. Garrick's eye in Benedict, and Garrick's eye in Abel Drugger, did not look like the same organ."

The remorse of a duellist:—

"Much the same sort of feeling," resumed the lady, "seems to have over-shadowed another successful duellist. I allude to the well-known Captain Best, the antagonist of Lord Camelford. The duel was forced upon him. An abandoned woman promoted it; and Lord Camelford, before he went to the ground, told his second that he was conscious he himself was in the wrong; that Best was a man of honour; but that he could not bring himself to retract words which he had once used. He fell, at once the aggressor and the sufferer. But Captain Best was never his own man afterwards. He died at the early age of eight-and-forty, at a boarding-house called 'The Blanquetts,' near Worcester. Sorrow and remorse had done on him the work of years. In his closing hours, he is

said to have told those who were in his confidence that the recollection of that duel and its results had embittered every moment of his life; that the whole scene was as fresh in his memory as if it had happened yesterday; and that there were times when Lord Camelford seemed to stand before him and gaze on him with an earnestness and tenacity that rendered life a burden. In consequence of some embarrassments—whence contracted I know not, for he inherited West India property to a considerable amount—he was for some time within the Rules of the King's Bench. In his domestic arrangements, too, he was unfortunate. His marriage proved disastrous, and was dissolved by act of Parliament. But he once and again declared that every sorrow would have sat lightly on him could he but have succeeded in wiping the stain of homicide from his brow."

The Rector and his terrier:—

Cherry was a beautiful terrier, and a first-rate favourite with his master. He accompanied the Rector in all his walks, rides, and visits; and certainly the instinct which the little animal displayed was closely akin to reason. He divined on a Sunday, by some intuitive process, without any apparent reference to personal appearance or change of dress, whether his master was or was not to be the officiating minister of the day; and regulated his course accordingly. If the Rector took the duty, Cherry would at once precede him to the vestry. But if a different arrangement had been decided upon, Cherry would stop short in the aisle and station himself on a mat before the Rector's pew-door. Mr. Richard Heber repeatedly said he was "sure the dog understood what passed in conversation;" and the Rector would often with a laugh express his fears that Cherry was "ower canny," and "had by some unlawful means obtained a clue to 'the universal language!'"

Of the charitable disposition of his master, Cherry seem perfectly cognisant. If in their walks they met with a beggar, Cherry would never allow the poor wretch to pass till he had directed Mr. Heber's attention to him. He would draw up by the side of the wayfarer and there remain, without any attempt to bark, growl, or bite, till the Rector came up. If the poor object appeared more than usually ill-clad, wretched, and helpless, Cherry would utter a low whine, but never quit his new acquaintance till Mr. Heber had spoken to him. And rare indeed was the instance when words were *all* that the suppliant received.

Another trait and Cherry shall pass from the page.

He invariably accompanied, or rather preceded, Mr. Heber on his morning visit to the Sunday-school. When we heard his stealthy pit-pat upon the stairs we were pretty sure of whom he was the herald. He used to pause upon the highest step, and, I have often thought, enjoyed the panic—the transition from considerable hubbub to perfect stillness—which his appearance invariably produced. There was an expression of glee, a look of wicked intelligence, of doggish triumph, which only Dickens can describe and Landseer's pencil portray. It said, as clearly as doggish eyes and nose could say, "So, ho! my masters, *I've* the upper hand at present."

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, gives anecdotes of one of his dogs, indicating a kindred sort of sagacity. James, if one might implicitly trust in his stories, describes his animal as not only evincing proofs of prescience relative to the Shepherd's movements and purposes, but as actually exhibiting a sort of sympathy with the worshippers in family devotion. An anecdote of Bishop Corrie may be added to our clerical characteristics:—

Soon after his elevation to the Episcopate, a party of clergymen were assembled together at Madras, the Bishop forming one of the group. The conversation turned for some time on professional topics; when suddenly one of the party, naming a sick soldier in the fort, said, "John Graham of the Forty-sixth is very ill; some one should go and see him."

The remark being general, met with its usual reception—general inattention. The conversation branched off to indifferent topics; and no further allusion to the sick soldier was made that evening.

About the same hour on the following night, the same party reassembled. Again the remark was heard, "Private Graham is very ill—he is dying: the case is urgent; some one should go and see him."

After a variety of pros and cons as to who should see him, and when he should be seen, and how soon, the Bishop interposed, and in his usual quiet manner said, "You need not debate the matter any further at present. I have seen him this morning for an hour."

"Softness," by the author of "Hardness," fully sustains the character of that novel. However dry, unpromising, and destitute of euphony might be the title, it ushered in a work of no ordinary stamp, containing mind, matter, information and observation sufficient to set up, or to be spread over, a series of fictions. The present forms a worthy companion, abounding in substance akin to the other, worked out and combined with an improving hand, although we miss the higher displays of skill in structure, so as to exhibit an anxiously concocted, and a clearly foreseen whole. In a first venture an author fears to disclose his name; but when public approbation crowns the effort, he will generally proclaim himself; and therefore Captain Knox now takes the field openly, determined, we dare to say, in his recruitings, to enlist sundry other abstractions of the family of *nesses*, before he drops the service of literature. There is novelty and boldness in the idea.

A slight idea of the hero of "Softness" may be formed when we state that Sir Thomas Champion is laughed, is hammered, into a man of the world,—an active and stout-hearted man, by sneers through the avenues of his own sheer modesty and timidity, by perils, and by adversity, until he has even the hardihood to take a wife. Of course the author who can conceive and work out this character presents other personages and numerous occasions as foils, levers, and targets in the warfare of Sir Thomas's life. The Captain has also ample opportunities for smart strictures on men and

manners, and seizes with avidity such points as readily enable him to speculate, which he does with more novelty in the mode than in the matter. Captain or not, he is a soldier-like moralist.

"Morley Ernstein; or the Tenants of the Heart," can hardly add to the celebrity of Mr. James. That the novel will not operate as a detraction is certain; for it gives us a great abundance of bustle and incident, of character and contrast, of good language and right sentiment. But we go farther, predicting that it may give rise to certain speculations, independently of the merits of the fiction, that will extend beyond the sphere of a circulating library, or even that of the taste of some more discriminating readers of light literature. Let us first of all listen to him while giving something in the shape of reasons for an old author choosing a new walk. Mr. James says:—

One of the hopes I had entertained, and one of the great objects which I had proposed to myself in most of my preceding works was, to elevate the feelings and moral tone of those who read them, by displaying the workings and results of the higher and better qualities peculiar to times of old—ancient courtesy, generous self-devotion, and the spirit of chivalrous honour. I say, that this was one great object in the general scheme of my writings; though I do not pretend to deny, that in each separate romance which has proceeded from my pen, I have had a particular view which I wished to inculcate: perhaps—if I may be forgiven for putting on the pedagogue—a particular lesson which I sought to enforce. A time came, however, when it was necessary to show the same qualities of which I have spoken above, in our own, or very nearly our own days—to depict them mingling with the things of ordinary life, to trace out their operation upon men under circumstances familiar to our minds at present, and thus to bring them home more immediately to the hearts for which I write. Such was one of the purposes of the *Ancient Régime;* but as readers generally expect to find an author in the same path where they left him, and are inclined to believe that it is hardly possible he can do well in any other, I did not feel at all sure that public approbation would follow me in the transition. The favour with which that work was received, however, was so great, that I now proceed with confidence in the same course, and only hope for the same indulgence in this instance which I obtained in that. It is my belief, that no person who merely sits down to tell a story will ever write what is deserving of the name of a good work. He may make it, perhaps, an amusing one—he may make it an interesting one; but it will never possess those qualities which impress a book deeply and lastingly on the memory of the reader, and raise the author high in the estimation of his fellow-men, unless there be the energetic purpose of inculcating, under the garb of fiction, some strong and peculiar truths with which the writer's mind is powerfully imbued. It is then, and only then, that works of fiction become really valuable; and did I not hope—aye, and trust—that my own will have, and indeed have had, some influence upon the tone and character of a portion of my fellow-men, I should feel strongly disposed not to write another line.

Mr. James having adopted a walk different from that in which he has hitherto chiefly distinguished himself, viz. that of picturing chivalrous ages, reviving the scenes and heroes of olden times, and, in short, giving us the romance of history, or historical romances, seeks now "to elevate and surprise" while planting himself upon our own era and age, and taking for his characters and incidents such as are every day to be met with,—the grossly profligate, the libertine, the infidel and the criminal, as well as the high-souled, the lovely, the truthful, and the good. And to exhibit all these things, he sets a young man of one-and-twenty out unrestrained into the world, the said youth being possessed of a large fortune and swayed by strong passions. Now, there is certainly both a sphere here for the imagination of Mr. James to range, which differs from that in which he has so long and so often expatiated and gathered his materials, and ample opportunity for the generous kind of teachings of sentiment and virtue which characterize all his preceding works. But then, we are scarcely satisfied with the results. Not that it is possible for Mr. James to become a contributor to the Newgate school of imaginative literature, but that in order to carry out a difficult plan, and one surrounded with dangers and delicacies, he has placed his hero in circumstances of widely contradictory nature, and represented him with feelings and principles that are quite inconsistent with his actions, with his deliberate choice of associates and scenes. But besides, in order not to contaminate or to shock, the author has had recourse to a style of varnishing, or of vague description and mystifying sentimentality, which, while leaving out the details of reality, seem calculated to excite a perilous curiosity. Our objections therefore are, that there is a want of the truth of probability, and that instead of the moral taught by the imagined career, the circumstances, the tastes, and the character of the hero being to shun temptation, it will rather be to tempt to dangerous experiments and to pry into what should never be seen or insinuated. But without another word relative to the plot or the characters, we quote once more from the preface, in which is to be found the new theory of which we have been speaking. There are excellent suggestions and weighty thoughts in the following passage:—

I have also, in this work, introduced a man in the lower ranks of life, faulty and criminal, but with the germs of undeveloped principles and generous feelings in his nature. I have boldly and fearlessly made him escape the punishment due to his crimes; and have represented his escape, and the means by which it is effected, as the cause of a complete change of character and life. I know that this course may be censured, when stated in the broad and straightforward manner in which I now put it; but I have drawn his history, and wrought out the circumstances connected with it, from no sympathy with criminals and evil-doers, but because I believe that harsh laws produce bad men, and crush out, in

hearts not utterly sterile and waste, that germ of hope through repentance which it was God's will that Christ should plant and cultivate. I have done it, because I believe that the law of every country in Europe has considered punishment much more than reformation—because I believe that the manner in which the law is carried out, the treatment of suspected persons, the contaminating habits of prisons, penitentiaries, and penal colonies,—the obstacles, in short, that are cast in the way of return, and the education, if one may so call it, in evil which all our customs afford, when once man or woman has entered into the awful school of vice, render reformation almost impossible—because I believe that, even in the morbid and maudlin feeling which exists among some men towards those notorious criminals, in regard to whom there is but one course, may be seen the revulsion of the public mind from a system which gives no chance of a return to right, and the foundation from which, perhaps, may arise a new science, having for its object to amend rather than to destroy, and by which justice, tempered with mercy, may lead to repentance, rather than doom to death, or force into a continuance in evil. Having learned that the sword of justice, by falling too frequently, gets blunt and inefficacious, we have made vast and wise efforts in mitigating punishment; but there are two sciences, of which, as yet, we know little or nothing, and do not even conceive or believe that they may be carried out to very vast results—that of educating a whole people for good; and that of combining punishment for crime with encouragement to reformation.

Two passages from the novel itself now follow. They are of that class, so numerous and admirable in every one of our author's fictions, which can not only stand by themselves, but are of the best stamp in respect of sentiment and suggestiveness:—

At the age of one-and-twenty years—It is a beautiful age, full of the spring, with all the vigour of manhood, without one touch of its decay; with all the fire of youth, without one touch of its feebleness! Oh, one-and-twenty! bright one-and-twenty!—Wilt thou never come back to me again? No, never! The cord of the bow has been so often drawn, that it has lost its elasticity; there have been a thousand flowers cast away that have withered in the dust of Time's sandy path; there have been a thousand fruits tasted that have left but the rind in my hand; there have been a thousand travel-stains acquired that never can be washed off till the journey is done. That which has been lost, and that which has been gained, have both been gathered into the two baskets of the past; and, whatever the future may have in store, one-and-twenty, with its many hopes, its few fears, its buoyancy of spirit, its elasticity of limb, its eagerness of expectation, its activity of pursuit, its aspirations, its desires, its faith, its confidence, its frankness, its garden of visionary flowers, and its atmosphere of misty light, can never, never come back to us, were we to whistle till we broke our hearts. No, no; in the sad arithmetic of years, multiply by what numbers you will, you can never get at one-and-twenty more than once.

Better still: less verbiage, and a nicer perception beautifully illustrated:—

Let no one, however, venture to think that even a brief half-hour's conversation with another man of strong mind can be a matter of mere indifference—indeed, I know not that it ever is so, with any one, wise or foolish, ugly or pretty, good or bad. We are all nothing but traders in this world, mere hucksters, travelling packmen, with a stock continually changing, increasing, diminishing. We go forth into the world carrying a little wallet of ideas and feelings; and with every one to whom we speak for a moment, we are trafficking in those commodities. If we meet with a man of wisdom and of virtue, sometimes he is liberal, and supplies us largely with high and noble thoughts, receiving only in return sweet feelings of inward satisfaction; sometimes, on the other hand, he will only trade upon equal terms, and if we cannot give him wisdom for wisdom, shuts up his churlish shop and will deal with us no more. If we go to a bad man, we are almost always sure to be cheated in our traffic, to get evil or useless wares, and often those corrupted things which, once admitted to our stock, spread the mould and mildew to all around. Often, often, too, in our commerce with others, do we pay for the poisons which we buy as antidotes, all that we possess of good, both in feeling and idea. But when we sit down by beauty, and gentleness, and virtue, what a world of sweet images do we gain for the little that we can give in exchange? Ay, and even in passing a few light moments with a dear, innocent child, how much of bright and pure do we carry away in sensation!—how much of deep and high may we gain in thought! Oh no!—it is no indifferent thing with whom we converse, if ideas be the riches of the spirit."

"Tales of the Jury-Room" have been set in a whimsical framework, both as to incident and the situation of the story-tellers. There is a trial for a breach of promise of marriage; there is an English stranger with more curiosity than prudence, who contrives to conceal himself in the Jury-room; the twelve good men cannot agree in their verdict, and are shut up for the night, during which they entertain themselves with tales, one following another; and even the prying tourist contributes his *yarn*, having discovered himself by sneezing. The staple of the volumes therefore consists of unconnected stories; although the incidents to which we have alluded, furnish matter to render the framework a sort of tale of itself.

With regard to the subjects of the tales; they are not all of the nature that might be looked for from Irish Jurors; that is to say, they are not all national, nor even what might be expected from travelled persons, or respectable retired gentlemen who give reminiscences of their services in foreign parts. One or two of the narrators must be supposed to have derived their subjects from reading authors belonging to countries far distant from Erin; and there is even recourse had to ancient times for characters and incident. Nor can it be overlooked that the English stranger who ensconces him-

self in the Jury-room, perpetrates something like to an Irish bull; for he comes forward with what savours more of Hibernia than Britannia, or any other land divided from the Emerald Isle. Still, the bulk of the tales are national, in regard of subject, sentiment, style, and dialect; and all of them are told with fluency, spirit, and natural effect. But there is not much that is powerful or novel. They will amuse rather than deeply impress the reader; they illustrate and embody certain superstitions as well as historical points, rather than discover to us the cast of mind which offers acceptance to such nutriment and exercise as the traditions and the supernatural in them contain. We quote one truly characteristic example, it contains, besides, an apposite truth under its wild garb:—

Meanwhile, the story-teller and his strange master found themselves on a wild heath in Sligo, where they beheld O'Connor of Connaught at the head of a powerful army, with a vast herd of cattle and other spoils, which he had driven from the bondsmen of Munster. The Caol Riava went up and saluted him: "Save you, O'Connor," he said boldly.

"And you likewise," replied the Monarch; "what is your name?"

"Call me Giolla De," said the Caol Riava: "what is the cause of the confusion which I observe among your forces?"

"We are expecting an attack from the Munster men," replied the King, "and are at a loss how to drive the spoils and repel the enemy at the same time."

"What made you drive them at all?" said the Caol Riava.

"You know," replied the King, "that a monarch ought always to be ready to redress the slightest grievance of his subjects. Now it happened that a Connaught woman lent a basket to a woman of her acquaintance in Munster, who refused to return it at the appointed time. I heard of the injury, and immediately raised an army to avenge it. I am now returning with the spoils; a portion of which I intend to bestow on the poor woman who lost her basket."

"And what will you do with the rest?" inquired the Giolla De.

"I will keep them myself," said the King, "to signalize my victory, and enhance the national glory, after the way of all great kings."

"I'm afraid it will give you enough to do," replied the Caol Riava; "for before you leave this heath you will have more Munster men to meet you than there are purple bells all over it."

"That's what I fear," said the King.

"What will you give me if I help you?" said the Caol Riava.

"You!" cried one of O'Connor's men with a burst of laughter; "it cannot make much difference to O'Connor whether you go or stay."

"What reward would you require?" asked O'Connor.

"A share, little or much, of any thing you may get while I am with you," replied the Giolla De.

"Agreed," exclaimed the King.

"Very well," said the Giolla De; "do you hold on your journey driving your spoils, while I coax the Munster men home again."

The King proceeded, and saw nothing of the men of Munster until

he reached his own domain, where he arrived before any of his retinue. As he did so, he perceived the Giolla De and the story-teller again by his side. Wearied from the fatigue of the expedition, after welcoming them he entered a shieling by the wayside, and called for a drink. It was brought, and he drank it off without even thinking of the Giolla De.

"I am sorry to see you forget your agreement," said the latter.

"Do you call that trifle a breach of my agreement?" said the King.

"Ah!" replied the Giolla De, "it is trifles that show the mind. You went to war for a basket, and you call a cup of wine a trifle." And he immediately spoke these lines—

"The wrong a King doth, were it huge as a mountain
He weighs it no more than a drop from the fountain.
The wrong a King suffers, though light as a bubble,
Sends fools to the slaughter and kingdoms to trouble.
Thenceforth I'll not swear by the weight of a feather,
Nor the firmness of ice in the sunny spring weather,
But I'll swear by a lighter, more slippery thing,
And my troth shall be plight by the word of a King."

The instant he had uttered these lines, the Caol Riava and the story-teller vanished from the eyes of O'Connor, who looked around for them in vain in all directions. But what astonished him still more was, that not a particle of all the spoils he had driven from Munster remained with his host; nor could any thing be found throughout the whole army but an old basket, which the Connaught woman, already spoken of, recognized as the one she had lent to the Munster woman.

ART. XII.—*Poems.* By ROBERT NICOLL. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Tait.

THE character of these Poems, and the circumstances of the author's life, require that they be noticed at considerable length in our pages. The new pieces added to this edition, and a memoir of the author, give the modest volume a claim upon our attention, even although on the first appearance of the lyrics, we had allowed them some space in our pages.

Robert Nicoll was the son of a Perthshire farmer, who at the period of this son's birth, and for five years later, was in comfortable circumstances for his station and calling. The father, however, having become bound for a relative to the amount of six hundred pounds, was ruined in consequence of the debtor absconding. The whole of the unfortunate farmer's property was sold; he was obliged to become a common labourer, finding employment as such upon the very lands which he had rented, when he had a competency; his wife too, who had before been in circumstances which enabled her to devote herself to profitable reading, as well as to educating her children, was subjected necessarily to domestic drudgery, and had

also to take at times to field labour, in which her eight children appear to have joined as soon as they had strength to work. But the touching facts, and which are quite characteristic of the peasantry of Scotland, are not yet fully indicated: the reduced parents failed not to give their children such an education as fitted them afterwards to attain to respectable situations in life. The particulars which we are about to mention relative to Robert will throw some more light upon the condition of the family and the character of their education, at the same time that we obtain a view of a son of poverty and of genius, whose history will not pass away even in the annals of literature.

Robert says, in a biographical letter to a bookseller in Edinburgh, and referring to the period of his father's ruin, "I was then too young to know the full extent of our misfortune; but young as I was, I saw and felt a great change. My mother in her early years, was an ardent book-woman. When she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of its being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that her children should not want education. Ever since I can remember I was a keen and earnest reader. Before I was six years of age I read every book that came in my way, and had gone twice through my grandfather's small collection, though I had never been at school." He goes on to state, that having attained his sixth year, he was sent to the parish-school, which was three miles distant; "and I generally read going and returning. To this day I can walk as quickly as my neighbours, and read at the same time with the greatest ease. I was sent to the herding at seven years of age, and continued herding all summer, and attending school all winter with my *fee* (wages)."

A few notes are supplied by Robert's younger brother, Mr. William Nicoll, now of Glasgow. In adverting to the poet's childhood, it is said, "Even at this early period Robert was a voracious reader, and never went to the herding without a book in his plaid; and he generally read both going and returning from school. From his studious disposition, though a favourite with the other boys from his sweetness of temper, he hardly ever went by any other name than *the minister*. When about twelve he was taken from herding and sent to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor. With the difference that he had now less time for reading than before, the change in his employment made very little change in his habits. He went to school during the winter as usual."

We are farther told, that it was in one of those winters that he began the Latin Rudiments; and, besides writing and accounts, he seems to have acquired some knowledge of geometry. "We should however say that Nicoll knew little of any science, and nothing of any language save English, and his own beautiful Doric. He never

made any pretension of the sort. His slight acquaintance with the Latin Rudiments must, however, have been of use to him when he subsequently taught himself grammar from Cobbett's useful compendium. But his regular school-learning, whatever its amount, was all acquired at intervals, and in the dull season of the year when he could not work out of doors."

Speaking of the period when he was between eleven and twelve, Robert himself says, in his letter to the bookseller, in reference to a book-club which had been established in the village of his native parish, "when I had saved a sufficient quantity of silver coin, I became a member. I had previously devoured all the books to be got in the parish for love, and I soon devoured all those in the library for money. Besides, by that time I began to get larger *fees*, and I was able to pay 1*s.* 6*d.* a month, for a month or two, to a bookseller in Perth for reading. From him I got many new works; and among the rest the Waverley Novels. With them I was enchanted. They opened up new sources of interest and thought, of which I before knew nothing. I can yet look with no common feelings on the wood in which, while herding, I read Kenilworth."

About his thirteenth year, Robert began to scribble his thoughts, and to make rhyme; and his brother relates that he was so far honoured as, at this age, to become the correspondent of a provincial newspaper, the manager of which, in requital of small scraps of parish news, sent him an occasional copy of the journal. The editor, however, afterwards found a correspondent more suitable, at least in point of age, and the boy was deprived of his office; not without chagrin "at the abrupt disruption of this his first connexion with the press."

Nicoll himself describes simply and interestingly his first attempts at composition, and various succeeding steps in his progress. "As nearly as I can remember, I began to write my thoughts when I was thirteen years of age, and continued to do so at intervals until I was sixteen; when, despairing of ever being able to write the English language correctly, I made a bonfire of my papers, and wrote no more till I was eighteen. My excursive course of reading both poets and prosers, gave me many pleasures of which my fellows knew nothing; but it likewise made me more sensitive to the insults and degradations that a dependent must suffer. You cannot know the horrors of dependence; but I have felt them, and have registered a vow in heaven that I shall be independent, though it be but on a crust and water."

He goes on to relate:—"To further my progress in life, I bound myself apprentice to Mrs. J. H. Robertson, wine-merchant and grocer, in Perth. When I came to Perth, I bought Cobbett's English Grammar; and by constant study soon made myself mas-

ter of it, and then commenced writing as before; and you know the result."

On first going to Perth, a gentleman did him the much-prized service of lending him a right to a Library; "and thus I procured many works I could not get before,—Milton's Prose Works, Locke's Works, and, what I prized more than all, a few of Bentham's, with many other works in various departments of literature and science, which I had not had the good fortune to read before."

We come now near to a stage in the years of man's life, which the law of the land constitutes an epoch, and which is the starting point, as it often proves, for an entirely new race. "I was twenty years of age in the month of January last," says Nicoll; "and my apprenticeship expires in September next. By that time I hope, by close study, to have made myself a good French scholar; and I intend, if I can raise the monies, to emigrate to the United States of North America."

Those of our readers who have attended us thus far will readily believe that Robert Nicoll, after reaching his *majority*, did not relax either as regarded his habits of reading and the desire to be an expert and correct writer, or of realizing that kind of independence which would afford him opportunities for cultivating literature as well as gaining a steady livelihood. But details must not detain us. Suffice it to say that he corresponded concerning the matters and anxieties which were uppermost with him; that he sometimes contributed to a periodical; and that at length, although at an age earlier than Burns did, he appeared before the public with the volume of poems which has now reached a second edition. After this, with youthful eagerness, he contemplated trying his fortune in London as a literary adventurer. His friends, however, dissuaded him from such a rash step, and for a time Mr. Tait, who had kindly acted as his publisher, afforded him some employment, until the editorship of a paper in Leeds was procured for him.

One would naturally suppose that Robert's youth and inexperience must have been a complete bar to such an office. But he was ardent, ambitious, and not over diffident, we should say, of his knowledge in respect of matters of government, politics, parties, or the world in general. But Leeds was a favourable sphere for his displays; for he could energetically and with poetic fervour expatiate about independence, describe the heroism of honesty, the poor man's dignity and the rich man's scorn. He spoke from thorough conviction and from some amount of bitter remembrance; he regarded all men as brethren; he was, in short, an upright Radical. How could he be other than a popular member of society in Leeds? He not only was editor of the *Times*, but he wrote leaders for a Sheffield paper, and took an active part in sundry societies, speechifying, corresponding, and exerting himself in every way and at all

times beyond measure in furtherance of whatever he constienciously deemed right, just, and fair. He who when but a little boy appears to have done whatever he did with all his might, and who never knew what it was to be idle,—who devoured books even when the opportunity might only be going to, and returning from school, was it likely, when he felt that the affairs of the nation, that the rights of the people, were in some measure in his hands, that he would cease from overstraining himself? Persons too of poetic temperament have frequently fragile constitutions; nor had Robert's been always generously fed. But what mean we by all this? Let the following short answer be given:—Robert Nicoll entered upon the editorship of the *Leeds Times* in 1836, and by the autumn of 1837 broken health obliged him to relinquish the office. He returned to Edinburgh, and died in December. Let it not be left unrecorded by us that Sir William Molesworth, on learning from Mr. Tait the condition of the poor young man, sent him fifty pounds.

It only remains for us now to notice the general characteristics f Nicoll's poetry, and then to annex specimens of its varieties.

He rose, as we have seen, from the healthy bosom of Scotland, and spent his earlier years among unsophisticated rustics. The bulk of his poems and lyrics are therefore such as a rustic, whose reading, however, in the English classics had not been confined, and who was gifted with a poetical mind, would indite,—such as would gush from him, under every generous and delicious feeling of youth and genius.

Rusticity is not vulgarity; and never could the distinction be more happily illustrated than by means of the poems before us. They are for the most part in the Scottish dialect; but then it is not broad, but idiomatic and elegant Scotch that falls upon the ear from his lyrics.

These poems are, with few exceptions, purely national in every sense. They either deal with the feelings and manners of a class who most faithfully mirror and retain the stamp of nationality; or they picture with an artist's pencil, dipped in nature's hues, landscapes as seen in the romantic district which claimed him for a son.

The structure of the poems is extremely simple, the versification sweet and flowing, and the sentiment in them altogether removed from sickliness. Condensation, however, might have been acquired by longer culture and closer observation, at least in several of the effusions; and a loftier strain might perhaps have been obtained without injury to his most exquisite qualities, which we have not yet mentioned, viz., a combination of lovely tenderness and playful kindheartedness. This warmth and softness, without sacrifice of manliness, are the chief features in the collection; features not less prominent, we think, in his humorous than in his pathetic effusions.

It is also worthy of remark, that a vein of satire is traceable perhaps as distinctly in his humour as in his pathos. But examples will best illustrate our meaning; and only by such means can justice be done to the poet.

We begin with a song, in the healthy and hearty style of the rustic ditties of Scotland; and like many other pieces in the collection, a specimen of the poetry peculiar to the country:—

Our Jean likes the mornin' when milkin' the kye,
An' May thinks the noontide gangs merrily by;
But nane o' them a' are sae saft an' serene
As the hours when the lads come a-courtin' at e'en:
A-courtin' at e'en—a-courtin' at e'en—
As the hours when the lads come a-courtin' at e'en!

The sun quietly slips o'er the tap o' the hill,
An' the plover its gloamin' sang whistles fu' shrill;
Syne dimness comes glidin' where daylight had been,
An' the dew brings the lads wha come courtin' at e'en:
Courtin' at e'en—courtin' at e'en—
An' the dew brings the lads wha come courtin' at e'en!

When the men-folk are crackin' of ousen and land,
An' the kimmers at spinnin' are tryin' their hand,
I see at the window the face o' a frien',
An' I ken that my joes come a-courtin' at e'en:
A-courtin' at e'en—a-courtin' at e'en—
An' I ken that my joes come a-courtin' at e'en!

* * * *

Equally characteristic and sweet is the song, "There's Nane Like You:"—

There's nane like you—there's nane like you:
The youngsters blithe around us noo
Are bonny a', baith grit and sma';
But, auld gudewife, there's nane like you.

Nae doot they're dear to ither hearts;
But sin' thae bairns atween us grew
You're mair than a' the earth to me—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

CHORUS.

Within my arms, ye now hae lain
For springs an' summers forty-two;
You've cheer'd my grief an' shared my joy—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

CHORUS.

* * * *

A muckle share o' luve we've had
The warld as we've warsled through:
My auld heart dances thinking', o't—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.
CHORUS.

* * * *

In a different strain are the two following samples. How simple and kindly are the verses under the title of "Ordé Braes:"—

There's nae hame like the hame o' youth—
Nae ither spot sae fair;
Nae ither faces look sae kind
As the smilin' faces there,
An' I hae sat by monie streams—
Hae travell'd monie ways;
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
Is on bonnie Ordé Braes.

An ell-lang wee thing there I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shinin' nuts,
An' to wander 'mong the ferns,
An' to feast on the bramble berries brown,
An' gather the glossy slaes
By the burnie's side; an' aye sinsyne
I hae lo'ed sweet Ordé Braes.

The memories o' my father's hame,
An' its kindly dwallers a'—
O' the friends I lo'ed wi' a young heart's luve,
Ere care that heart cu'd thraw—
Are twined wi' the stanes o' the siller burn,
An' its fairy creeks an' bays
That onward sang 'neath the gowden brume
Upo' bonnie Ordé Braes.

* * * *

O! an' the sun war shinin' noo,
An' O! an' I war there,
Wi' twa three friends o' auld lang syne
My wanderin' joy to share.
For, though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
The flock o' the hills doth graze,
Some kind hearts live to lo'e me yet
Upo' bonnie Ordé Braes.

It was not in books that Robert Nicoll had been taught to utter

Nane ken how muckle peace an' luve
In a straw-roof'd cot can bide.

To be sure it is a truth which multitudes understand and feel even poetically; and yet but few could have the sentiment so touchingly sent home to the heart as it was to his. All know how a "Deserted Village" evoked the muse; but not less affecting to thousands of the people in the north of Scotland has been the depopulation wrought by the new system of large farms. The scenes and reminiscences consequent on such measures, cannot but suggest to every one many tender thoughts and poetic images. But very few indeed are able to give expression to them with the truthfulness of the following stanzas in the piece called "The Toon (hamlet) whar' I was born:"—

* * * *

The lovely hames beside the burn,
Whar' happy hearts were growin'—
The peasant huts whar' purely bright
The light o' luve was flowin'—
The wee bit glebes, whar' honest men
Were toilin' e'en an' morn—
Are a' afore me, whan I mind
The toon whar' I was born.

O! there were bonnie faces there,
An' hearts baith hie an' warm,
That neebors luved, an' strain'd fu' sair
To keep a friend frae harm.
Nae walth had they; but something still
They spared whan ane forlorn—
The puir auld beggar bodie—ca'd
The toon whar' I was born.

The grey auld man was honour'd there—
The matron's words were cherish'd;
An' honesty in youthfu' heart
By Age's words was nourish'd.
An' though e'en there we coudna' get
The rose without the thorn,
It was a happy, happy place,
The toon whar' I was born!

The heather-theekit hames were blithe
Whan winter nichts were lang—
Wi' spinning-wheels, an' jokin' lads,
An' ilka lassie's sang.
At Handsel Monday we had mirth,
An' whan the har'st was shorn
The Maidens cam'—'t was cheerfu' aye,
The toon whar' I was born.

I maist cou'd greet, I am sae wae,—
The very wa's are gane—
The autumn-shilfie sits an' chirps
Upo' ilk cauld hearth stane—
Ae auld aik-tree, or may be twa,
Amang the wavin' corn,
Is a' the marks that Time has left
O' the toon whar' I was born.

Having seen that he places among the kindliest of his images the spinning-wheel, we must copy out one or two of the charming verses in which he celebrates this primitive article, so closely connected with Scottish thrift:—

I winna sing o' bluidy deeds an' waefu' war's alarms;
For glancin' swords an' prancin' steeds for me possess no charms:
But I will sing o' happiness which fireside bosoms feel,
While listenin' to the birrin' soun' o' Scotland's Spinning-wheel.

* * * * *

The auld wife by the ingle sits, an' draws her cannie thread;
It hauds her baith in milk an' meal, an' a' thing she can need;
And gleesome scenes o' early days upo' her spirit steal,
Brought back to warm her wither'd heart by Scotland's Spinning-wheel.

We now pass on to another key in which Robert had power and skill. Take first from the humorous string of his lyre "Janet Macbean":—

Janet Macbean a public keeps,
An' a merry auld wife is she;
An' she sells her yill wi' a jaunty air
That wad please your heart to see.
Her drink's o' the best—she's hearty aye,
An' her house is neat an' clean—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

She has aye a curtsey for the laird
When he comes to drink his can,
An' a laugh for the farmer an' his wife,
An' a joke for the farmer's man.
She toddles but an' she toddles ben,
Like onie wee bit queen—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

The beggar wives gang a' to her,
An' she sairs them wi' bread and cheese;—
Her bread in bannocks an' her cheese in whangs
Wi' a blithe gudewill she gies.

Vow, the kintra-side will miss her sair
Whan she's laid aneath the green—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

Amang alehouse wives she rules the roast;
For upo' the Sabbath days
She puts on her weel-hain'd tartan plaid,
An' the rest o' her Sabbath claes;
An' she sits, nae less! in the minister's seat:
Ilk psalm she lilts I wean—
There's no an auld wife in the public line
Can match wi' Janet Macbean.

"Minister Tam" is still more terse and brisk. It is a picture to the life, a history complete. It is thoroughly Scottish, and many a broad-shouldered Doctor of Divinity in the Kirk will stand for the original. Yes, and how true it is that Tam is Tam to the end of the chapter:—

A wee raggit laddie he cam' to our toon,
Wi' his hair for a bonnet—his taes through his shoon;
An' aye whan we gart him rise up in the morn,
The ne'erdoweel herdit the kye 'mang the corn:
We sent him to gather the sheep on the hill—
No for wark, but to keep him from mischief an' ill;—
But he huntit the ewes, an' he rade on the ram;
Sic a hellicat deevil was Minister Tam.

My auld Auntie sent him for sugar an' tea,—
She kent na, douce woman! how toothsome was he:—
As hamewith he cam' wi't he paikit a bairn,
An' harried a nest doon amang the lang fern;
Then, while he was restin' within the green shaw,
My auld Auntie's sugar he lickit it a':—
Syne a drubbin' to miss, he sair sickness did sham;
Sic a slie tricksey shangie was Minister Tam.

But a Carritch he took, when his ain deevil bade;
An' wi' learnin' the laddie had maistly gain mad:
Nae apples he pu'ed noo—nae bee-bikes he smored—
The bonnie wee trouties gat rest in the ford—
Wi' the lasses at e'enin' nae mair he wad fight—
He was learnin' and spellin' frae mornin' to night:
He grew mim as a puddock an' quiet as a lamb,—
Gudesakes! sic a change was on Minister Tam!

His breeks they were torn, and his coat it was bare;
But he gaed to the schule, and he took to the lare:
He fought wi' a masterfu' heart up the brae,
Till to see him aye toilin' I maistly was wae;

But his wark noo is endit,—our Tammie has grown
To a kirk wi' a steeple—a black silken gown,—
Sic a change frae our laddie wha barefooted cam',
Wi' his wig white wi' pouther, is Minister Tam!

We are exceeding our bounds; but we cannot well resist exhibiting this child of poverty, and of hard struggling for independence, in another of his phases, at least as regards the polish of his verses for the English ear.

Take a specimen from "Wild Flowers:—

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters 'neath the hazels, gather,—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image ye, as in a dream,
Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fix'd, as in a queenly diadem:
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came,—
I love ye all!

* * * *

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the Day
Within the arms of Night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray,—
I love ye all!

* * * *

Among Nicoll's poems several of a patriotic character occur. But there is still another class not unworthy of one who vowed he would be independent were it but on a crust and water. The verses to which we refer are manly, but with less of passion than kindly affection. It became such a songster to constitute an honest hard-working man, and one whose "heart is bauldly true," the subject of the piece entitled "The Hero."

We quote two verses:—

* * * *

He toils at e'en, he toils at morn—
His wark is never through;
A comin' life o' weary toil
Is ever in his view!
But on he stammers, keepin' up
His heart as best he may,
An' proud to be an honest man
Until his dyin' day.

* * *

Gae mock at conquerors and kings!
What happiness gie they?
Gae tell the painted butterflies
To kneel them down and pray;
Gae stand erect in manhood's pride—
Be what a man should be—
Syne come an' to my hero bend
Upo' the grass your knee!

Before concluding it is fit we should hear something about "The Ha' Bible:"—

Chief of the household gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage-homes!
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd—
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The mountains old and hoar—
The chainless winds—the streams so pure and free—
The God-enamel'd flowers—
The waiving forest—the eternal sea—
The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are Teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

O! I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For love and hope and joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—
The slave who reads shall never crouch again;
For, Mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

God, unto thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land—
Yea, to the outspread earth—
Hast stretched in love Thy everlasting hand.

* * * *

O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored!
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored!
How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read!

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been join'd,
And then to wedded hearts
Has been a bond—an altar of the mind!—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

The "Second Edition" contains "numerous additions." But these do not differ in any essential or even perceptible degree from the poems first published, unless it be in mere artistic particulars. The sentiments are not fresher, richer, nor tenderer. It is indeed probable, that poor Robert Nicoll might never have surpassed his earlier efforts. His fluency would not have deserted him; but this is frequently a gift that requires to be kept under by acquired weight of matter. We close with one of his latter compositions, in which the satirical and the pathetic are blended:—

We are lowly—very lowly,
Misfortune is our crime;
We have been trodden under foot
From all recorded time.
A yoke upon our necks is laid,
A burden to endure;
To suffer is our legacy—
The portion of the poor!

We are lowly—very lowly,
And scorned from day to day,
Yet we have something of our own
Power cannot take away.
By tyrants we are toil'd to death—
By cold and hunger kill'd;
But peace is in our hearts—it speaks
Of duties all fulfill'd!

We are lowly—very lowly,
Nor house nor land have we;
But there's a heritage for us
While we have eyes to see.
They cannot hide the lovely stars,
Words in Creation's book,
Although they hold their fields and lanes
Corrupted by our look!

We are lowly—very lowly,
And yet the fairest flowers
That by the wayside raise their eyes,
Thank God they still are ours!
Ours is the streamlet's mellow voice,
And ours the common dew;
We still dare gaze on hill and plain,
And field and meadow too!

We are lowly—very lowly;
But when the cheerful Spring
Comes forth with flowers upon her feet
To hear the throstle sing,
Although we dare not seek the shade
Where haunt the forest deer—
The waving leaves we still can see,
The hymning birds can hear!

We are lowly—very lowly:
Our hedge-row paths are gone,
Where woodbines laid their fairy hands
The hawthorn's breast upon.
Yet slender mercies still are left,
And Heaven doth endure,
And hears the prayers that upward rise
From the afflicted poor!

ART. XIII.—*The Colonization of New Zealand.* By PROFESSOR CHARLES RITTER, of Berlin. Smith and Elder.

THIS pamphlet is welcome; for it is not only written by an intelligent and inquisitive person, but by one who must be regarded as entirely impartial, on subjects that have much divided the people of this country. The Professor, while on a visit to London, having no doubt previously made emigration a theme of cogitation, especially in reference to the overstocked British islands, and also had his thoughts particularly directed to the great experiment going on in New Zealand, set about studying and judging for himself of its merits. Accordingly he adopted the best course open to him for coming to a satisfactory conclusion: that is, he examined, with the care characteristic of his countrymen, the measures and proceedings of the New Zealand Company, and at length found himself prepared and entitled to pronounce upon its scheme, its conduct and its prospects, both in regard to the adventurers and the natives of the "Albion" of the southern hemisphere. And we are happy in having it to report that, while the Professor's confident opinions support the views which we have all along entertained and urged respecting the British colonization of New Zealand, he has but-

tressed his judgment with such enlarged reasoning relative to emigration generally, and with such encouraging and cheerful prognostications with respect to New Zealand particularly, as ought to convince and to assure all those amongst us who may have hitherto entertained doubts. Speaking of a well-devised system of emigration, and of the beginnings which have been made in the islands mentioned, we have these speculations and statements:—

Should not the colonization of New Zealand, if considered, as generally it was, an urgent necessity of the condition of the British population, in its high cultivated native territory, be also at the same time regarded as one no less imperative for the welfare and improvement of the aboriginal race? After Cook's discovery, there was no longer the distinction of a separate native territory. It happened, therefore, that here, as everywhere else around the earth's compass, European civilization, in conflict with a country which offers its natural treasures, and requires many benefits in return, and with a people consisting of about 100,000 individuals, must, through the power of tradition, and the activity of time, be drawn on with it to a new historic life, in which the old race must become elevated or expire. In this struggle, yet certainly going on, we now see before our eyes the fate of New Zealand entirely, with the most rapid development, transformed. And now for a few observations in reference to the manner in which the Company has aided in such transformation the particular colonization, of the brilliant results of which, equally with its first progress, we have already spoken in the commencement of our investigation. Only in two places, and within the last two years, has this colonization system been in operation, namely, at Wellington in Port Nicholson, and at New Plymouth at the foot of Mount Egmont. We have described the characteristics of their position. The establishment of the third colony, Nelson, is in growth; its locality, however, is yet unknown, as its selection will only have been determined on in the course of the present New Zealand summer, by the Company's officers on the spot. Since the year 1825, New Zealand, as a new rich field for relieving the necessities of the superabundant population of Great Britain, has attracted the most general observation. From that period, there has been a conflicting variety of projects, debates, and plans, on the part both of private individuals and the government, with the view to bestow upon that island-land the benefits of law, the new principle of the Australian colonization, but devoid of its evil influences as regards the aborigines, and to put an end to the corruption of the life of vagabondism there prevalent. But three different associations were necessitated, from want of means, difference of principles, and the difficulty of adequately discharging individually a responsibility so weighty, to merge eventually in one another, until it appertained to that last formed, to conduct and to accomplish on the largest scale, through a complete reorganization, what on a smaller one appeared impracticable."

Emigration and colonization, as branches of political science, are only in their infancy; and it seems to have been reserved for a

Company to chalk out to Governments the great principles which should guide the settlement of new and savage lands, so as mightily to benefit the aborigines, at the same time that a civilized country is not only relieved, but made to taste fresh springs of life, while individual adventurers who bid farewell to their father-land are rendered comfortable and independent. Never for a settlement of the kind, says the Professor,—

> Has such wise and generous care been taken by a business-association, and never probably has a commercial company drawn, notwithstanding, so large a benefit from its outlay. Through its instrumentality, corn-stores, warehouses, a bank, inns, have been erected at the settlement. A New Zealand Gazette was established; and premiums for the promotion of the infant industry, more especially for the invention of an improved method of dressing the native flax by machinery, were freely offered. Through it also instructional institutions, a school for land-surveying, a preparatory seminary for colonists' sons destined for colonial life, and many other arrangements of a similar enlightened kind, are to be practically carried out. The colonized portion of New Zealand becoming in effect by such means a resembling portion of Old England, will in all things become placed on an equality, nay, still higher raised; for there at least the galling contrasts of excessive riches and anguish-stricken pauperism, as in the parent-country, will be swept away; nor could the extremes there generate the same pernicious consequences; many of the existing evils of the British state being thence pre-organized. The whole project was arithmetically and statistically calculated on such warning data, so as to give the preponderance in the social equilibrium on the virgin soil to the middle and productive classes. As already in the succeeding year, it was deemed expedient to establish a second colonial settlement, namely Nelson, on the same principle as the first, full 50,000*l.* of the purchase money of the allotments were applied to the higher objects of the same: that is to say, 15,000*l.* for the building of churches, schools, and for religious objects; 15,000*l.* for the establishment of a New Zealand University; and 20,000*l.* for the promotion of steam-communication, which, while preserving between Europe and New Zealand an unbroken chain of connexion, should benefit the whole Australasian world; and should maintain the intercourse with the continent of South America, already in its beginning at Valparaiso and Chili.

The reluctance to emigrate even to the antipodes is fast passing away, that great neutralizer of distance, steam-power, having wrought wondrous changes in feeling as well as in respect of remoteness. But other and special circumstances will hereafter direct the thoughts of persons, intending to emigrate from our shores, towards New Zealand. Not only can a voyage now be performed from London to Wellington, in Port Nicholson, in seventy days, but a number of strong resemblances exist between the two countries, just as if, when half the circuit of the world intervenes, we should

meet with the legitimate companion, the fac-simile, of our own green and fertile lands. But besides, the "Albion" of the South Seas is most advantageously situated in its own hemisphere. Its seclusion, observes the Professor, "from all other sister-islands, whereof the far greater part are in a state of less development; nay, the oceanic unity of this double island is in strict unison with its size, its bounteous endowments, its intrinsic qualities, its self-sufficing powers. It could itself amply suffice to provide a natural abundance and an organization of property for its own population; and could be summoned, unlike any other of the Australian sister-islands, to become hereafter the fruitful mother of an extended civilized race."

The capabilities of New Zealand, the abuses of which vagabond adventurers were the authors amongst its interesting people, and the lights which benevolent individuals, together with the hints which a wise business-association offered to the observation of our Government, have led it to take possession of the double-island; so that Government and Company are carrying on the work of colonization and civilization simultaneously. Our author illustrates in a striking manner what has been done, what is doing, and how it is done.

According to the statements of the New Zealand Bank, established at Wellington, and already made use of by the aborigines, it appears that these already possess amongst them a money-capital of about 150,000*l*. For, in the pursuit of industry and commerce, those amongst them thereto trained already emulate their masters. But though, forsooth, many vain sons of the proud chiefs be wont, on the occasion of their visits on board European ships, to rattle gold pieces in their pockets, it thence by no means follows that their princes are rich. Most of them, in fact, as yet, set no value upon property, of which they know not how to make a profitable immediate use. Hence they have usually distributed amongst the members of their families, their inferiors, and their slaves, the articles received in barter for their land, retaining but little for themselves after satisfaction. In this respect, a great change in their condition must unquestionably ere long take place. In proportion as civilisation inducts them more and more in the appreciation of the luxuries of social life, so will it embue them with an increased desire for riches. Formerly, their fisheries, their potato-grounds, their exhaustless supply of the fern-plant root, the domestic use of their plentiful wild flax, and their *pätu-pätu* that is, their battle-axe, or tomahawk, rendered them independent of every foreigner. But, in a measure, they are already become the slaves of wants which their ancestors knew not. They must have powder, lead, muskets, and tobacco, which, even their women, as also their children from earliest infancy, are wont to smoke. In addition to these, they require knives, hatchets, iron-kettles, shirts, pantaloons, coloured stuffs, without the attirement of which several articles of dress, they are, indeed, no longer willing to appear. When, therefore, they cease to be able to acquire such things

so readily as heretofore, through the sale of lands, they must of necessity, as now partly happens, be compelled to labour; and hence very generally learn to understand the value of money.

The Professor continues to state facts to contrast, to speculate, and to foretell in a manner which is highly satisfactory, and most cheering at least in regard to New Zealand. A word need not be added to the following enlightened and humane statements:—

In every instance where a land-purchase was effected, the Company, through its agents, dealt with the aborigines, with their chiefs, their acknowledged princes, or heads of tribes, as with those whom it was necessary to instruct as fully as possible in regard to the advantages and disadvantages of the contract into which they were about to enter. Thus, confidence was every where created; and, as care was taken in the barter to supply in the most liberal manner, the most desired and useful articles, a predilection towards the Company was commensurately insured. A complete dispossession of the aborigines from the ceded lands, appeared neither just nor prudent; for, in such case, there must have remained to them ultimately only the worst districts of the island, in which, rendered more compact, and utterly excluded from all humanising intercourse with the colonists, they must have become to these only the more dangerous with time, unless decimated by systematic warfare or by grief. The fate of the Indian races, both of North America and Australia, thus treated, (even as wild beasts, no less by the government than by individuals,) was a fearful discouraging example of such wholesale human degradation, and of the eventual extirpation of whole races of people by the colonists in self-defence. Hence, a different method was devised for New Zealand. The Company established it as a principle on every land-purchase, uniformly to reserve a full tenth part of the whole quantity acquired, as an inalienable land-inheritance for the aborigines represented by their chiefs, to whom at a proper season, the same should be delivered over in manorial possession. This appeared to the benevolent projectors to be the only effectual way to preserve the coloured race from the sad fate which it had met with, in contact with civilisation, in all former British colonies; that is, to have become thrust, through the conjoint influences of the spiritual preponderance of civilisation, and the greater energy of Europeans, into the lowest rank of the aboriginal rabble. In contrast with this afflicting, hitherto almost inevitable fate of an utterly hopeless million of aboriginal people of the wide earth, all sunk in the lowest depths of abasement and debility, it was proposed by the New Zealand Company, in the disinterested, benevolent, in fact, noble manner indicated, to place the condition of the aboriginal race of New Zealand. It was not sought to repel them on account of their barbarism; but, inducted by humanity, to receive them simultaneously into the lap of civilisation and of domestic citizenship; there also to prepare for them, in equal progress with the general development, their future social position. These reserves of the tenth part of its territorial possessions were assigned by the Company to the charge of an officer of its own, specially appointed for the purpose, as

guardian of the aborigines, and were drawn for, in the best discernment, promiscuously with the allotments of the European settlers, amongst which, consequently, they are interspersed. As their money-value must rise in equal proportion with that of the rest, it followed that from former valueless, and to them waste-continuing lands, the aborigines now acquired, in full right of ownership, a considerable landed property. In the course of two years (middle of 1841), this property, namely, the tenth part of the 110,000 acres constituting the Port Nicholson settlement, had already acquired, at the market-place of London, an increased value of 34,000*l.*, which, in equal progression with the growth of the colony, must continue to augment, and might at no distant period reach 100,000*l.* Such prospective value, together with the goods and money actually delivered to the aborigines immediately on the conclusion of the negotiations, was considered by the Company as the proper price of purchase which should be assigned to them as the equivalent for their ceded possessions, and also as a compensation for their claims devolved, though unconsciously, yet in effect, to the crown of England by the declaration of sovereignty. This important landed property, which, if at once surrendered to the control of the native chiefs, on behalf of the tribes, would undoubtedly have been immediately alienated by those still thoughtless, ignorant beings, below its actual value, for very trifles, was preserved by a provident foresight, as a means of their future advancement in the path of civilization, and especially for the succeeding generation, prepared for its enjoyment by a greater share of Europeanism and general instruction. By their high susceptibility and mental endowments, no less the women than the men, and the happy development of the qualities of the fine-formed New Zealand youth, the most sanguine hope is to be entertained that the common man, who has already shown himself so quick and active, will continue as promisingly as he has begun, and materially aid in strengthening, as a labouring class, the lower ranks of the colony. Also the chiefs and princes (to whom, as is known, at present appertains the prerogative of the enforcement of *Tabú*, and the right of life and death over their retainers), amongst whom many estimable characters and mentally gifted individuals already claim regard, will then, in their conjunction with the British gentry, form a wealthy, coloured, it is true, but equal-born native upper class of the New Zealand community. This indeed will be a necessary consummation, in order to the advancement and preservation of their present native bondsmen, the coloured fellow-labourer of the working class. Their own wealthy endowment will, with time, operate their affinity with the colonists; and, if their cultivation be preserved, will transfer them from the raw, compact, threatening mass whereof they form a part, into the circle of civilization, and into the ranks humanely organised for its promotion. May such hopes speedily, under our observation, meet fulfilment!

ART. XIV.—*Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years; including "The Borderers."* By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Moxon.

No one now speaks of William Wordsworth's poems in other than terms of the highest admiration. The time was, however, as every reader of poetry knows, when the case was very different with the critics and with the popular mind. The *Lake* school was in those days a subject of general derision; while the poet of Rydal was regarded as its type. But a change has come over the spirit of the age, and the gentlemen who dispense critical judgment. It would be unfashionable not to declaim, if you open your lips at all on the theme, about the purity of diction and the elevation of thought which distinguish William Wordsworth's productions. And yet we feel full sure that many who have never read his most celebrated pieces, and also that at least an equally large number of persons who have read them, but not with a cordial relish, join in the laudatory chorus. We therefore, although it be but repeating established opinions and oft-expressed sentiments, shall, before speaking of the new poems, endeavour to excite a preliminary interest in behalf of the author and his former works, on the part of those of our readers who may have been either hitherto ignorant of, or partially blind to, their peculiarities.

Much of the poetry of Wordsworth is of a calm, severe, and finished character. He lays a tax on the patience, the judgment, the religious reflection of the reader. He requires honesty of purpose, earnestness, and a mind open to new impressions. The careless votary has nothing to do at the altar of this poet. Moore and Byron will excite and arrest any reader; vulgar, as well as refined and meditative minds, can easily appreciate the noble and the Irish bards, and be readily moved by them. Action, vehement passion, or some immediate effect, is everywhere to be met with in their effusions; and the soul requires little or no training to relish them. But with Wordsworth it is not so. He has thought deeply and long. Although his poetic temperament and his intellect are of a lofty order, yet beyond any other poet in modern, and perhaps in ancient times, has he bestowed patient attention and indefatigable meditation upon his art, its purposes, ends, and capabilities. He has consecrated himself to his undertaking with uncomplaining and unexampled diligence. His has been a hard work of thinking, which many may suppose is incompatible with the outpourings of genius and imagination. Consequently his poems are not made to *please*, in the common use of the word. They require what few readers are accustomed to yield. A passage from his prose will show how deeply he has meditated and how well he has thought on the nature

and objects of his vocation. He is contrasting Science and Poetry:—"The man of Science," he thus expresses himself, "seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor; he cherishes and loves it in his solitude; the Poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the Poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, 'that he looks before and after.' He is the rock of defence of human nature; an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs—in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed—the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth, and over all time. The objects of the Poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of men are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is as immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the Poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself."

Can the reader suppose that he who has been thus educated and initiated in the mysteries of his calling will write poetry which is not worthy of attention,—a man too who, in addition to a large measure of natural sensibility has qualified himself by a patient study of nature, and of many branches of knowledge? Does he not treat wisely of human sympathies? Does he not speak an universal language? Has he not shed a benign light on the truth which is never to perish,—on questions interesting to man in all states and stages of our being? He is indeed a great benefactor of the race. And is he not worthy of our confidence as well as of our gravest attention?

Wordsworth is a philosopher and a poet, and also a poetic philosopher. His poems are constructed on fixed principles. He does not write at random, or woo fits of poesy without a well considered plan, or any determinate object. He has higher ideas of his calling than to trust to some lucky moment for inspiration, or to ring changes on a few set phrases. But let no one be deterred from reading his works, thinking that nothing will be found in them to please and to

elevate without long study. Even to those who cannot conceive how meditation on a poetic passage can ever be repaid either in respect of pleasure or instruction, we should say, fly to the bard of Rydal. Many are the detached passages of singular power and beauty which occur in his works, and which are open at once to the comprehension and love of all. The deep pathos and perfect nature of nearly the whole of the first two books of "The Excursion" will find a response in every heart which is not utterly selfish and dead. But a deeper meaning frequently pervades a poem, that will also please the careless and unreflecting reader. Fine trains of thought intertwine themselves in the texture of numbers of Wordsworth's pieces, which are outwardly unassuming and simple. These therefore may not only immediately please, but allure to reflection. This is eminently the case in the poems where imagination and reflection combine.

Independently of the depth of reflection and the soarings of imagination which characterize Mr. Wordsworth's poems, and therefore requiring, before they can be adequately appreciated, a well trained mind, and a finely toned soul, his language frequently interposes a bar to popular favour. We do not mean that his phraseology is too learned, his sentences too intricate or involved, for ordinary understandings. Why, his composition and stye are often plain to a degree which many would regard as being colloquially familiar and bald. What we intend is, that without an understanding of the powers of the English language, the mastery of the poetry of Wordsworth cannot be obtained. It has been remarked that the history of some of our words is worth more than the history of a campaign; and many of those in our poet's works, just as in Milton's, are so absolutely unsusceptible of exchange, as to afford curious matter for investigation. In some of Wordsworth's Sonnets, the removal of one word would greatly impair the beauty of the stanza; there being a perfect adaptation between the word and the sentiment. In other cases a knowledge of the etymology of a word, or of a phrase, is needed, in order to the full appreciation of a passage; and in this respect Wordsworth cannot be properly understood, and therefore cannot be the bard that will be chosen and relished by such persons as are indifferent to the nice beauties of language,—who do not know or believe that a word may be placed like an apple of gold in a net-work of silver.

We proceed now to give specimens from works that are cherished with an ever increasing admiration by every real lover and enlightened judge of poetry; and begin with a specimen or two, where the adaptation of the words may be said to be perfect,—to refuse being exchanged, except at the risk of the destruction of a special beauty. Some of the expressions are not simply the costume of his thoughts, but form an integral part of those thoughts.

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1803.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair;
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, ne'er felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will!
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still.

Who could attempt to displace one word in that sweet sonnet? How thoroughly Saxon, yet how select its terms. How distinct is every picture; how appropriate and descriptive its points, and how compact the whole effect. Listen now to a noble apostrophe:—

1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England has need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

Who that has read "Meek Walton" will not answer to the perfect truth of the following?—

Walton's Book of "Lives."

There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
O could we copy their mild virtues, then

What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms in the woods of spring,
Or lonely tapers shooting far a light
That guides and cheers—or—seem, like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

On *The Power of Sound* Wordsworth's Stanzas are wonderfully impressive. Here are the last three. The first alludes to the Pythagorean theory of numbers and music, with their supposed power over the motions of the universe:—

By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, whose faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspects make our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands covered with the mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round;
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
Ye banded instruments of wind, and chords;
Unite, to magnify the Everlasting,
Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words!
Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
Nor mute the forest hum of noon;
Thou too be heard, lone eagle! freed
From snowy peak and cloud, attune
Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
Of joy, that from the utmost walls
The six days' work, by flaming seraphim,
Transmits to heaven! As deep to deep
Shouting through one valley calls,
All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
Into the ear of God, their Lord!
A voice to light gave being;
To time, and man, his earth-born chronicler;
A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
And sweep away life's visionary stir;

The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
To archangel lips applied,
The grave shall open, quench the stars.
O Silence! are man's noisy years
No more than moments of thy life?
Is harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
With her sweet tones and discords just,
Temper'd into rapturous strife,
Thy destined bond-slave? No! though earth be dust,
And vanish; though the heavens dissolve, her stay
Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.

Take next a paragraph from his much admired and inexpressibly affecting poem entitled *Tintern Abbey*:—

——————————— I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
That rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

One effect of an acquaintance with the writings of Mr. Wordsworth, is to enlarge the mind, to lift it above envies and the sense of injury, to free it from prejudice, and to teach it to hold communion with all that is great and good, forgetting the feeble and the faulty. And what is his practical example? Hear him speak of his early detractors, and unforeseeing, narrow-viewing critics. "They may have affected my fortune, and thus my enjoyments and my means of doing good, but they have never wounded my feelings,

for I never wrote for popular applause. I felt that the time would come when justice would be done; and now I have that justice; now, when the reward is most sweet, as I am about to end my days."

In the article of moral purity, there are few poets in the English language who are meet to be compared with Wordsworth. This delicacy never degenerates into prudery or a sickly sentimentality, such as a recluse of the middle ages might have exhibited. Neither is it a cold and negative morality—an absence of positive infraction of the laws of conscience, such as appears in the writings of many eminent men. It flows from a heartfelt recognition of the standard of right. Throughout his volumes there is a nice sense of justice; careful, discriminating touches of domestic life; entire freedom from the use of language which can tend to confound important distinctions — an extraordinary clearness, both of mental and of moral perceptions.

Wordsworth is a religious poet: his poems are not merely full of natural religion, but they abound with that which is taught in the Bible. It may have been said that his sentiments resemble the faith of one who supposes that the Almighty's religion is that of the Church of England, so earnest a supporter, so devout an admirer is he of its government, rites, and ceremonies, and all the glorious recollections of that communion; for these are cherished themes, and pervade much of his poetry. But this is an irreverent as well as a mistaken view; for Wordsworth frequently illustrates with great force the spiritual being of man, his dependence and moral weakness, his immortality, and the glories of divine existence. But he does more, and questionless will be read in the better days of the Christian Church. Take one of the *Inscriptions*.

Not seldom clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, Incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But faith, and hope, and ecstasy.

At the close of *The Excursion* is the following sublime address:—

Eternal Spirit! universal God!
Power inaccessible to human thought
Save by degrees and steps which Thou hast deigned
To furnish; for this Image of Thyself,
To the infirmity of mortal sense
Vouchsafed; this local, transitory type
Of thy paternal splendours, and the pomp
Of those who fill thy courts in highest heaven,
The radiant Cherubim;—accept the thanks
Which we, thy humble creatures, here convened,
Presume to offer; we, who from the breast
Of the frail earth, permitted to behold
The faint reflections only of thy face,
Are yet exalted, and in soul adore!
Such as they who in thy presence stand
Unsullied, incorruptible, and drink
Imperishable majesty, streamed forth
From thy empyreal Throne, the elect of Earth
Shall be—divested at the appointed hour
Of all dishonour—cleansed from mortal stain.
—Accomplish, then, their number; and conclude
Time's weary course! Or, if, by thy decree
The consummation that will come by stealth
Be yet far distant, let thy Word prevail,
Oh! let thy Word prevail to take away
The sting of human nature. Spread the Law,
As it is written in thy holy Book,
Throughout all lands; let every nation hear
The high behest, and every heart obey;
Both for the love of purity and hope
Which it affords, to such as do thy will
And persevere in good that they shall rise,
To have a nearer view of Thee, in heaven.
—Father of Good! this prayer in bounty grant,
In mercy grant it to thy wretched sons.
Then, nor till then, shall persecution cease,
And cruel wars expire. The way is marked,
The guide appointed, and the ransom paid.
Alas! the nations, who of yore received
These tidings, and in Christian temples met
The sacred truth to acknowledge, linger still;
Preferring bonds and darkness to a state
Of holy freedom, by redeeming love

Proffered to all, while yet on earth detained.
So fare the many; and the thoughtful few,
Who in the anguish of their souls bewail
This dire perverseness, cannot choose but ask,
Shall it endure?—Shall enmity and strife,
Falsehood and guile, be left to sow their seed;
And the kind never perish? Is the hope
Fallacious, or shall righteousness obtain
A peaceable dominion, wide as earth
And ne'er to fail?

* * * *

— Whence but from Thee, the true and only God,
And from the faith derived through Him who bled
Upon the Cross, this marvellous advance
Of good from evil; as if one extreme
Were left—the other gained. O ye, who come
To kneel devoutly in yon reverend pile,
Called to such office by the peaceful sound
Of Sabbath bells; and ye, who sleep in earth,
All cares forgotten, round its hallowed walls!
For you, in presence of this little band
Gathered together on the green hill-side,
Your pastor is emboldened to prefer
Vocal thanksgivings to the eternal King;
Whose love, whose counsel, whose commands have made
Your very poorest rich in peace of thought,
And in good works; and him who is endowed
With scantiest knowledge master of all truth
Which the salvation of his soul requires.
Conscious of that abundant favour showered
On you, the children of my humble care;—
On your abodes, and this beloved land,
Our birth-place, home, and country, while on earth,
We sojourn,—loud, do I utter thanks
With earnest joy, that will not be suppressed.
These barren rocks, your stern inheritance;
These fertile fields that recompense your pains;
The shadowy vale, the sunny mountain-top;
Woods waving in the wind their lofty heads,
Or hushed; the roaring waters, or the still;
They see the offering of my lifted hands—
They hear my lips present their sacrifice—
They know if I be silent, morn or even:
For, though in whispers speaking, the full heart
Will find a vent; and thought is praise to Him,
Audible praise, to Thee, Omniscient Mind,
From Whom all gifts descend, all blessings flow!

What a swelling benignity and majesty in all this! But we further remark that very few poets are more *practical* than Words-

worth. His pages are crowded with sententious maxims, with clear, compact, and beautifully expressed truths. Take a very few at random:—

Oh, Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket.

* * * *

The food of hope
Is meditated action; robbed of this
Her sole support, she languishes and dies.

* * * *

Rightly is it said
That man descends into the Vale of years;
Yet have I thought that we might also speak,
And not presumptuously, I trust, of age,
As of a final Eminence, though bare
In aspect and forbidding, yet a point
On which 'tis not impossible to sit
In awful sovereignty—a place of power—
A throne, which may be likened unto his,
Who, in some placid day of summer, looks
Down from a mountain top.

* * * *

Our life is turned
Out of her course, wherever man is made
An offering, or a sacrifice, a tool
Or implement, a passive thing employed
As a brute mean, without acknowledgment
Of common right or interest in the end.

* * * *

Say, what is *honour?* 'Tis the finest sense
Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offence
Suffered or done.

A word now relative to the new volume, containing Poems of "Early and Late Years." These consist of "The Borderers," a tragedy, composed in 1795-6, but kept from the knowledge even of the author's friends; a number of occasional pieces, written long ago, but now published for the first time; "Memorials of a Tour in Italy," performed not many years ago; together with a variety of Sonnets, the most of them composed recently.

One remark readily offers itself on the announcement and appearance of this volume; that the author was, no doubt, in some measure deterred from bringing forward these poems of *early* years, by what must now be regarded to have been an erroneous idea of his genius and poetical principles, entertained by Reviewers, and

thence promulgated to the public; these first impressions having sunk deeper, we opine, than fashion will at the present day countenance any one in avowing. The great feature of the volume, however, is the tragedy; for independent of a new work of such magnitude, and yet but published at the eleventh hour, coming from the poet of Rydal, it announces Wordsworth in a new character, and to have long ago adventured upon a path to which no one could have supposed that his genius, his literary taste, or general habits equipped him. Nor would it have been a wrong presumption; "The Borderers" being essentially non-dramatic; for while many fine thoughts and characteristic passages, descriptive, sentimental, and reflective by turn swell the piece; in regard to plot, action, passion, dialogue, and the *dramatis personæ*, the indispensable requisites are wanting.

The scene is laid in the Borders of England and Scotland in the time of Henry the Third, admitting as it did for ages later, of outlaw characters, villany, love, crime, and romantic incident sufficient for any number of tragedies. But even though the imagination will take great license when going so far back, the story is improbable, at the same time that the points and situations have not adequate purpose in them.

Then with regard to the other essential qualities of a drama, there are hardly any indications of flesh and blood beings, or of actual life; for it is plainly Mr. Wordsworth throughout who thinks and speaks; the expression and the thought being highly poetical even when this master of reflectiveness and lofty meditation is dealing with abstractions. In a word, "The Borderers" is a metaphysical poem rather than an *actable* drama; and indeed it was never intended for the stage.

With regard to the other contents it is unnecessary to say more than that they are what might be expected from the author. They cannot add to his reputation; but on the other hand they will not injuriously affect it: the volume is becoming of the master.

"Guilt and Sorrow," which has for its germ "The Female Vagrant," published in 1798, is a poem of considerable dimensions; and what is better, it is a complete and most felicitously developed piece. It is a tragedy in humble life, most true to nature and admirably sustained. We can only find room for the beginning:—

> A traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain
> Pursued his vagrant way, with feet half bare;
> Stooping his gait, but not as if to gain
> Help from the staff he bore; for mien and air
> Were hardy, though his cheek seemed worn with care
> Both of the time to come and time long fled:
> Down fell in straggling locks his thin gray hair;
> A coat he wore of military red,
> But faded, and stuck o'er with many a patch and shred.

While thus he journeyed, step by step led on,
He saw and passed a stately inn, full sure
That welcome in such house for him was none:
No board inscribed the needy to allure
Hung there; no bush proclaimed to old and poor
And desolate, "Here you will find a friend!"
The pendant grapes glittered above the door.
On he must pace, perchance 'till night descend,
Where'er the dreary roads their bare white lines extend.

The gathering clouds grew red with stormy fire,
In streaks diverging wide and mounting high:
That inn he long had passed: the distant spire,
Which oft as he looked back had fixed his eye,
Was lost, though still he looked, in the blank sky.
Perplexed and comfortless he gazed around,
And scarce could any trace of man descry,
Save corn-fields stretched and stretching without bound;
But where the sower dwelt was nowhere to be found.

No tree was there, no meadow's pleasant green,
No brook to wet his lip or soothe his ear;
Long files of corn-stacks here and there were seen,
But not one dwelling-place his heart to cheer.
Some labourer, thought he, may perhance be near;
And so he sent a feeble shout—in vain;
No voice made answer; he could only hear
Winds rustling over plots of unripe grain,
Or whistling through thin glass along the unfurrowed plain.

Long had he fancied each successive slope
Concealed some cottage, whither he might turn
And rest: but now along heaven's darkening cope
The crows rushed by in eddies, homeward borne.
Thus warned, he sought some shepherd's spreading thorn
Or hovel, from the storm to shield his head;
But sought in vain; for now, all wild, forlorn,
And vacant, a huge waste around him spread;
The wet cold ground, he feared, must be his only bed.

And be it so—for to the chill night shower
And the sharp wind his head he oft hath bared:
A sailor he, who many a wretched hour
Hath told: for, landing after labour hard,
Three years endured in hope of just reward,
He to an armed fleet was forced away
By seamen, who perhaps themselves had shared
Like fate; was hurried off, a helpless prey,
'Gainst all that in *his* heart, or theirs perhaps, said nay.

We have intimated that these Poems are truly Wordsworthian; such as were to be looked for from him; such as will neither increase nor lessen his reputation. They only add to the amount of his works. One characteristic sample of a wonted mood of our poet will be found in the stanzas we now quote. They form the conclusion of "Musings near Aquapendente," written during his tour in Italy, when he was taking "Memorials" of the scenes visited, or rather, investing them with the halo of his own genius:—

Time flows—nor winds,
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,
But many a benefit borne upon his breast
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth
An angry arm that snatches good away,
Never perhaps to reappear. The Stream
Has to our generation brought, and brings,
Innumerable gains; yet we, who now
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely
To a chill'd age, most pitiably shut out
From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,
By godlike insight. To this fate is doom'd
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known.
So with the internal mind it fares; and so
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear
Of vital principle's controlling law,
To her purblind guide Expediency; and so
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,
Else more and more the general mind will droop,
Even as if bent on perishing. There lives
No faculty within us which the Soul
Can spare, and humblest earthly weal demands,
For dignity not placed beyond her reach,
Zealous co-operation of all means
Given or acquired, to raise us from the mire,
And liberate our hearts from low pursuits.
By gross Utilities enslaved, we need
More of ennobling impulse from the past,
If to the future aught of good must come
Sounder, and therefore holier, than the ends
Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,
We covet as supreme. Oh, grant the crown
That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff

From Knowledge!—If the Muse, whom I have served
This day, be mistress of a single pearl
Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,
Then, not in vain, under these chesnut boughs
Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul
To transports from the secondary founts
Flowing of time and place, and paid to both
Due homage; nor shall fruitlessly have striven,
By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse
Accordant meditations, which in times
Vex'd and disorder'd, as our own, may shed
Influence, at least among a scatter'd few,
To soberness of mind and peace of heart
Friendly; as here to my repose hath been
This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light
And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,
And all the varied landscape. Let us now
Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.

One gem more,—

You call it "Love lies Bleeding,"—so you may,
Though the red flower, not prostrate, only droops,
As we have seen it here from day to day,
From month to month, life passing not away:
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops
(Sentient by Grecian sculptor's marvellous power),
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment,
The dying Gladiator. So, sad flower!
('Tis Fancy guides me, willing to be led,
Though by a slender thread),
So droop'd Adonis, bathed in sanguine dew
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air
The gentlest breath of resignation drew;
While Venus, in a passion of despair,
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair,
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower.
She suffered, as immortals sometimes do;
But pangs more lasting far *that* lover knew
Who first, weigh'd down by scorn, in some lone bower,
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart
Into the service of his constant heart;
His own dejection, downcast flower! could share
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt ever
bear.

ART. XV.—*The Mabinogion.* By LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST. Part IV.

THIS Translation with Notes, from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other ancient Welsh Manuscripts, proceeds with the spirit that distinguished the previous parts; and continues to furnish increasing and fresh proofs of Lady Guest's munificent liberality, and literary treasures. We have before us the tale of "Kilhwch and Olwen," for which "no parallel or counterpart has been discovered in any other language." It is therefore considered to be strictly and purely British, being also, it is supposed, one of the most antique that is to be found in the collection. It is said that some of its allusions are unintelligible even to the best Welsh antiquaries; though others of them have still a currency in the Principality.

The story concerns a kinsman of King Arthur, who adventures marvellously in quest of Olwen, the daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr, in order to make her his wife. But to discover her is not half the battle; for she, whose "bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan," has to be won by a train of adventures and exploits beyond Herculean contemplation or capacity. By the assistance of the knights of Arthur, and sometimes of the King himself, the lady is at last made the wife of Kilhwch. We quote a few passages, more to show the spirit and complexion of the story than to indicate or fill up its current. The gorgeous barbaric fancy of a British period, perhaps as remote as the seventh century, may be seen in the state and bearing of Kilhwch when he unhesitatingly undertakes and sallies forth to obtain the assistance of his kinsman King Arthur:—

And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled grey, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well-tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind, and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven: his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled whitebreasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea swallows sported around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner, and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes, and upon his stirrups, from his knee

to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed towards the gate of Arthur's Palace."

Kilhwch reaches the gates of Arthur's castle :—

"Spoke the youth, 'Is there a porter?' 'There is; and if thou holdest not thy peace small will be thy welcome.' 'Open the portal.' 'I will not open it.' 'Wherefore not?' 'The knife is in the meat, and the drink is in the horn, and there is revelry in Arthur's hall, and none may enter therein but the son of a king of a privileged country, or a craftsman bringing his craft. But there will be refreshment for thy dogs and for thy horses; and for thee there will be collops cooked and peppered, and luscious wine and mirthful songs, and food for fifty men shall be brought unto thee in the guest chamber, where the stranger and the sons of other countries eat, who come not unto the precincts of the Palace of Arthur. Thou wilt fare no worse there than thou wouldest with Arthur in the court. A lady shall smooth thy couch, and shall lull thee with songs; and early to-morrow morning, when the gate is open for the multitude that came hither to-day, for thee shall it be opened first, and thou mayest sit in the place that thou shalt choose in Arthur's Hall, from the upper end to the lower.' Said the youth, 'That will I not do. If thou openest the gate, it is well. If thou dost not open it, I will bring disgrace upon thy lord, and evil report upon thee. And I will set up three shouts at this very gate, than which none were ever more deadly, from the top of Pengwaed in Cornwall to the bottom of Dinsol, in the North, and to Esgair Oervel, in Ireland.'"

The porter, alarmed and amazed, forthwith hies to Arthur's presence to acquaint him what a fine and peremptory youth is at the gate :—

"Then said Arthur, 'If walking thou didst enter in here, return thou running. And every one that beholds the light, and every one that opens and shuts the eye, let him show him respect, and serve him, some with gold-mounted drinking horns, others with collops cooked and peppered, until food and drink can be prepared for him. It is unbecoming to keep such a man as thou sayest he is in the wind and the rain.' Said Kai, 'By the hand of my friend, if thou wouldest follow my counsel, thou wouldest not break through the laws of the Court because of him.' 'Not so, blessed Kai, it is an honour to us to be resorted to, and the greater our courtesy, the greater will be our renown, and our fame, and our glory.' And Glewlwyd came to the gate, and opened the gate before him; and although all dismounted upon the horseblock at the gate, yet did he not dismount, but he rode in upon his charger. Then said Kilhwch, 'Greeting be unto thee, Sovereign Ruler of this Island; and be this greeting no less unto the lowest than unto the highest, and be it equally unto thy guests, and thy warriors, and thy chieftans—let all partake of it as completely as thyself. And complete be thy favour, and thy fame, and thy glory, throughout all this Island.' Greeting unto thee also,' said Arthur, 'sit thou between two of

my warriors, and thou shalt have minstrels before thee, and thou shalt enjoy the privileges of a king born to a throne, as long as thou remainest here. And when I dispense my presents to the visitors and strangers in this court, they shall be in thy hand at my commencing.' Said the youth, 'I came not here to consume meat and drink; but if I obtain the boon that I seek, I will requite it thee, and extol thee; and if I have it not, I will bear forth thy dispraise to the four quarters of the world, as far as thy renown has extended.' Then said Arthur, 'Since thou wilt not remain here, chieftan, thou shalt receive the boon whatsoever thy tongue may name, as far as the wind dries and the rain moistens, and the sun revolves, and the sea encircles, and the earth extends; save only my ship, and my mantle, and Caledvwlch, my sword, and Rhongomyant, my lance, and Wynebgwrthucher, my shield, and Carwenhau, my dagger, and Gwenhwyvar, my wife. By the truth of heaven thou shalt have it cheerfully, name what thou wilt.' 'I would that thou bless my hair.' 'That shall be granted thee.' And Arthur took a golden comb and scissors, whereof the loops were of silver, and he combed his hair."

"Blessing the hair," is said to have been the sign and method of undertaking the office of a species of protectorship and championship in the eighth century.

The extraordinary difficulties to be overcome, ere the youth can obtain Olwen, are wilder and more magical than would have found acceptance among the legends even of the Middle Ages. But they have a value in them for the present time; for they indicate the features of a state of manners and of a mass of superstition with some degree of distinctness. Take a specimen of the marvels, told, too, as if in the spirit of an honest faith:—

"They went forward until they came to the Ousel of Cilgwri. And Gwrhyr adjured her for the sake of Heaven, saying, 'Tell me if thou knowest aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken when three nights old from between his mother and the wall?' And the Ousel answered, 'When I first came here, there was a smith's anvil in this place, and I was then a young bird; and from that time no work has been done upon it, save the pecking of my beak every evening, and now there is not so much as the size of a nut remaining thereof; yet the vengeance of Heaven be upon me, if during all that time I have ever heard of the man for whom you inquire. Nevertheless I will do that which is right, and that which it is fitting that I should do for an embassy from Arthur. There is a race of animals who were formed before me, and I will be your guide to them.' So they proceeded to the place where was the Stag of Redynvre. 'Stag of Redynvre, behold we are come to thee, an embassy from Arthur, for we have not heard of any animal older than thou. Say, knowest thou aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken from his mother when three nights old?' The Stag said, 'When first I came hither, there was a plain all around me, without any trees, save one oak sapling, which grew up to be an oak with a hundred branches. And that oak has since perished, so that nothing now remains of it but the

withered stump; and from that day to this I have been here, yet have I never heard of the man for whom you inquire. Nevertheless, being an embassy from Arthur, I will be your guide to the place where there is an animal which was formed before I was.' So they proceeded to the place where was the Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd. 'Owl of Cwm Cawlwyd, here is an embassy from Arthur; knowest thou aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken after three nights from his mother?' 'If I knew I would tell you. When first I came hither, the wide valley you see was a wooded glen. And a race of men came and rooted it up. And there grew there a second wood; and this wood is the third. My wings, are they not withered stumps? Yet all this time, even until to-day, I have never heard of the man for whom you inquire. Nevertheless, I will be the guide of Arthur's embassy until you come to the place where is the oldest animal in this world, and the one that has travelled most, the Eagle of Gwern Abwy.' Gwrhyr said, 'Eagle of Gwern Abwy, we have come to thee an embassy from Arthur, to ask thee if thou knowest aught of Mabon the son of Modron, who was taken from his mother when he was three nights old?' The Eagle said, 'I have been here for a great space of time, and when I first came hither there was a rock here, from the top of which I pecked at the stars, every evening; and now it is not so much as a span high. From that day to this I have been here, and I have never heard of the man for whom you inquire, except once when I went in search of food as far as Llyn Llyw. And when I came there, I stuck my talons into a salmon, thinking he would serve me as food for a long time. But he drew me into the deep, and I was scarcely able to escape from him. After that I went with my whole kindred to attack him, and to try to destroy him, but he sent messengers, and made peace with me; and came and besought me to take fifty fish spears out of his back. Unless he know something of him whom you seek, I cannot tell who may. However, I will guide you to the place where he is.'"

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Biographia Britannica Literaria.* By TH. WRIGHT. M.A.

THE "Biography of Literary Characters of Great Britain and Ireland, arranged in chronological order," is one of the works which the Royal Society of Literature have set about superintending and patronizing. The present volume is confined to the Anglo-Saxon Period, and gives, first, a general view of its literature and learning; and, secondly, a series of lives from the sixth century down to the Conquest, including criticisms with specimens occasionally of their productions. The work is of as popular a character as the subjects will admit of, being an elegant and scholarly enough performance, without however anything particularly new, ingenious, or recondite. By the bye, the Royal Society of Literature, although founded so far back as when George the Fourth patronized grand schemes, has done little more than present gold medals to a few of the favourites of aristocracy

towards the encouragement and reward of literary persons. We believe also that in the course of eighteen years there had only been published, under the auspices of the Society, one work prior to the *Biographia Britannica Literaria;* although among the professed and generous objects of the institution, "the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which readily commands the attention of publishers," was particularly mentioned. We leave it to our readers to judge between the promise and the performance. We quote two passages belonging to the literary rather than biographical section of the volume. The first gives an idea of the natural philosophy of the period, and its childlike condition of science. The particular work referred to is, Bede's Treatise "De Naturâ Rerum:"—

"The tract *De Naturâ Rerum*, which was one of Bede's earliest works, and the Anglo-Saxon abridged translation made in the tenth century, were the text-books of science in England until the twelfth century. The system of Bede was the same which had prevailed in Europe during several centuries. He considered the earth to be the centre of the universe; and he believed that the firmament was spherical, and bounded by or enclosed in fire; beyond this was the higher heaven, peopled by angelic beings, who were supposed to be able to take ethereal bodies, assimilate themselves to men, eat, drink, and perform the other functions of human nature, and at will lay aside their assumed form and return to their own dwelling-place. He taught that the waters above the firmament were placed there for the purpose of moderating the heat of the fire and the igneous stars; that the stars, with the exception of the wandering stars or planets, are fixed in the firmament and move round with it, and that sparks struck from them and carried away by the wind are what we call falling stars; that there are seven planets, whose orbits are included in the firmament, and which revolve in the contrary direction to the motion of the sun; that comets are stars produced suddenly, with crests of flame, and that they forebode political revolutions, pestilence, war, or great tempests and droughts; that the different colours of the planets are caused by variation of distance and by the different strata of air in which they revolve. Many of Bede's notions with regard to the planet which we inhabit were equally unscientific: he considered the earth to be a globe; but he did not believe in the existence of the antipodes; he says that the earth internally resembles a sponge, and that earthquakes are produced by the sudden and forcible escape of wind confined in the cavernous parts; that the sea is not increased by the rivers which run into it, either because it is constantly evaporating into the clouds, or because the water descends continually into the earth by secret passages; that the sea to the north of Thule is a mass of everlasting ice; that thunder is produced by the sudden bursting forth of wind confined and compressed in the clouds, like the bursting of a bladder; and that lightning is produced by the collision of the clouds in the same manner as fire by the striking together of flints. He believed that the world was in his time in its sixth age, old, decrepit, and worn out, and that its end was near approaching."

The learning of the Anglo-Saxon dames:—

"The cultivation of letters was in that age by no means confined to the robuster sex; the Anglo-Saxon ladies applied themselves to study with equal zeal, and almost equal success. It was for their reading chiefly that Aldhelm wrote his book *De Laude Virginitatis*. The female correspondents of Boniface wrote in Latin with as much ease as the ladies of the present day write in French, and their letters often show much elegant and courtly feeling. They sometimes also sent him specimens of their skill in writing Latin verse. The Abbess Eadburga was one of Boniface's most constant friends; she seems to have frequently sent him books, written by herself or by her scholars, for the instruction of his German converts; and on one occasion he accompanies his letter to her with a present of a silver pen. Leobgitha, one of her pupils, concludes a letter to Boniface by offering him a specimen of her acquirements of Latin metres. 'These underwritten verses,' she says, 'I have endeavoured to compose according to the rules derived from the poets, not in a spirit of presumption, but with the desire of exciting the powers of my slender talents, and in the hope of thine assistance therein. This art I have learnt from Eadburga, who is ever occupied in studying the Divine law.' The four hexameters which follow this introduction, though not remarkable for elegance or correctness, are still a favourable specimen of the attainments of a young Anglo-Saxon dame. They are addressed as a concluding benediction to Boniface himself—

'Arbiter omnipotens, solus qui cuncta creavit,
In regno patris semper qui lumine fulget;
Qua jugiter flagrans sic regnet gloria Christi,
Illæsum servet semper te jure perenni.'"

ART. XVII.—*Horse-training.* By A. J. ELLIS, B. A.

MR. ELLIS, while on a visit in Yorkshire, happened to read the following passages in Mr. Catlin's work on the North American Indians: "I have often," says Mr. C., "in concurrence with a well-known custom of the country, held my hand over the eyes of the calf (of the wild buffalo,) and breathed a few strong breaths into its nostrils; after which I have, with my hunting companions, rode several miles into our encampment, with the little prisoner busily following the heels of my horse the whole way, as closely and affectionately as its instinct would attach it to the company of its dam. This is one of the most extraordinary things that I have met with in the habits of this wild country; and, although I had often heard of it, and felt unable exactly to believe it, I am now willing to bear testimony to the fact, from the numerous instances which I have witnessed since I came into the country. During the time that I resided at this post, in the spring of the year, on my way up the river, I assisted in numerous hunts of the buffalo, with the fur company's men, in bringing in, in the above manner, several of these little prisoners, which sometimes follow for five or six miles close to our horses' heels, and even into the fur company's fort, and into the stable where our horses were led."

Mr. Catlin tells us that the wild horses are tamed in a similar manner by the Red Indians. As soon as the animal is caught with the lasso, and is hobbled, the captor "gradually advances, until he is able to place his hand on the animal's nose and over his eyes, and at length to breathe in its nostrils, when it soon becomes docile and conquered; so that he has little more to do than to remove the hobbles from its feet, and lead or ride it into camp."

This account astonished Mr. Ellis and his friends, and not without exciting their incredulity. However, they determined to make the experiment. Two trials were witnessed by him, and both, he states, were successful. We copy the particulars of one of them:—

"Saturday, February 12, 1842.—While the last experiments were being tried on the yearling, W. espied B—, a farmer and tenant, with several men, at the distance of some fields, trying, most ineffectually, on the old system, to break-in a horse. W. proposed to go down and show him what effect had been produced on the yearling. When the party arrived at the spot, they found that B. and his men had tied the filly short up to a tree in the corner of a field, one side of which was walled and the other hedged in. W. now proposed to B. to tame his horse after the new method. B., who was aware of the character of his horse, anxiously warned W. not to approach it, cautioning him especially against the fore feet, asserting that the horse would rear and strike him with the fore feet, as it 'lamed' his own (B.'s) thigh just before they had come up. W., therefore, proceeded very cautiously. He climbed the wall, and came at the horse through the tree, to the trunk of which he clung for some time, that he might secure a retreat in case of need. Immediately upon his touching the halter, the horse pranced about, and forcibly pulled away with a dogged and stubborn expression, which seemed to bid W. defiance. Taking advantage of this, W. leaned over as far as he could, clinging all the time to the tree with his right hand, and succeeded in breathing into one nostril, without, however, being able to blind the eyes. From that moment all became easy. W., who is very skilful in the management of a horse, coaxed it, and rubbed its face, and breathed from time to time into the nostrils, while the horse offered no resistance. In about ten minutes, W. declared his conviction that the horse was subdued; and he then unfastened it, and to the great and evident astonishment of B., (who had been trying all the morning in vain to get a mastery over it,) led it quietly away with a loose halter. Stopping in the middle of the field, with no one else near, W. quietly walked up to the horse, placed his arm over one eye and his hand over the other, and breathed into the nostrils. It was pleasing to observe how agreeable this operation appeared to the horse, who put up his nose to receive the 'puff.' In this manner W. led the horse through all the fields to the stable yard, where he examined the fore feet, and then the hind feet of the horse, who offered no resistance—but while W. was examining the hind feet, bent its neck round, and kept nosing W.'s back. He next buckled on a surcingle, and then a saddle, and finally bitted the horse with a rope. During the whole of these operations, the horse did not offer the slightest resistance, nor did it flinch in the least degree.

Mr. Ellis neither being experienced in horses, nor having at the period further opportunity of witnessing similar experiments to those he describes, but feeling perfectly satisfied with their results, has thought it his duty to publish the particulars. In some provinces of France, and also in Ireland, there are *horse-charmers*, who profess to tame the wildest, by uttering certain mysterious sounds or words to them. Mr. Ellis takes notice of the Irish performers in this way, and thinks that the charm is precisely of the character of that which operated so potently in the cases mentioned.

ART. XVIII.—*History of Scotland.* By P. F. TYTLER, Esq. Vol. VIII.

THIS portion of the History comprises but a short period for a volume, viz., from 1573 to 1587; treating of the distracted state of Scotland during a section of the youth of James the Sixth, when the ambition of the Regent Morton, the King's weakness, the violence of the nobles, and religious dissension, kept the country in a ferment; and when the counter-intrigues of France and England more deeply embroiled parties and people. Among other notorious features of the period, the conspiracies against Elizabeth, the designs privately to assassinate Mary, and her execution, of course, figure.

The peculiarity of Mr. Tytler's volume, its superiority to all preceding histories, consists of the stronger light which he has with the most patient and skilful research drawn for the first time from documents in the State Paper Office. Properly speaking, it is only more light, but hardly any thing new as regards important events or actors. This satisfactory fulness will be found in his pictures and reports of persons who were only secondary characters in the drama; such as some of the Ministers of the Kirk, which at present, as well as at that era, contains within its pale *dour chiels;* ay, and *pawky* too. Take a sketch of the weak and pedantic James beset to his face:—

"This harsh attack upon his favourite justly and deeply offended the King; and Lawson, the author of the calumny, having been commanded to appear at court, he and a small company of his brother ministers repaired to Dunfermline, and were carried into the presence-chamber. Here, owing to the recent changes, they found themselves surrounded with the strange faces of a new court. Soon after the King entered; and while they rose and made their obeisance, James, to their astonishment, took not the slightest notice, but passing the throne which all expected that he was to occupy, sat down familiarly upon a little coffer, and 'eyed them all marvellously gravely, and they for him, for the space of a quarter of an hour, none speaking a word; to the admiration of all the beholders.' The scene, intended to have been tragic and awful, was singularly comic; and this was increased when the Monarch, without uttering a syllable, jumped up from his coffer, and 'glooming' upon them, walked out of the room. It was now difficult to say what should be done. The ministers had come with a determination to remonstrate with their sovereign against the recent changes; and he, it was evident, enraged at their late conduct, had resolved to dismiss them unheard; but while they debated in per-

plexity he relented in the cabinet, to which he had retired, and called them in. Pont then said they had come to warn him against alterations. 'I see none,' quickly rejoined the King; 'but there were some this time twelvemonth, (alluding to his seizure at Ruthven,) where were your warnings then?' 'Did we not admonish you at St. Johnston?' answered Pont; 'and were it not for our love to your Grace,' interrupted Mr. David Ferguson, could we not easily have found another place to have spoken our minds than here?' This allusion to their licence in the pulpit made the King bite his lip; and the storm was about to break out, when the same speaker threw oil upon the waters by casting in some merry speeches. His wit was of a homely and peculiar character. James, he said, ought to hear him, if any; for he had demitted the crown in his favour. Was he not Ferguson, the son of Fergus, the first Scottish King? and had he not cheerfully resigned his title to his Grace, as he was an honest man and had possession? 'Well,' said James, 'no other king in Europe would have borne at your hands what I have.' 'God forbid you should be like other European Kings!' was the reply; "what are they but murderers of the saints? ye have had another sort of upbringing: but beware whom you choose to be about you; for, helpless as ye were in your cradle, you are in deeper danger now.' 'I am a Catholic King,' replied the Monarch, 'and may choose my own advisers.' The word Catholic was more than some of the ministers could digest, and would have led to an angry altercation, had not Ferguson again adroitly allayed their excited feelings. 'Yes, brethren,' said he, turning to them, 'he is a Catholic, that is a universal king; and may choose his company as King David did, in the Hundred-and-first Psalm.' This was a master-stroke; for the King had very recently translated this psalm into English metre, and Ferguson took occasion to commend his verses in the highest terms. They then again warned him against his present counsellors; and one of the ministers, stooping down, had the boldness to whisper in his ear, that there was no great wisdom in keeping his father's murderers or their posterity so near his person. Their last words were stern and solemn. 'Think not lightly, Sir,' said they, 'of our commission; and look well that your deeds agree with your promises, for we must damn sin in whoever it be found: nor is that face upon flesh that we may spare in case we find rebellion to our God, whose ambassadors we are. Disregard not our threatening; for there was never one yet in this realm, in the place where your Grace is, who prospered after the ministers began to threaten him.' At this the King was observed to smile, probably ironically; but he said nothing; and as they took their leave, he laid his hand familiarly on each."

ART. XIX.—*The Life of Lieut.-General Hugh Mackay of Scoury.*

A NEW edition revised, with a Memoir of the author, the late John Mackay, Esq., of Rockfield. General Mackay was a distinguished Scotch officer under William the Third, and Commander-in Chief of the Forces of Scotland, 1689 and 1690. He fell in the King's service. The edition has been revised by Mr. Mackay, author of the "Thames and its Tributaries," who has also written the Memoir of the biographer.

ART. XX.—*Questiones Mosaicæ, or the Book of Genesis compared with the Ancient Religions.* By OSMOND DE BEAUVOIR PRIAULX.

FROM certain indications very hurriedly observed in turning over a few of the leaves of this volume, and not altogether indifferent to the importance of the title, we expected on a careful perusal to find matter for the exercise of curiosity, some original information, and at least the results of learning. We have been in every one of these respects wholly disappointed. Excepting signs of a considerable range of reading confined to books that are to be met with in accessible libraries, we can discover no merit in the writer; while the superficial and the egotistic offensively predominate. Sceptical and contemptuous, however, as the contents and the tone of the book really are, we think that it will do little harm: it has neither stamina nor style to pervert; nay, not even to captivate the fanciful or the erratic.

Our author divides the host of writers who have commented on the Bible into three classes, but to neither of which, he informs us, does he belong; these are the "Orthodox" believers, the "Infidels," and the "Rationalists,"—the last, although they appreciate the wants of the age, and with reverence approach the remains of antiquity," having nevertheless erred "in that they have translated into modern language the idioms of a society long since extinct."

But how does our author proceed? He has sought, he tells us, "to ascertain the views and opinions of which the Pentateuch may be considered the expression;" having begun "by putting aside all question of its inspiration, well assured, however, that if indeed inspired, the fact would press itself upon me at every line." Accordingly the author modestly takes it upon himself to admit nothing that is recorded in Genesis to be inspired, unless it squares with his sense of propriety as to the occasion when inspiration is necessary and proper, and also unless the inspiration itself—the thing done and recorded—be consistent with his views of wisdom and truth. It is thus he sits in judgment, and takes upon himself to pronounce upon "every line," finding that no such thing ever occurred, so far as the Book of Genesis extends. All that he has found is "different nations uttering the same cry, speaking the same thoughts, though not indeed in the same phrase;" and that by making "nation interpret the language of nation," he comes to this conclusion, that every marvellous story in the first Book of Moses,—that of the Temptation, the Fall, the Ark with its inmates, &c.,—are nothing more than legends and myths which all nations at a certain period of development naturally fabricate and believe. Osmond de Beauvoir Priaulx knows nothing, he admits, of "the Oriental languages;" never was possessed of "philological talents." Poor man!

ART. XXI.—*The Naturalist's Library.* Highley.

AN ornithological volume, making the 34th of the entire publication, and the 12th of the particular series. A memoir of Dr. John Walker is prefixed, The plates numerous and admirable as usual.

ART. XXII.—*Characteristics of Painting.* By HENRY REEVE, Esq.

An unassuming but elegant volume in verse, giving what the author considers the characteristics in a few lines, of each of a great number of artists. The work is not critical, but descriptive of individual styles and forms of beauty, both in the conception and the execution. In short, it is a work of taste to guide taste. Take Correggio as a subject and sample:—

"O'er rounded shapes a star of love is glowing
In radiance through transparent shadows flowing;
The world's night-textured curtain, dim and dun,
Is melted by a light before the sun;—
That light of all the earth, that healing splendour
So white and heavenly, yet so soft and tender;
The woodland Penitent, who musing lay,
Felt the sweet glory melt her sins away;
And holy transport radiates through the gloom
Which thicken'd round the mystery of the tomb.
Or Venus, rainbow-wing'd, with sportive joy,
Smiles showers of bliss upon her darling boy.
Where the green depth of Art's enchanting grove
Hides the forsaken shrine of Pagan love."

Contrast him with Rubens:—

"These florid limbs the soul of passion fills,
Strength in desire through every muscle thrills;
A world of moving colour round him flies,
Like showers and sunshine in his breezy skies.
The Wind-god and the Sea-god shout aloud,
And urge the tempests on their fins of cloud;
In wild contortions, Frenzy, Guilt, Despair,
Are hurled across the battlements of air;
But children all unswathed in summer bowers,
Guard luscious fruits, and sport with twisted flowers."

ART. XXIII.—*American Criminal Trials.* By W. CHANDLER. Vol. I.

THIS work will be proceeded with if it meets with encouragement, which we can hardly suppose will be withheld, considering the nature of the design, and the merits of the specimen before us. The design is to give a selection of Trials, these not to be mere reprints, but revised and enlarged by matter which could not enter into them in the course of legal proceedings, but which may be necessary information now and hereafter, although notorious at the time. They will also be curtailed where mere technicalities or subordinate points occurred. The specimens before us are confined to the States of New England and Massachusetts. We know not whether it is in contemplation to go beyond the boundaries of these portions of the Union. We should presume it is, especially when Mr. Chandler approaches near to our own day.

There is always an inherent interest in Criminal trials; but to the

English reader this is here increased on account of the light thrown upon the habits and modes of thinking of the early settlers in the parts mentioned, together with striking glimpses of their institutions. Whoever wishes to learn how the victims of persecution became persecutors themselves, will do well to look into the volume. The Quakers, and the charge of Witchcraft will furnish ample materials for the curious and for the philosophical.

ART. XXIV.—*The Domestic Dictionary and Housekeeper's Manual.* Strange.

THIS "Dictionary and Manual, comprising everything pertaining to Cookery, Diet, Economy, and Medicine," is by Gibbons Merle, the medical portion being by John Reitch, M. D. The work is to a great extent a compilation; but it also contains much original matter, while, as respects cheapness and usefulness, we believe it to be deserving of universal patronage, especially on the part of the middle and industrial classes. A great deal is condensed within a small space. As far as our knowledge of the matters handled extends, or our opinion can be guided by the obvious conduct of the work, we should say that it is the best directory in the branches of domestic economy of which it treats that has ever appeared in this country; and that it is calculated to be of great use to the head of a family, to a housekeeper, and also to the common serving maid. The departments are numerous which the Manual embraces, such as brewing, baking, the raising of vegetables for food and for medicinal purposes, the rearing of domestic animals, the manufacture of liqueurs, baths, remedies for burns and poisons from mushrooms, verdigris, &c,, washing, and a variety of minor matters. After the "Domestic Dictionary" comes the "Dictonary of Domestic Medicine." There is also a preliminary chapter on the "Comparative Expenses of Living at Home and Abroad," addressed particularly to persons of incomes from one hundred to five hundred pounds a year, who leave this country with the idea of "husbanding a portion of their resources for the future welfare of their children, and with whom the cheap but good education of their children is a leading motive for emigration." The writer shows the lamentable errors both of a moral and an economical nature which people fall into when they thus shape their conduct.

ART. XXV.—*History of Christian Missions, from the Reformation to the present time.* By JAMES A. HUIE.

A HISTORY in a succinct and popular form, of the missions of the Roman Catholic as well as Reformed Churches to heathen nations, in Asia, Africa, America, and Polynesia. Mr. Huie scrutinizes closely the alleged conversions wrought through the instrumentality of Romish missionaries; at the same time that he is solicitous to avoid exaggeration in his account of Protestant exertions and success. If, however, the actual external results be compared, the latter cannot compare with the achievements of Xavier in the East, and some of the earlier triumphs of the Fathers in China.

ART. XVI.—*Journal of a Tour to Waterloo and Paris in company with Sir Walter Scott in* 1815.

THIS Journal was kept by "the late John Scott, Esq.," of a tour which the more celebrated personage of the name has described in "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk." There is little novelty in the present volume. It is but an outline of the journey, with some slight things that escaped Walter, and a few characteristic anecdotes, the home tour furnishing a share. There is no affectation in the book, and it speaks of persons and things which one does not soon find wearisome. We cite one of Sir Walter's anecdotes:—

"You put me in mind of a story which I remember to have heard from old Lord M——. When the women in Scotland go to church, they have a practice of turning up their gown over their head to keep their bonnets dry, and their finery from being spoiled by the rain, of which we have so lavish a supply in the north. Lord M. met one of his acquaintances of this class one chill, showery Sunday, with her gown as usual in this fashion, and said to her 'Why, Jenny, woman, by kilting up your clothes in that way over your head, you expose almost your whole body; it's just like robbing Peter to pay Paul.'—'I dare say it may, my lord,' replied Jenny, 'but then, ye see, Peter's not cauld.'"

ART. XXVII.—*A Catalogue of Works in all departments of English Literature.*

A *classified* Catalogue, with a general alphabetical Index of the modern works on sale by Messrs. Longman, including books published by other firms as well as their own, and therefore presenting all the works most in demand, as may be presumed. To country purchasers and those in our Colonies, this classified publication will be particularly useful. The index gives the authors' names, or the titles of the books. The catalogue is handsomely got up.

ART. XXVIII.—*Poems; to which is added Belmour House, a Play not divided into Acts.* By G. K. MATHEWS.

MR. MATHEWS might fill a volume of considerable thickness with rhyme every three months, so great is his fluency, and so fearlessly does he fasten on any subject that comes in the way. He is clever at doggrel, and is not deficient of a familiar kind of humour.

ART. XXIX.—*The Old Red Sandstone; or, New Walks in an Old Field.* By HUGH MILLER.

A second edition of a work which when it first appeared was very favourably reviewed in our journal, some of its more striking passages being quoted.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1842.

ART. 1.—*Hints to Students on the Use of the Eyes.* By EDWARD REYNOLDS, M.D. Boston, U.S.

IT has frequently been observed that no complaints are more common in colleges and other seminaries of learning, than those which relate to the eyes, and to the interruption of the studies of young men. These affections have sometimes been referred in an especial degree to the study of the Greek language; and on other occasions the blame has been cast on the Hebrew. In both cases, the form of the letters are supposed to produce a peculiar and injurious effect upon the sight. Whether this be true or not, or whatever may be the cause of the malady, it will not be idle to notice what Dr. Reynolds has advanced on the subject. The views which this eminent Physician and Oculist has taken of it, carry with them so much that is feasible, sensible, and important, that an abstract of what he has said may be acceptable in a literary journal; more especially as the theme, so far as we know, has not been taken up by any writer in this country; unless perhaps it be in strictly professional works, and where it is treated with such medical learning and technicality as not to be generally serviceable. What follows, however, will be found to be as popular in its character, as the matter is novel and valuable. Indeed the Hints manifestly strike not only at the root of an evil that has greatly impeded the usefulness of distinguished persons, but may be practically taken home by all.

The eye is the most wonderfully constructed organ of the body, and it is the most important to every individual who desires to fulfil the great duties of man as an intellectual and moral being. When one considers it as the channel of most of our knowledge of nature; and through nature, of the wisdom, goodness, and majesty of God, the eye must be pronounced to be the window of the soul. The whole universe is a mirror, into which the eye may look, and see with a clearness nowhere equalled but in the book of Revelation, the attributes of the Divinity.

Milton speaks of the celestial light, that shone inward upon the mind, when the light of the sun was for ever withdrawn. But who that has listened to the sacred songster, and heard him tell of things invisible to mortal light, who that has walked with him, and beheld the now unearthly beauties of Eden,

> "Her goodliest trees laden with fairest fruit, . . .
> Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
> ——————With gay enamell'd colours mixed,
> On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
> Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
> When God had shower'd the earth."

Who that has done this, does not know that all these beauteous images were originally brought by the eye to the soul; that nature in her richest scenery and loveliest hues, was once painted on his "quenched orbs"; and that if the blind bard had always been condemned to the darkness of the "drop serene," our eyes would never have been delighted with the unrivalled beauties which his genius has pourtrayed to them.

The art of printing has added a tenfold value to this organ; as the knowledge of the uses of steam has to the mechanical powers. By the aid of this noble invention, the mental treasures of ages have been gathered together, and brought before the mind. It is now only necessary to open the eye upon these, and the mind may drink from all the fountains of human experience; and learn lessons of wisdom, which were previously denied to it. It has come to this that the promise may be said to have been fulfilled, "the child shall be borne an hundred years old."

The abundant facilities for intellectual cultivation, which form the glory of the present age, render those who devote their lives to study, peculiarly liable to diseases of the eye. It may emphatically be called the reading age. Reading is the fashion of the day. No period is considered too tender for the all-important business of education to be commenced. No threatening evils are of sufficient moment to stand in its way; no acquirements sufficiently great to permit repose. As one advances in his course, new demands for exertion present themselves; new temptations multiply; new sources of information are thrown open to him. His eyes begin to manifest the alarming signs of inordinate use; but they are too often disregarded, and incurable disease numbers him among its victims; and he learns when too late that he has had the widest door of knowledge to the soul closed; and is led to mourn with many a kindred spirit, the premature sacrifice of his usefulness and power.

It cannot have escaped the observation of every medical practitioner, that an unusual prevalence of diseases of the eye marks the period in which we live. How many clergymen are annually com-

pelled by this cause, to abate their exertions, or to discontinue them altogether. Among those who devote themselves with ardour to the cause of literature and science, what numbers are obliged by the failure of the sight, to proceed heavily on their course, to abandon its pursuit! Among our statesmen and public men, how many, from the same cause, perform their duties with impaired energies, and diminished usefulness! It is therefore highly important that the causes which lie at the foundation of this great evil, should be clearly ascertained; and the means pointed out, by which they may, as far as possible, be prevented or remedied.

And yet the prevalent opinion that a studious course of life almost uniformly produces, sooner or later, debility of the eyes, seems to be a mistaken one. The history of studious and learned men will bear us out towards this conclusion. We do not believe that the great weakness of the eyes, among the studious and others who devote themselves to study, is a necessary consequence of their labours. The eye, notwithstanding the extreme delicacy of its nature, is so constituted as to be capable of great endurance. We cannot believe that the most noble organ of the body, noble because fitted to the noblest end, is the weakest and the most liable to be deranged and disqualified for the purposes for which it was designed. Its very structure, as well as the history of thousands of the most devoted friends of learning, proves the contrary. See the eye-brows, and the muscles which screen it so effectually from the injurious effects of too dazzling light; the two curtains, the eyelids, by which it is covered and protected during sleep, and continually cleansed and polished, to be rendered more fit for the ready transmission of the rays of light; the cartilaginous edges, which keep them in shape; and the eye-lashes which guard them from so many dangers, and by the interception of unnecessary light, render the image of objects more distinct and lively! Examine the firm, elastic, insensible membrane, which keeps the delicate mirror so secure; the power and obedient activity of the iris, ever standing, as before the inner temple, a faithful sentinel, to guard its delicate texture from the intrusion of any ray of unnecessary light! Consider too, its universal sympathies with every other part of the body, in which it possesses another strong tower of defence! When we reflect on all this ingenuity and skill employed for its security, and its extreme importance to the mind as well as the body, we cannot feel that the eye is necessarily so weak as to be, as often seems to be the case, the first organ to fail in its duties. And we are constrained to seek for other causes by which to explain the melancholy fact.

These are to be found not in the use, but in the abuse of the organ. It is an unwise, extravagant expenditure, instead of a wise husbandry of its powers, that occasions the frequent failures, over which literature and religion also have so much cause to weep.

It was the unnatural, protracted, midnight lucubrations of Milton,

that "quenched his orb in darkness;" and not an ordinary and reasonable use.

But the extravagant use of the eyes is not the only way in which they are injured. There are various other bad habits, in which studious men continually indulge; and numerous mistakes which they constantly commit, through inattention to this important branch of physical education, that lie at the foundation of opthalmic diseases; and which only require to be known that they may be avoided.

Dr. Reynolds says that few observations are more important in treating of the preservation of the sight, than that the student should have correct ideas upon the degree and proper adjustment of the light by which he studies; and perhaps none, about which greater mistakes are continually made by studious men.

One of the most prolific and least suspected causes of weakness of sight, is the exposure of the eyes to the frequent alternations of weak and strong light. When the eyes are closed and the light wholly excluded, the sensibility of the retina becomes exceedingly elevated; so that it bears immediate exposure to powerful light with great difficulty. The effects are analogous to sudden and great changes of temperature in other parts of the body. By long continuance in darkness, the nerve becomes highly excitable, and the blood-vessels easily assume an undue action, which may be readily converted into dangerous disease. How unpleasant the sensation when a lighted candle is suddenly brought into a room, where one has been sitting in previous darkness! What protracted debility of the eyes frequently results from long confinement in the partial gloom of the sick chamber! When the exclusion of the light has been complete, and continued sufficiently long, a sudden influx of it to the eye may so injure the nerve, as to produce incurable blindness. Dionysius the Tyrant recognized this principle, and acted upon it in gratifying his revenge upon his miserable captives. Instances are on record of prisoners, who, when restored to liberty, after long incarceration in dark dungeons, have been urged by the sufferings occasioned on being brought into the light, to beg that they might return to the comparative comfort of their abode of captivity.

The manner in which nature pours the light of day upon the earth, is in beautiful harmony with the necessity of the eyes. She never does it suddenly. The approach of the sun is ushered in, long before he appears above the horison, by the faintest possible light; which very gradually increases in strength, until, at last, he comes forth in his full splendour. This beautiful accommodation of the light to the nature of the eyes, affords a useful lesson on the art of preserving the light; although there are countries where the sun remains so short a space below the horison, that a short twilight is exchanged for the full brightness of day. The inhabitants of those regions are obliged to make an artificial night, by excluding every ray of light

from their sleeping chambers; and when they leave these they are of course immediately exposed to the bright glare of the sun. Blindness is a very prevalent affection among these people.

A knowledge of these facts, confirmed by the experience of every careful observer, directs us to some very important rules for the preservation of the eyes; while a very slight reflection upon our modes of life, discovers many ways in which we continually depart from the proper course, laying the foundation of serious, and often incurable weakness of the eyes. For instance: we carefully exclude all light from our sleeping-rooms, that our sleep may be less disturbed; and long after the full light of the sun has been shining about our dwellings, we arise, and opening the eyes, suddenly expose them to its bright glare. The head is placed in such a position, that though the room may not have been thus carefully closed, our eyes are opened, on awaking, upon a bright window. We select, with little judgment, the darkest room for our study; and expose the eyes suddenly, in the various duties of life, to the stronger lights of the other rooms, and of the open day. We not unfrequently sit in our rooms after twilight, with the eyes closed, for the purpose of giving them what is considered a salutory repose; and then suddenly expose them to the strong artificial light of candles and argand lamps, never dreaming that the uncomfortable sensations momentarily experienced, are the result and evidence of injury to the organ. The student is in the habit of surrounding the lamp with thick shades, which darken every part of the room, except the book which he is reading, or the paper upon which he is writing; and alternately turning the eyes from the brightly illuminated surface of the one, to the full gloom of the other. Many other errors will, according to the principles laid down by Dr. Reynolds, readily suggest themselves. He quotes some curiously illustrative cases, but which we must pass over. Certain specific rules, however, demand notice.

For example, he lays it down, that no man who is desirous of securing the advantage of sound, healthy eyes, should suffer himself to expose them suddenly to a strong light, on awaking from sleep. Now, the surest mode of avoiding all danger from this source, will be found in a habit of early rising. It seems to be a law of nature, that we should retire with the evening twilight, and arise when the morning dawns. Still, this will not, and indeed cannot be done, owing to the artificialities of society; therefore nature's mode of illuminating the earth should be borne in mind, and the same advantage secured, by a judicious arrangement of the sleeping apartment. A room should never be selected for the sleeping chamber, on account of its facing the rising sun. At any rate arrangements should be made that will confer the advantages of a western location, —viz., by the position which the bed is made to take, and by curtains or blinds.

The apartment selected for study should be a well-lighted room. Not only are sudden changes from darkness to light injurious immediately after awaking from the sleep of night, but they may, if often repeated, be equally injurious in the day time. Very few who study much can neglect this caution without impairing, sooner or later, the strength of their eyes. The habit of going from a dark study into the brightly illuminated streets, almost invariably generates a high degree of morbid sensibility of the retina, and intolerance of light, very obstinate and difficult of cure.

The individual who devotes the evening to study, should never precede his labour by sitting an hour or more in darkness. There can be no more certain mode of inducing all the evils of sudden changes of light.

The room in which the evening study is performed should be well lighted. Some from avarice, some from mistaken economy, others from ignorance of the true principles which should regulate the degree of light proper for the labouring eye, are in the habit of studying whole evenings, in large rooms inadequately lighted. "We have often seen," says the doctor, "the student poring for hours over his books and papers, and straining his eyes, by the dull glimmering of one poor candle or lamp. Nay, as if more anxious to save oil than eye-sight, we have seen others, whose lamp was provided with double burners, carefully pull down the wick of one, that there might be no unnecessary waste. When the smarting lids and watering eyes have compelled them to extinguish the other, we have felt more disposed to charge them with avarice, or censure them for ignorance, than to sympathize in their sufferings." Dr. Reynolds, as already indicated, enters his protest against the argand lamp with a thick shade, in order that the only illuminated spot or object be the book or the paper used; and declares that nothing exerts a more favourable influence in preserving a healthy condition of the eyes, than a proper adjustment of the light during the hours of labour, and *vice versa;* too little light debilitating the eye, not only by the alternations mentioned, but injuriously straining them, in consequence of being compelled to inordinate action. The uneasy sensations occasioned by attempting to read or write, for a short time merely, by an inadequate light, are sufficient evidence of this.

Too much light, on the contrary, dazzles and confuses the eyes. In northern countries which are perpetually covered with snow, instances of blindness are exceedingly frequent, from the great exposure of the eyes to the strong dazzling light, occasioned by the reflection of the sun from the white surface. In these cases, the powers of the retina are suddenly exhausted by the stimulus of extreme degrees of light. The same effect not unfrequently takes place more gradually, but with equal certainty, when the eyes are exposed, for a series of years, to labour in rooms too much lighted.

The eye, both in reading and writing, should always have that moderate degree of light which is best suited to its powers; which produces easy, distinct vision; and which is wholly unattended with any unpleasant sensations.

Again, the light of the room in which we study should be, as much as possible, equally distributed. It should never be a reflected or concentrated light. A highly concentrated light is really dangerous. Speaking of a particular eclipse of the sun, the doctor says it occasioned many melancholy examples of the pernicious exposure, on the part of individuals who watched its progress with the naked eye. He himself knew of two cases of incurable blindness that thence resulted; and many others, in which vision was seriously impaired. Following out the principle, he declares that nothing can be worse than the habit of studying at a window, which receives the strong reflection from an opposite whited wall, against which the sun shines. "The light of a room, where the windows reach to the floor, is also injurious. In this case, the light is reflected from the floor up to the eyes. It is almost impossible that the individual who studies continually in such a light, can preserve sound, healthy eyes." The direct rays of the sun are much more easily endured than his reflected rays. But both are to be guarded against as much as possible, while nature is to be imitated, whose light is uniformly and equally diffused, and measures to be adopted as will prevent both the direct and the reflected light. This may easily be done, by placing green or blue curtains before the windows. Even the furniture of the study should be such as does not offend the eye by occasioning a concentrated light; and therefore bright or brilliant objects upon which the eye cannot repose with pleasurable sensations, should not be introduced. The walls and carpets should be of a soft blue or green colour,—the latter especially; this being the colour with which nature, who in all her works seems to have provided with much care for the health and comfort of the eye, has so universally painted the world.

For evening or night study, Dr. Reynolds objects both to common lamps and common candles. If candles are used, however, wax and spermaceti are recommended, and a sufficient number to produce the proper degree of light. But it is what he calls the *common argand study lamp* that he prefers, without the dark shade, using in its stead, and even of the ground-glass shade, one of oiled paper, which diffuses a sufficient and well-distributed light.

He enters his protest against wearing shades before the eyes, when reading by candle-light. Instead of being a protection, they keep the eyes in an unnatural degree of darkness, that unfits them for the stronger light to which they are exposed when the shade is removed. Still, there are exceptions to this rule; as, for example, in the case of those individuals whose eyes are prominent; and whose eye-brows and eye-lashes are weak and deficient. These are deprived of

nature's shade, and require an artificial one. The best is a shade of thin green silk, which does not wholly exclude the rays of light; the worst are varnished shades of leather, or any other impervious material.

The doctor particularly protests against another prevalent habit—viz., that of reading and writing by twilight. "Nay, some have been mad enough to ruin the eyes by attempting to do the same by moonlight!" They have done both to save time; whereas by gaining a few minutes, months and years of useful labour have been thus thrown away.

Again, gazing at the bright moon, a highly concentrated light, is wrong; so, especially if at night, at the lightning, there being on such occasions the most sudden alternations of light and darkness that can be presented to the eye.

Reading and writing by a side light, practices which are exceedingly common, are strongly objected to by our author. Instead of preserving the sight, he shows according to the structure of the organs of vision, that the effect is the contrary. Of course, looking intensely, and for a long time, through telescopes and perspective glasses must be injurious to the sight, and particularly so if in the night.

But what is the direction of light that is best suited to the eyes, and is the least liable to injure them? "It is that light which is sufficient for distinct vision, and which falls over the left shoulder, in an oblique direction, from above, upon the book or study table." Consequently there is another common bad habit viz., that of sitting with the back to the window, and holding the book or paper before the eyes, in order to see more distinctly. Here there is a concentrated light, and the pupil of the eye is in an unfavourable state for its reception.

Another bad habit is that of holding a candle between the eye and the book, for the purpose of obtaining more distinct vision. Persons fall into this error, whose eyes require the aid of glasses, and which have failed from age. It is to be borne in mind, that the pupil is smaller, and admits less light, in advanced years, requiring a more intense light. Now this is to be afforded, not by concentration, but by the aid of spectacles.

With one important observation more, we close the subject of light. The student should protect the eyes in summer from the direct rays of a burning sun; the best protector being a sufficiency of rim of the hat to shield the visual organs. "*Eye destroyers* would not be an inappropriate name for the narrow things, which, by some of the more recent fashions, are called hats."

Having dwelt at considerable length upon the most important principles and rules in regard to *light*, in the management and preservation of the eyes, other points of hardly less moment are taken

up by our author, and made the theme of equally interesting observations. It is, for example, very important to ascertain the period of the day when the eyes are most capable of bearing labour.

By possessing clear, definite ideas upon this, and acting accordingly, much may be effected during a long course of studious habits, in securing the blessing of sound, healthy vision.

The doctor lays it down that, relative to the eyes as well as other parts of the body, the morning, after moderate but sufficient sleep, is the most favourable for study. Not only is early rising conducive to general health, but the purest, softest, and best light is secured in the morning for the eyes. But let the morning student not be in extreme haste, on awakening from sleep, to be at his books. At the same time there are some individuals who suffer more inconvenience from using the eyes in the morning than at any other part of the day. These have weak visual organs, and must avoid all straining of them, until the feeling of uneasiness has passed away, and any slight haze that may be spread before them.

Much use of the eyes immediately after a full meal is injurious, especially when the eyes are not strong. The whole of our physical system, and even the mind, indicates that rest from exertion is at the periods mentioned requisite. The whole head is heavy; there is a disposition to sleep; there is little inclination for thought. "The florid look, the turgid, struggling vessels that appear on the *conjunctiva* of the eyes of those who constantly commit this error, are sufficient evidence, were there no other, of its dangerous tendency." From analogous reasons, and arterial actions, all study which strains the eyes much when the body is from any cause in a heated condition, should be avoided. It is said that there are many mealancholy examples of distinguished orators, who, neglecting this rule, have put the eyes to an unwise use immediately after delivering their speeches or sermons, and thereby incapacitated themselves for the proper discharge of their duties. Study by nature's lamp, and repose when she is extinguished, is a lesson which our author in substance repeats. More eyes, he says, have been injured by Saturday night sermons, than by the week's study that preceded them. "The prevalent error that 'a man cannot write until the spirit moves,' has unfitted many a ready writer for much useful labour. Through man's native indolence, it will probably destroy many more; for the spirit seldom will move the procrastinating lazy man, until the setting sun compels him to light his candles for the evening and midnight toil." But if you must be engaged in literary labour with candle-light, prefer light study to that which requires great mental effort; and writing, provided this effort is not great, to reading.

Dr. Reynolds proceeds to give directions relative to the cultivation

of the health of the eyes. He adopts the appellation given to the organ by a German writer, who has called it a *microcosm.* "As man," says the quoted authority, "is to be considered a little world in relation to the earth upon which he lives, even so must the eye be considered a microcosm in regard to the individual man." An examination of the structure of the eye, presents us with the striking fact, that a perfect specimen of each of the different membranes which go to form the whole body enters into its composition. Each of these various membranes and parts of the organ possesses the same properties and peculiarities, is endowed with the same vitality, and governed by the same general laws, with those to which it is akin. Consequently a mutual sympathy of the most intimate character, is constantly maintained between them. This similarity of structure and function, can alone explain the great variety of diseases with which the eye is afflicted; and it is the frequency with which this fact is overlooked, that renders their treatment so difficult, and the results so unsatisfactory.

According to this statement, the eye points to the whole circle of medical pathology; to matters much more extended and nice than what merely belong to *light* and such *periods of time* in each twenty-four hours, as are most appropriate for study. We can of course but slightly notice the rules that relate to some of the most important preservatives of the health of the eyes.

The enjoyment of free, pure air, is indispensably necessary to the preservation of healthy eyes; and this not merely as a salutary local application, but as acting through the medium of the general health. Akin to this fact is the following,—that daily and regular exercise must not be forgotten. More precise are the directions relative to dress, which ought to be so shaped and arranged as not to interfere with the perfect freedom of the circulation. The cravat, for instance, should sit loosely about the neck. If men of studious habits permit tailors to be the arbiters of taste in dress, it will be at the risk of good general health, and eyesight. Bad digestion, and whatever induces a congested condition of the vessels of the head and eyes, must be guarded against. The state of the bowels which is apt to be produced by sedentary habits is a particular matter of concern, as are also temperate habits. The pleasures of the mind have no concord with the pampering of the body. To what are we to attribute the clear heads of the ancient philosophers? Their works are not the productions of congested brains. Their eyes looked out upon nature with a clear vision, to the end of life. They studied and thought in the common air. They were obedient to the wholesome laws of temperance. Therefore, their vessels were not filled, as is the case with too many of our students, to almost apoplectic fulness; whom we pity when we see them growing blind over their

books, and are almost disposed to regard it as among the discouragements of learning. But it is a love of the flesh, more than of the spirit, that too often clouds their vision.

Sleep exerts no inconsiderable influence upon the health of the eyes; for it renovates the body as well as the powers of these organs. Regular sleep is meant; for too much as well as too little of it is injurious. Redness, weakness, and languor of the eyes result from both extremes.

But in order to secure the advantages of healthy, enduring vision, the eyes must be subjected to a proper and sufficient amount of use or action. Oculists daily act upon this principle, when they perform an early operation for cataract, where only one eye is affected with the disease. Although unnecessary for the immediate purposes of vision, yet they dare not defer; because they know that the retina, from want of use, is liable to become seriously debilitated; so that at a more distant period, the efforts of surgery may prove unavailing.

There is a very great diversity in the original power of the eyes; but happily, modified as this is by various circumstances, there are certain signs resulting from undue use, common to all. The following are named:—1st. The focus of vision is brought nearer to the eye than usual, in order to obtain distinct sight.—2nd. There is a sensation of painful distension of the whole region about the eye. This, however, soon disappears, after a short repose from study. Let the student close the eyes, and rest them for a quarter of an hour, and he will feel it no more.—3rd. An increased heat, a peculiar warmth of the eye-lids, with a difficulty in raising them, and also of moving the eye-balls.—4th. If while labouring with the eyes, he attempts to look accurately at some distant object, they involuntarily fill with tears, or at least are more moist than common. —5th. A moderate but uncomfortable headache, more particularly about the region of the eye-brows, accompanied by an unpleasant sense of weight, will be felt during or immediately after, labour.—6th. If the subject is young and plethoric, in addition to the above symptoms, the edges of the lids become red, and sometimes thickened; and the *conjunctiva*, the membrane covering the white of the eye, appears more turgid and vascular than in its usual, healthy condition.—7th. Finally, a thin cloud suddenly comes, for a few moments, before the eyes, and unless the eye-lids are closed, a vertigo follows. The moment, however, that the eyes are opened again, all objects are seen as distinctly as before.

Abused nature will utter a still louder voice of complaint in the following additional changes: the circumference of all objects appears to be invested with a sort of rainbow halo. They will also seem to be in motion, and suddenly veiled with a troublesome glimmer, which changes its situation very rapidly from above down-

wards; and as the eye continues to look at objects, they will run confusedly into each other.

From this period, the student can go forward no longer with impunity. He is now arrived at a point at which all delay is replete with danger, and when a continued perseverance in study is downright folly. But he may yet be safe; it is not yet to be considered disease, but a sort of middle state between health and disease; in which, however, such a predisposition to the latter exists, that the smallest exciting cause is sufficient to call it into action.

What are the remedies which Dr. Reynolds suggests for arresting the evil at this stage, and to restore the eyes to a healthy condition? The following are of the number: the student should permit the eyes to have a season of repose. His books and papers must be laid aside, but not suddenly or to the extent of total inactivity. It is a change rather than a cessation of labour. The eye should be often closed during labour, and a few turns made round the room or in the open air. Generally there is an unnatural determination of blood to the eyes. This may be in some degree prevented by immersing the feet in warm salt water, or water into which some other stimulant has been thrown, in order to excite a deviation to the feet. But perhaps the best of all remedies would be, to abandon books altogether; to exchange the confined condition of the student for the unrestrained movements of the traveller, or of the wanderer in the woods and meadows, where the misused organ will be refreshed by the green fields, and the endless alternations of nature's works. The eyes, in the condition mentioned, should never be used immediately on awaking in the morning, after meals, or by candle-light. They should be frequently washed in the course of the day, in cold water, but not opening them as some do; for this often extracts too much heat, occasioning irritability. Simply washing them with the hand is a better way. Still, there are states of the eyes when tepid water is more appropriate, as when there is a disposition to close the lids, and a difficulty afterwards of opening them again.

Dr. Reynolds quotes a German authority, who says, that those individuals to whom nature has given brown or black eyes, require more caution in the use of their sight, than such as have blue or grey eyes; and adds, if such is the fact, it deserves a place among other cautions upon the subject of the preservation of the sight.

Dr. Reynolds goes on to observe that there are some very prevalent habits among studious men, by which the eyes are liable to be injured, especially when they are predisposed to debility and inflammation. One of these is the practice of rubbing the eyes on awaking from sleep, in order to remove the uneasy sensations experienced,

the feeling of stiffness and weight, that is apt to be present in the much-used eye in the morning. This rubbing, says our author, occasions irritation and a determination of the blood to the organ, and slight degrees of redness which may degenerate into disease. If much force is applied, it may derange the functions of the nerve, and completely destroy the sight. A melancholy example is cited: that of a person who had enjoyed a remarkable vision, but who, when one day in company with some familiar friends, had his eyes covered by one of them, that had come behind, asking whether he knew who it was. The unfortunate person endeavoured to free himself, and met in return with greater pressure, till at length when he was allowed to open his eyelids he found that his sight was for ever gone.

Again, the eyes, when predisposed to weakness, are not unfrequently injured by exposure to strong currents of wind. Another way in which the sight may be seriously affected is by reading while in a recumbent posture. Care should also be taken not to put the organs of vision to too early or too great a use, after the system has been affected with serious disease; such as nervous fevers, and others, when the convalescence is slow, and when idleness also becomes a burden that tempts to reading.

It is unquestionable that the habit of exercising the eyes in the examination of very minute objects, is injurious to vision; such as that of reading very small print for a length of time, and regularly. But the evil effects resulting from the use of green glasses, so common among those who have weak eyes, cannot be too generally understood. The practice is probably founded on the fact, that nature has spread this colour so profusely through her works, as to suggest the propriety of adopting glasses similarly coloured. But, says our author, instead of diminishing the weakness of sight by such means, they increase it, by throwing a sombre, melancholy, and disagreeable hue upon all objects, wholly unlike nature's soft and pure colour. The eye is strained, and when such glasses have been worn for a long time, the sight's sensibility becomes so morbidly elevated, as to be unfitted to bear the light, without uneasiness or pain. They are only useful when the individual is obliged to be exposed to a bright glare of light, for any length of time, which cannot be moderated in any other way; as in travelling over snow when it is highly illuminated by the rays of the sun.

Among the habits of students which exert an unfavourable effect upon the eyes, the use of tobacco is mentioned. Dr. Reynolds indeed asserts that this powerful poisonous narcotic is highly detrimental to the health of sedentary persons, and particularly to the soundness of the most exquisitely delicate nerve of the eye, which is alive to all the other nerves of the body by intimate sympathies.

Our author earnestly warns his readers against the ignorant and

injudicious use of eye-waters, a practice which, he says, has aided in the destruction of thousands of eyes. The notion is so prevalent, he also remarks, among high and low, the wise and the unwise, that a diseased eye cannot be cured without eye-water, that it is commonly the least suspected method of cure; although in reality nineteen times out of twenty injury is thereby done. "Among the host of specific eye-waters, in such general use, there is not one that has not done infinite harm. There is no specific for diseases of the eyes." "Since the interests of religion, science, and humanity depend so much upon the eyes, perhaps no better service could be rendered to them, than a history of eye-waters, with a full exposure of all the mischiefs they have occasioned, as universally prescribed by the hand of old women, grave divines, lawyers, and doctors." "The student whose eyes are affected, should never use a collyrium stronger than good river water, without the counsel of some skilful, well informed physician."

Connected with *long* and *short sights* we find a number of important observations in the Hints. It is well known, says the Doctor, that the distinct vision of near and remote objects requires corresponding changes in the conformation of the eye. One office of the muscles attached to it is to effect these changes, in order to adapt it accurately to the ever varying distances of objects, although we may be unconscious of such changes. It is also a law of the muscular system that its power, facility, and readiness of action, are increased by exercise, and diminished by disuse. Hence the difference in the size and agility of the muscles of the day-labourer and dancing-master. The muscles of the eye are under the influence of the same law. Like all other muscles they become best fitted for that kind of action to which they are most accustomed. Hence the eyes of the student who is continually poring over his books, are best calculated for seeing near objects distinctly; while sailors are generally long-sighted. A not unimportant direction necessarily follows: a student ought not to neglect exercising the eyes in the examination of distant objects, in order the longer to preserve his sight in a natural, perfect state.

But the eye will fail after a certain period, and recourse must be had to spectacles. Yet incorrect notions prevail with regard to these artificial aids. They may be used too soon; they may be called in at too late a period; while the proper time is different in different individuals. However, there are certain signs which may guide each person, and enable him to determine accurately for himself when the use of spectacles is proper. They are the following, as abridged from the Hints:—When, in order to see small objects distinctly, they must be removed farther from the eye than the student has been accustomed to view them; the usual length of this focus of vision in a perfect eye, being from sixteen to twenty inches;—when more light is required than formerly for distinct

vision;—when small objects, when they are closely examined, appear confused;—when the eyes are very easily fatigued by slight efforts, and which could not have affected them formerly;—when the sight is generally weak on awaking from sleep;—and when there is always more difficulty in reading small print by candle-light than by the light of day. "Whenever any or all of these signs are present, the assistance of spectacles is not only proper but necessary. The prevalent opinion, that the longer they are deferred the longer the vision will retain the strength of youth, is a mistake."

But serious mistakes may also be committed in regard to the selection of glasses. Let them not be of too great a magnifying power. A proper glass is not one which magnifies the object, but presents it as nearly as possible of its natural size, and in a distinct manner, at the same distance at which the person was accustomed to distinguish objects when his sight was in its most perfect condition. Such is the principle laid down relative to the choice of *convex* glasses.

But there are rules to be observed by persons whose sight is naturally short, and who have recourse to *concave* glasses, were it but in order to avoid the unfavourable position of the body and head, which has also a tendency to create congestion of blood about the eyes. The following are the signs by which a short-sighted person may determine whether he needs the aid of glasses:—When there is an inability of distinguishing small objects, at the distance of sixteen or twenty inches: and larger objects at two feet distance from the eye;—when there is a disposition to keep the eye-lids half closed while looking at distant objects;—when objects are distinguished in twilight better than by long-sighted persons;—and when he feels a sense of weariness and distension of the eye, by a long examination of distant objects.

With regard to the complaints made among students relative to the injurious effects of Greek type, our author remarks that if it is sufficiently large and clear there can be no real foundation. Study the language wisely: that is, according to the doctor's directions, acquire it gradually, learn it thoroughly, and not in a hurry, using text books and editions of authors, the type of which is of sufficient size, and not with improper light; and then we shall hear little fault found with the study of Greek in respect of the eyes. A similar opinion is expressed about the Hebrew language with its *points*, provided similar wisdom is exercised in the method of study. "Let the language be more thoroughly studied—let the eye be made perfectly familiar with it (and to this end the mind must be master of it)—let the rules laid down for the preservation of the eyes in their ordinary every-day use, be observed with care; and I should not be afraid to prophesy, that the reproach will ere long be wiped away from the Hebrew, and that it will cease to be regarded as one of the decided

enemies of strong and healthy vision." The advantage to be derived from having become perfectly familiar with Greek and Hebrew, lies in being able to read the languages with ease, and therefore saved from the straining that must attend hurried lessons of a certain duration for a number of days, and when both eyes and heart are perplexed, provoked, and feverish. No wonder that his eyes grow weak in these circumstances.

We have now given the import of Dr. Reynolds' Hints. Similar and also further information on the economy of the eyes may be found in other books. But we are not aware of an equal amount of practical, plain, and sensible instruction to be met with in an unscattered form. We shall only add, and in reference to the reproach cast upon Greek and Hebrew studies, that if well founded—that if the peculiar forms of the letters and points of these languages occasion to the students of them weakness and diseases of the eye, we must expect to hear that the Greeks and Jews, and also the Arabs—or at least the learned amongst these nations—have been the victims of the maladies alluded to, and a sore-eyed, blinded race. But the fact is just the reverse, and we therefore acquit the Greek and Hebrew characters of any intrinsic malignity; the truth appearing to be that any species of letters and signs to which the eye is unaccustomed, and which therefore demands a closer attention than ordinary, tends in a greater or less degree to strain the eyes, and thus ultimately to produce disease, while other circumstances are apt to combine to the aggravation of the complaint, such as want of exercise, inattention to the digestive functions, and various mistakes and follies which need not be repeated or specified.

ART. II.—*Travels and Researches in Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, and Armenia.* By W. F. AINSWORTH, F.G.S., &c. 2 vols. Parker.

MR. AINSWORTH acted as surgeon and geologist to the expedition that was sent to the Euphrates to ascertain whether or not a mail communication with India could be established by that route. Points of geographical interest were raised on the occasion, and others of a religious nature regarding the Chaldean Christians, which led to a joint enterprise of research: the Royal Geographical Society, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge united to defray the expenses of an expedition to these interesting tribes, who were supposed to have preserved more of the simple forms of primitive Christianity than any of the European nations, and who with equally good reason were presumed to require Bibles and teachers. Dr. Grant, who belonged to the Board of American Missions, very considerably stimulated the interest which had been raised relative to these Christian tribes, in his work on the Nestorians, which we re-

viewed about a twelvemonth ago; and therefore it was something more than a scientific and a generous curiosity which set on foot the "Travels and Researches in Asia Minor," &c., the account of which is now before us; Mr. Ainsworth having been appointed to take charge of the enterprise.

The object of the Geographical Society was to obtain fuller knowledge of the regions between the frontiers of Europe and those inhabited by the Chaldeans; or, in other words, to trace the Great Salt River of the ancients, to determine the source and course of the Melas, to explore the great interior Salt Lake, to examine the passes of the different mountain-ranges lying between the Black Sea and the plains of Syria and Mesopotamia, as well as to determine the position of the principal cities, ancient and modern. The object of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was to open communications with the Chaldean Christians, inhabiting the mountains of Kurdistan, and to form amicable relations between the Anglican and Chaldean churches, and also to afford the latter such assistance as their religious wants might appear to require.

With regard to the geographical purposes, very considerable success attended the expedition, and others seem to have been in a fair way of being realized when the party was recalled. The religious results of the mission were not so satisfactory; for while extremely little information was added to what Dr. Grant supplied, there are some grounds for fearing that harm has been done rather than even a path being opened for doing future good.

We do not go the length of saying that the expedition, whatever were its ostensible purposes, was prompted hy zealots of the Anglican church in a fit of jealousy of the American Missionaries; nor are we in a condition to say that the Chaldean churches, are looked to, with the desire of having them included within the vaguely defined diocese of the new Bishop of Jerusalem. But some striking events appear already to have resulted from the enterprise. Mr. Ainsworth, while deficient in regard to the necessary knowledge for the religious mission, had not the wide-spread medical character of Dr. Grant, nor did he proceed in the unobtrusive manner of the American. The fact is, that independent of his English character, he was invested with a firman, procured through Lord Ponsonby, which must have excited suspicion of some political design on the part of the Christians; a proof of the feelings of the Mahometans being, that the authorities imprisoned the patriarch, while other interferences have been experienced in the discipline of the Chaldeans, which may seriously affect the independence of the Nestorian church, after having retained its primitive simplicity hitherto so intact.

Mr. Ainsworth's book of Travels is not so interesting as it might have been made with the materials and incidents of which its author was in possession. In the first place, we think he should have pu[t]

those of purely a geological and geographical character aside for his other work, which is to be confined to strictly scientific matters; and secondly, that even when it might be necessary to present a distinct idea of his route, he should have avoided such details as did not throw any particular light on the more popularly interesting subjects of these volumes; these subjects, as we shall show, having sufficient variety and importance for one homogeneous publication; while, as we have already intimated, the geographical harvest was abundant enough to supply a work in that department. Had Mr. Ainsworth observed the rules we have suggested, instead of publishing his notes with needless particularity of every day's journey and occurrences, we should have had a more attractive work, and one volume instead of two. The attractive subjects to which we allude, besides notices of a religious nature, are such as are descriptive of scenery, of towns, and of national characteristics. But there are others, and which indeed furnish the most stirring themes of the work, although they were accidental. We mean the author's good or bad fortune, call it which you please, in joining the Turkish army on the Syrian frontier, and his witnessing the battle of Nizib, as well as his being involved in the disastrous route which followed; all which he describes with the truthfulness and the graphic spirit of an eye-witness, who could not but deeply partake of the feelings which danger and novelty produce.

It will be our business now to present some passages from the more attractive parts of the work, and to which we have just now been referring. Begin with a survey of one of the Cappadocian cave-villages.

Our route lay over plains and uplands, till we approached the Sevri Hisar hills, when we turned to the right, and entered deep and rocky ravines, at the foot of an outlaying spur of the Hasan Tagh. The first we entered contained a few grottoes and caves, which kept increasing in number as we progressed, till we came to what had evidently been a very populous site, and where, superadded to the caves, were ruins of dwelling-houses, arches of stone-work, &c., still standing in the valley. This place is called by the Greeks of the present day, Belisterneh. Ravines of the same character, almost without interuption to the succession of grottoes, many of which were rudely ornamented in front, led us to Gelvedery, where we were equally surprised and delighted to find a large colony of Greeks living in these caves, mostly built up in front, and occupying not only the acclivities of the hills, but also the face of the precipice to its very top, and stretching up a narrow ravine, which, towards its upper part became chocked with these semi-subterranean dwellings. We had now the pleasure of contemplating what one of these cave-villages or towns was when inhabited; and were all anxiety to get into one of the houses, but this anxiety on our part was not at all met by the natives, who were disinclined to receive us, or to hold communication with us. At length we got into a house, where was a caverned odah, but it was full of khawasses; so Mr. Rassam repaired to the house of a priest, who acted kindly, and allowed us a

room for the night. These Greeks, although thus secluded from the world, were not poor, and had a goodly stone church in the vale. From what conversation we had with the priests, it appears that they claim a high antiquity to the site of Gelvedery, which there is every reason to believe corresponds to Garsabora. What interested us greatly, was to endeavour to trace the origin of Greek colonies, in such remote and sequestered spots, but upon this subject they could offer us no information; their fathers' fathers had lived in the same spot, but why it was chosen by them, and what advantages it had ever offered to them, appeared scarcely to have been ever a subject of a moment's thought. It is not many years since the Osmanli government, by a rather enlightened policy, dragged the Christians from the caves of Osiana, Tatlar, &c., and made them reside in the New City, and the troglodites of Gelvedery appear to have much horror of the same fate hanging over them; and thus our questions excited their suspicions, and awakened fears which all our expressions of kindly and brotherly feeling towards them scarcely sufficed to allay.

Mr. Ainsworth speaks favourably of the Cappadocian Greeks, and says that those of them who have congregated in towns exhibit a flourishing aspect, one "of ease, freedom, and prosperity, which never belongs to Mahomedan towns." He goes on to particularize.

Children are playing about, flowers are trained up the house walls, females sit at their verandahs, and trade is bustling in the market; add to this, that the Cappadocian Greeks are, generally speaking, pleasing and unreserved in their manners, and their conversation indicated a very high degree of intelligence and civilization, where there are so few books, and so little education, and consequently, little learning. In the villages, the men, marrying early, repair to Constantinople and Smyrna to trade, while to the women is left the care of the house, the flock, and the vineyard; an evil follows from this, that the females become masculine and full of violent passions, and when the men return to their homes, they are often very far from finding an echo to the subdued tones and more polished manners which they had learnt to appreciate in the civilized world. The priests who remain at home might be supposed to have some counteracting influence, but they are often old, have rarely above moderate capacities, and are frequently disregarded and disrespected. But apart from these minor considerations, these Cappadocian Greeks certainly constitute a tribe themselves, distinguished by their manners, their habits, and their independent prosperity and civilization, and not so much surpassing other Greeks in Asia Minor by their progressive civilization, as excelling them in having become less changed, and less humbled and prostrated, than other Greek communities are by four centuries of Osmanli tyranny.

The Kurds present in many respects a different figure, several of their characteristic features resembling those which distinguish the Scotch Highlanders.

We were now rendered aware that we were in a district of Kurds who were in the vassal, but not the subject state. The ragged garb of the rustic was supplanted by a handsome highland and military costume, a waistcoat of brown cloth, surmounted by a braided jacket of the same material, open, with

loose sleeves. The wide trowsers of blue stuff, open to the knee but tight to the legs, were upheld by a narrow waistband, so as not to impede active or prolonged exercise, and the feet were protected by good laced boots. Every man carried his gun on his back, and his pouch by his side. The latter was made of the same coloured cloth as his jacket, and adorned by two or three black tassels. The features of the men (who as usual with Kurds, were strong, muscular, and sinewy, any one equal to two such Osmanlis as constituted the army of Hafiz Pasha,) were regular and handsome, and more expressive of reckless daring, than of that low deceitful cupidity which so often 'characterizes the Arab. The women were also very good looking, and had generally fine heads of glossy black hair. They did not cover their faces. We had an excellent opportunity of contemplating these villagers, for we rested ourselves half an hour by a fountain side, in the middle of the village, and under the shade of a great plane-tree, where we were soon surrounded by almost all the inhabitants.

We have hinted above that Mr. Ainsworth and his companions got involved in the adventures of the army of Hafiz Pasha, which was dispersed and all but annihilated by Ibrahim Pasha, at Nizib; our travellers having decided on proceeding to the Turkish camp, in the hopes of facilitating their progress, and of attaining a safer position than the expedition could otherwise secure. They little thought how easily their presumed protectors would be scattered and destroyed. As the party made for the camp of Hafiz Pasha, they obtained significant proofs of the miserable commissariat arrangements of an eastern army.

"The carcasses of camels and horses, some newly dead, but others emitting most noxious effluvia, were encountered in numbers, and fully showed how severe were the tasks to which the animals were put in order to supply the wants of an army. Nor was the loss on the part of the Egyptians less in this department; for on a subsequent journey, made some time after the battle, from Aleppo to Birehjik, I saw the skeletons of nearly a hundred camels on various parts of the road. When soldiers, occupied in the commissariat, had a horse drop upon the road, they ripped up the skin, and cutting a bit, carried it to the camp, as a proof that the animal was really dead. We saw a party engaged in this operation; the animal was panting with thirst, heat, and exhaustion, unable to proceed or to die, and writhing under the knife. Parties driving their loads to the camp, others hastening with unladen horses for further supplies, a few craven laggards slowly progressing to join the martial band khawasses on their way to hurry tardy peasants or construct rafts up the river, tatars bound to the mute-sellims of distant towns, and the aghas of districts, and officers upon various duties, gleamed through the sun's misty glare, and lent life to the great open furnace in which we all moved.

Having joined the camp of the Turkish army, they found that the generalissimo thought himself too fortunate in having Englishmen with him, to be willing to part with the accession, till disaster swept both him and them away. They were therefore exposed to grea danger from the Egyptians, and who knew what interpretation th

Turkish mass would put upon the presence of infidels, when combined with discomfiture. But however unlucky it might be for our travellers and the objects of the expedition, that they had repaired to the camp of Hafiz Pasha, the scenes and incidents which were consequently witnessed, furnish highly interesting subjects for our author's picturesque description. The camp, the half-civilized army, the scenes in the Pasha's tent, his vacillating conduct, his oriental fatalism, the events and the movements on the eve of battle, and the battle itself, afford, each and all, subjects for sketches that must be new to most Europeans; while the sketches themselves are dramatically given. Take a sample characteristic of the military tactics observed by the skirmishers.

A horseman gallops, as if towards the foe, an opponent advances to the rencounter; when sufficiently near they discharge their pistols at one another; Kurd followed Kurd, and Anazeh, Anazeh; and the second pistol of the first Kurd was fired with the first pistol of the second Anazeh, while the second pistol of the first Anazeh was fired at the first pistol of the second Kurd, and so on in succession; horsemen continually relieving one another, and each cavalier sweeping round, so that by the time his pistols were unloaded he was in the rear to load again. Success in these manœuvres depends considerably upon the horse, which must be very quick in turning round, or else the cavalier would come unarmed upon a third opponent; and also upon the horseman in the rear, who must be quick enough to take new opponents off the hands of an old antagonist. The horses were, indeed, so well trained, that they often performed their part of the service after they had lost their rider, who had been shot on the first or second rencounter, but the relief from behind was frequently uncertain and ill regulated.

The dervishes, a worthless, stupid, hypocritical class, but who are regarded with superstitious respect, are martial in their own way.

There was a martial dervish in the camp who wore a sword, and being tolerated for his many oddities used to take great liberties with the Pasha; to-day he afforded us no small merriment by his prowess. Drawing his sabre, he rushed forward, as if to the enemy, but took care to turn round before reaching the scene of action; he then came galloping up to the Serasker, brandishing his weapon, and proclaiming that he had challenged Ibrahim Pasha, as the enemy of God, the prophet Mohammed, and his vicegerent the Sultan, but that no one had dared to fight him. He performed a variety of other equally ridiculous antics. There was also another more harmless idiot in the camp, who was deformed, and subject to hallucinations; this man had followed the soldiers from Malatiyeh, he was a great favourite with them, and had received a good Nizam dress. He was admitted into the Serasker's tent, where one of his frequent amusements was to come and stroke me behind when engaged in conversation, on which occasions I could scarcely preserve my gravity, but the Mohammedans considered this as a token of favour and success. I never saw either of these camp oddities after the battle, and almost doubt if they effected their escape.

The picture given of the retreat of the Turks after their speedy discomfiture, is vivid and stirring in an unusual degree.

All around was one great expanse of flying men and horses; some drivers, no longer able to take their guns and cars along the unequal ground and through the wood, were cutting the traces and effecting their escape upon the horses; the hill of Nezib and the heights beyond were covered with large bodies of mounted Kurds, who had long ago provided for the safety of themselves and steeds; but on the battle-field the strife still continued between the Turkish Guards and the Egyptians, and a last effort still remained to be made. It was a most painful thing to see the brave Guards left without support to battle against a whole army. My friend felt as keenly as myself, but was more excited: several times he attempted to rally the fugitives; but I saw an expression in their countenances such as only dastardly cowardice can give birth to, and there was no possibility of mistaking its meaning. It was evident that all interference was fraught with imminent danger, and I persuaded him to be quiet. Poor Hafiz had seized upon the standard of the Guards, and endeavoured to urge this small remnant of fighting men to a decisive charge; but, abandoned on all sides, and nearly surrounded by the enemy, they could do no good, and stirred not. The cavalry under Sheriff Pasha had withdrawn itself in the most shameful manner, at the time that it ought to have supported the left wing. A determined and well-sustained fire of musketry was kept up a short time longer on both sides, and then all was swept away as if a hurricane had been in movement across the plain. The Pasha was carried away by the mass of fugitives who fled along the valley of the Kesrin towards Nikser. It was a quarter past ten o'clock in the morning when firing first began, and it was half-past twelve when we turned, with heavy hearts and an uncertain future before us, up the side of the hill and away from the plains of Syria.

As we proceeded on our melancholy way, we found knapsacks, cartouche-boxes, accoutrements, muskets, and portions of dress, strewed plentifully along the road-side: some had taken the precaution to arm themselves with bayonets, but others had thrown down the whole machinery of war as uncongenial weapons, and especially troublesome on a long foot-journey. Luckily, a few held by their firelocks; and others took advantage of a stray horse or donkey, or of a steed whose owner lay low, to make it carry the arms of a multitude. The number of muskets that fell into the hands of the enemy was very considerable; we saw at Aleppo, some months after the battle, a pile at least containing six thousand, most of which had been taken out of the rivulet of Nezib—for the Kurds got the greater part of what were left on the road. One of the peculiarities of the battle of Nezib was that there was no pursuit.

One poor creature had died with his chin resting upon his hands, and his elbows upon his knees, and he sat in this position by the road-side: another fine young man turned pale and fell from his horse; he was carelessly put off the road into a bush; his trousers were bathed with blood, and it was evident that he had been mortally wounded in the thigh. He recovered for a moment, opened his eyes, and gasped for breath, but soon fainted for the last time.

The chalky soil reflected the powerful beams of the sun, and lent further intensity to the heat. The fine dust rose in clouds, sometimes veiling the crowd from sight, then leaving banners of white and red, and the tassels of

black ostrich-feathers attached to the spears of the Kurds, to toss above the flying multitude. Few spoke to one another. We observed close to us a young officer, upon whose carpet we had the day before smoked the chibuk of Eastern sociality; he now avoided recognition. Everyone seemed engaged in securing his own safety with as much secrecy as possible, all avoiding to show the least perturbation or dismay, and none appearing to have a doubt or distrust towards another, for fear he might be supposed to have something to lose; but on and on, in silence and in selfishness, the great crowd of pashas and officers, Kurds and khawasses, priests and soldiers, doctors and camp-followers, servants and slaves, made their way regardless of one another. All ties were rent by disgrace and misfortune; the servant knew not his master, nor the soldier his superior; there was no distinction of persons or rank; the best mounted and the strongest sped foremost; and especially no one regarded the fatigued that tarried, the incapable that lagged, or the sick and the wounded that dropped in sad succession.

Thirst already began to be felt in all its horrors: we passed one small puddle—a mere solution of dirt; but it was surrounded by so many, that to wait our turn would have necessitated us to stay all night. We had picked up a soldier's can, as we thought it might be useful; but it had such a greasy odour, that, although not fastidious under existing circumstances, we were compelled to throw it away again. At length we came to a village, situated in a valley watered by the rivulet. Our horses and ourselves got a long and apparently unfinishing drink; but the villagers had fled or hid themselves, and no bread was to be procured.

Farther on.

We continued for a short distance along the same stony upland, till we came to a steep and narrow ravine, the sides of which were strewn with large irregular masses of rock, and clothed with a luxuriant vegetation of oak and hardy evergreens that twisted their fibrous roots between rocks and into crevices. There was no road visible, and every one proceeded as he thought best. Our horses, of high Cappadocian breed, took the largest rocks at a leap, lighting sometimes upon a space scarcely a few feet square, or held up almost entirely by some gnarled oak, and we reached the bottom with only a few injuries: I myself had a severe kick on the shin; but it was even worse with the multitude, upon whom every now and then horses and riders came rolling over once or twice before a footing could be recovered, while laden horses had much more awkward falls, and many a sad accident took place. Still the scene was very picturesque; such a dense mass of men and horses descending in what appeared to be three distinct lines down a precipice, which might have been thought insuperable to a single man. On arriving at the bottom, every one began to seek in the dry and stony bed of the ravine for remnants of water. We were lucky enough to find a small cavity, by lifting up a stone, which contained enough for two; but had scarcely time to congratulate ourselves when a fat general of cavalry (Sheriff Pacha), abandoned by his servants, leading his horses and covered with dust and perspiration, came up begging for a participation.

Mr. Ainsworth and his companions lost their instruments and property in the retreat, and also much time in being compelled to return

to Constantinople. They again started, however, and reached Mosul, the capital of Mesopotamia, in which a British vice-consul has recently been appointed to reside. The following are notices of the commercial capabilities of the place.

While busy in improving the offensive and defensive capabilities of this place, surrounded as it is on all sides by lawless tribes, the Kurds of Rawanduz and Amadiyeh to the east, the Bahdinan Kurds and Mosul Ashirat of Arabs to the north, the Izedis of Sinjar to the west, and the Shammar Bedwins to the south, the Pasha has been draining the resources of the town and province to the utmost, so much so, that many would have left to seek a home where industry and the necessaries of life were less insupportably taxed, but for a precaution taken by the Pasha, to allow of no one to pass the gates of the town without permission. Without these prominent evils, and with a tranquil state of the surrounding country, Mosul presents mercantile advantages of no common order. It is immediately connected with the great gall districts, and the expenses of the custom at Alleppo may be avoided by sending the galls direct to Iskenderun, while there are several roads open to Persia, across the mountains, a transit of from five to seven days, and by which, considering the short distance and good roads from Mosul to Iskenderun, British manufactures might be distributed into the heart of Persia, in a time and at an expense, which the line of Trebizond, Erzum, and Tabriz, that of Bushire and Baghdad, or the Russian line of Astrakhan, Bakhu, and Mezenderan, can never rival. Mosul is frequently devastated by the plague; the period at which the natives place the re-occurrence of that calamity is every thirty-one years. The city has also suffered occasionally from famine, generally caused by fire spreading in dry weather over the fields. Several catastrophes of this kind occurred during our residence here. The fire spread over pastures, common grass lands, and corn lands many miles in extent, and burning night and day often for a week, and sometimes embracing the whole horison. In times of dearth, the natives mix steatitic earth with the flour, and are even said, as Humboldt relates of the Olomak tribes on the Orinooko, to allay hunger by eating it in a pure state. There is also a sweetmeat much sought after throughout the East, which contains a quantity of steatitic earth. I examined it especially at Angora; it was a silicate of magnesia and alumina, but without chrome or iron.

The ruins of Al Hadhr are interesting Assyrian relics, the account of which will diversify our extracts. These ruins we are told—

Present the remains of a principal building which apparently was at once a palace and a temple, and which surpasses in extent and in the perfection of its style the ruin known as the Tak i Kesra, or Arch of Chosroes, at Ctesiphon, the residence of the kings of Persia of the Arsacidan dynasty. It consisted of a series of vaulted chambers or halls, of different sizes, all opening to the east, or towards the rising sun and planets, and regularly succeeding one another from north to south, and was divided into two parts by a wall; while in front was another row of edifices, guard-houses, &c., at the southern end of which was a great hall, with ornamented vault and tall columns, similar to

what is observed in the chief edifice. The whole of these buildings were inclosed within a wall about 1360 yards square, which left a considerable space open in the front, and this open square was in the exact centre of the town, which is nearly a perfect circle, surrounded by a rampart, about 3 miles 180 yards in circumference. Portions of the curtain, which was 10 feet 3 inches in width, still remains on this rampart; and there are also the ruins of thirty-two bastions, placed at unequal intervals. The space occupied by the town still contains the ruins of tombs and other edifices, and is everywhere covered by mounds of ruined buildings. There is also a spring, and a channel for water, not straight but tortuous, which crosses the town: and there were apparently four gates, having straight roads leading from them to the central edifice. Every stone, not only in the chief building but in the walls and bastions, and other public monuments, when not defaced by time, is marked with a character, which is, for the most part, either a Chaldaic letter or numeral. But some of them could not be deciphered either by Mr. Rassam or by a Jewish rabbi of Jerusalem, whom we consulted at Mosul; for it is necessary to remark that the Chaldeans, or Chaldees, since their conversion to Christianity, have uniformly adopted the Syriac letters which were used by the apostles and Fathers of the Church, regarding the pagan writing (or tergum, as they call it) as an abomination. The Jews, however, who learnt it in their captivity, have retained, except in their Talmud and some other works written in the Hebrew character, the use of Chaldean letters. Some of the letters at Al Hadhr resembled the Roman A, and others were apparently astronomical signs, among which were common the ancient mirror and handle, emblematic of Venus, the Mylitta of the Assyrians, and Alitta of the Arabians, according to Herodotus; and the Nani or Nannaia of the Syrians. These letters were generally about one or two inches in size, and carefully sculptured, one in the centre of the face of each stone: this, still obtaining in a comparatively modern Chaldean town, appears to have been in perpetuation of the practice, observed and carried to a much greater extent in the inscriptions on bricks in the older Assyrian, Chaldean, and Babylonian cities.

Dr. Grant supplied us with some novel particulars regarding that singular people, who are represented in the east as worshippers of the devil; and Mr. Ainsworth has added to the information; for he and his companions examined one of the temples of the Yezidis or Izedis, as these religionists are called. Says our author—

We scarcely expected to overcome so far the religious scruples of so severe and so mysterious a sect as the Izedis, as to be allowed to penetrate into their sanctuary; but after taking a rapid sketch of the building, which stands at the base of a perpendicular cliff, and has two conical spires, one larger than the other, pointed, and supporting copper balls and crescents, we continued our way, and were met by the guardian of the place, who, with some slight expressions of distrust, ushered us to a gateway, which led into a vaulted stone passage, through the centre of which ran a stream of cool water. This passage was about forty paces long, and led into an outer court, overshadowed by large mulberry-trees, well paved with flags, and having large cisterns of clear water, besides separate bathing-rooms for the ablutions previous to prayer. Tempted

by the refreshing appearance of the water, as well as from policy, without speaking a syllable foreign to the ears of those present, we washed ourselves, and taking off our shoes, were admitted into a second and larger court-yard, with arched recesses along the sides, and temple at the bottom. This spot was as clear, cool, and inviting as the first yard; and we could not help thinking what a delightful summer residence Sheikh Adi would make. Descending a flight of steps, we now entered into the building itself. It was a great vaulted apartment, like an ordinary mesjid. On an elevated terrace within it, and screened by green curtains, was the coffin said to contain the remains of Sheikh Adi: round this were spots where fires of bitumen and naphtha are made at the time of the annual festival. Beyond this hall is an inner one, to which access was refused us. I, however, opened the door, and saw an apartment lower than the chief one, and containing only a few planks and other lumber,—a place most decidedly neither of sanctity nor of mystery. We now asked the Izedis present concerning the peacock, of which they at once declared their ignorance. The question was put to them publicly, and so abruptly, that no opportunity was given to prepare an evasive answer. I carefully watched the expression of their countenances, and saw nothing that indicated deceit; on the contrary, the expression was that of surprise at the inquiry; and I am strongly inclined to think that the history of the Melik Taus, or king peacock, as related by Father Maurizio Garzoni, M. Rousseau, Buckingham, and more modern travellers, as Mr. Forbes, is a calumny invented by the Christians of these countries. I venture this assertion, however, with diffidence; for it is curious that a Christian, residing at Kathandiyah, in the neighbourhood of the place, still persisted in the truth of this tradition. The Kurd muleteer remarked to me, that I had myself found it to be a falsehood.

Although Mr. Ainsworth has added little information to what Dr. Grant supplied concerning the Chaldean Christians, he has confirmed some of that gentleman's most interesting and unexpected reports. Take a sample.

At the village of Hayis, we found Ishiyah, Bishop of Berrawi, with his attendants, waiting for us; although an old man, he had walked from his residence at Duri, a distance of nine miles, to meet us. This first specimen of a chief dignitary of the Chaldean church was highly favourable. I had expected a bishop with a dagger and sword—perhaps, as it was time of war, with a coat-of mail; but, instead of that, we saw an aged man, of spare habit, with much repose and dignity in his manners, and a very benevolent and intelligent aspect; his hair and beard nearly silver-white, his forehead ample and unclouden, and his countenance, from never eating meat, uncommonly clear and fair. Welcoming us in the most urbane manner, he held his hand to be kissed, a custom common in this country, and accompanied the ceremony by expressions of civility and regard. Dr. Grant describes the same bishop as a most patriarchal personage. The bishop wished to walk back; but we offered him the use of a horse. I was not fatigued, and preferred walking; but he had never been accustomed to ride, and it was with some difficulty that we got him to mount a loaded mule, where he could sit safe between the bags. We then started, Kasha Mandu, and a poorly-dressed man carrying a hooked stick, walking ceremoniously before. The happy moral influence of Christianity could not be more

plainly manifested than in the change of manners immediately observable in the country we had now entered into, and which presented itself with the more force from its contrast with the sullen ferocity of the Mohammedans. The kind, cordial manners of the people, and the great respect paid to their clergy, were among the first fruits of that influence which showed themselves. Nothing could be more gratifying to us, after a prolonged residence among proud Mohammedans and servile Christians, than to observe on this, our little procession, the peasants running from the villages even a mile distant, and flocking to kiss the hand of the benevolent white-haired dignity. This was done with the head bare, a practice unknown among the Christians of Turkey in Asia; and so great was the anxiety to perform this act of kindly reverence, that little children were held up in the arms of their fathers to partake in it. Kasha Mandu also came in for his share of congratulations and welcomings. Everywhere the same pleasing testimonies of respect, mingled with love, were exhibited.

While Mr. Ainsworth was at Mosul, he received notice that the Geographical Society did not require his farther services; and he returned homewards through Armenia, and at a rapid rate. His unlucky connexion with the Turkish army, there is reason to suppose, had not satisfied his employers; although, had the result been more successful, it is probable that after the fact, approval instead of disapproval would have distinguished their expression with regard to his conduct.

ART. III.—*The Life of Augustus Viscount Keppel.* By the Hon. and Rev. THOMAS KEPPEL. 2 vols. Colburn.

IN the preface of these volumes we find this remark—"In writing the life of a naval commander, the author of the following memoir may appear to treat of matters foreign to his sacred office. It is therefore expedient to state, that previously to being invested with holy orders, he was a member of the profession which these illustrious men severally adorned; and that, in the usual gradations of active service, he acquired an experimental knowledge of nautical affairs. To objections that may arise from his occasional strictures on the administration of the navy, during the period embraced in Lord Keppel's life, the author can only reply, that wherever his political sentiments occur in these pages, he believes their introduction to be warranted, and their tenour justified, by the facts which are here—many of them for the first time—submitted to public perusal." Having allowed the author to set himself thus far right with the reader, we may add that not only is the person who undertakes to write Keppel's life obliged to treat of points and passages of a strictly political nature, and therefore bound to have his mind made up concerning them, so as to put forth a decided opinion, but that, whether precisely sound or not, these opinions are here expressed

and supported in a manner becoming a gentleman, being decorous, yet firm and decided; and that, in short, the memoir, both as regards subject and execution, is a fitting addition to the biographies of such old admirals as those of Anson, Rodney, Howe, and others, which have enriched our annals; at the same time supplying a blank in Britain's history.

"I ever looked on Lord Keppel," says Edmund Burke, "as one of the greatest and best men of his age, and I loved and cultivated him accordingly; he was much in my heart, and I believe I was in his to the very last beat." He was something more than a sailor, or a fighting commodore; for he was the patron of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the endeared friend of Burke and Fox; in fact, the darling of all the Whigs of eminence of the last century, and beloved by the people of England beyond almost any man of his age, for qualities which are seldom discovered in the most illustrious naval characters.

Augustus Keppel, Admiral of the White, and First Lord of the Admiralty in 1782-3, was descended from a noble Dutch family of ancient and illustrious standing. Arnold Joost Van Keppel accompanied William the Third to England in 1688, after which the name became naturalized in this country. Arnold was created Earl of Albemarle, and had an only son, who was distinguished both as a military commander, and in civil offices. He filled at one time the situation of Governor of Virginia, and afterwards was ambassador to Paris. He was remarkable for his good breeding, which indeed appears to have been hereditary in the family. Marmontel said of him that "he united in his own person all that was most estimable in the French and English character." Of him also it is recorded, that when the beautiful Lolote was looking earnestly at a star, he tenderly said, "Don't look at it so, my love, for I cannot give it you." This same courteous gentleman married Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond, and their second son, the subject of the present memoir, was born in 1725.

Our admiral entered the naval service at ten years of age, and "applied to his professional studies, with a diligence and zeal the more remarkable from the age of the student." He was midshipman under Anson, with whom he was a favourite, and to whose school he was always proud to declare himself as belonging. He served under that commander in the voyage round the world. But the fate of the expedition is too well known to require any outline of it in our pages. We may remark, however, that Keppel's papers contain interesting and sensible observations concerning passages of the expedition, and also distinct sketches. For example, of Robinson Crusoe's island, we have this notice.

This island is very useful to strangers for refreshments. It affords all sorts of fish, likewise greens, as turnips, water-cresses, &c. Here are goats, but so

shied by the dogs, that it is difficult to get at them, though our people generally shot one every day. Upon the beach are great numbers of seals and sea lions. The latter are bigger round than a leager; the blubber of one of them affords about a puncheon of oil. The male of this animal is very quiet, if not disturbed, and generally found asleep near the females, which are much fiercer creatures. Our people eat the young ones; they are very good, and not at all rank. A sea lioness flew at one of our men, who was killing a young one, and bit his skull, of which he died.

Of Keppel's journal and other records, the biographer has made good use. We may give as a specimen, as well as of the nature of the disasters which that badly-manned expedition had to encounter, the account of a hurricane and the damage done by it in the month of August.

On the 12th of August, a violent gale occasioned the greatest distress, for the people were so worn out that they "could scarce tend the pumps, which grew very urgent:" the next day the Gloucester was discovered to windward with her fore-topmast gone and a signal of distress flying. "A very disagreeable sight," says Saumarez, "to all our people, who grew mightily discouraged. Coming within hail, Captain Mitchell acquainted the Commodore that his ship had sprung a leak, and had then seven feet water in her hold; his men as well as officers, being all fatigued with incessant pumping, were no longer able to hold out, having nine and a half feet water in her; all their full water casks were entirely covered, so that the people had no water to drink; the ship rolled and laboured extremely, and was under no command of the helm. At three o'clock, it moderating, the Commodore sent Mr. Hughes and the carpenter in the cutter on board the Gloucester. At five o'clock, they returned on board, and represented that the Gloucester's people were no longer able to stand out and delivered a letter to the Commodore from Captain Mitchell and all his officers, complaining of the defects of the ship." The two following days were busily employed in removing the sick from the Gloucester. August 16, "At six, P.M., having got out as much as our strength and time would permit us, the Commodore gave orders to set her on fire, to prevent any possibilty of her falling into the enemy's hands, as we were very uncertain what distance we might be from the land. At seven, she was accordingly fired, having then seven and a half feet of water in her hold. We were not more than a mile and a half from her, and it falling little wind, we were obliged to crowd what sail we could, to get a convenient distance from her before she blew up. Soon after, our people who had been employed in firing her, returned on board. The confusion of four or five boats towing alongside in a great swell in the night time, their crews most of them drunk with the liquor they had rummaged on board the Gloucester; the apprehension of a squall which threatened to take us aback; the hurry of hauling down our sails, which the weakness of our people rendered slow and dangerous, all this joined to the incumbrance we had on deck, of sick and dying men, which our hurry and shortness of time had not permitted us to take care of; the chests, casks, and lumber, received from the other ships; all these different accidents, still aggravated with the last ship of our squadron blazing within two miles of us, combined to make us

melancholy a scene as I ever observed since I have been in the navy. The remainder of the night proving tolerably moderate, we saved all our boats with the exception of the Gloucester's barge, which broke adrift and sunk soon after, being deeply laden, and our people too much fatigued to hoist her in. At six in the morning the Gloucester blew up; she had burnt all night very fiercely, her guns having continued firing most part of it, according to the progress the flames made towards them."

Some idea may be formed of the disasters which befel the expedition, when we state, that of the six men-of-war and two store ships of which it was composed, only the Centurion returned to England. The sickness of the people was sometimes so great as to render the crews unfit to work the ship; and the deaths were very numerous.

After Anson's return to England, Keppel by rapid steps was promoted to the rank of post-captain; but the ships to which he was transferred were still more numerous, and were divided by still shorter intervals than marked the grades of his rank. He very much disliked loitering at home, or to be fixed to one station; and appears to have been particularly fortunate, in so far as powerful interest was concerned, in obtaining the fulfilment of his wishes for active service. Nor is the Life barren of brilliant exploits and gallant daring in capturing the enemy's ships. In his letters, a minute account is given of several of his achievements. On being appointed to the Maidstone, a fifty-gun ship, he speedily took several French privateers, and crowned his efforts with other spoils. But it was also while in command of this ship, that the mishap occurred, of which the following letter gives a narrative:—

"From the Island of Noirmontier,

"Between Nantz and the Isle of Dieu, July 8th, O. S., 1747.

"Dear Sir,—You may imagine my concern in my present situation, so I shall not mention it, but begin by giving you a short history of my unfortunate cruise. On the 24th of June, I was in company with the Gloucester, and Falcon sloop, and seeing a sail to the eastward, I chased, and left the Gloucester a great way astern. By eight o'clock, I took the chase, a French ship from St. Domingo, who informed me that their convoy was dispersed by falling in with nine sale of English men-of-war, and that the English had got within two miles of the enemy, who were three ships of the line. A frigate of forty guns, he said, was gone off with the trade, he believed; besides, he informed me, that there were several French ships a-head of me. Upon which, and seeing a sail myself, I made the signal to the Gloucester for chasing several sail to the eastwatrd, and gave chase myself; but instead of the Gloucester's following, she chased to the northward, as if she herself had seen something, but we saw no signal from her. By twelve at noon, I took the chase, an English snow, which was in the hands of the Spaniards. I then stood an hour to the northward, in hopes of joining the Gloucester, but it coming on foggy, I brought-to for the prizes, and did not join the Gloucester. At five in the evening, I sent the prizes to England, and made the best of my way towards Nantz, which I

thought was a duty incumbent upon me, from the intelligence I had received. The wind was about W.S.W., and strong gales. I had no observation the day following, but, by an Indian ship I spoke to, I found myself greatly to the southward, so stretched to the northward, with the intention of making Belleisle, Friday, the 26th, about one in the afternoon, I saw a brigantine, which I chased till I saw three ships steering for the land. About four o'clock, they bore N.E. by E. I chased them till seven at night, and then left off. I think they were about seven miles off, and abreast of the N.W. point of Belleisle, and we about six miles from the nearest part of the island. The leaving off chase in this manner gave me infinite pain, especially when I found there was a sort of murmuring in the ship, though it was, I may venture to say, (even if we had daylight), an impossibility to have cut them off. I plied the whole night, and in the morning at five, I saw three sail, two of which I took by twelve o'clock; and seeing eight more coming down upon me, I chased them, when they hauled from me, but the largest of them edged down a little across me, as if to succour the rest, and appeared a very great ship, for which reason I chased her. I had an old pilot on board for Sir Peter Warren, besides my own; he said he could cut the ship off very well, and that he knew the coast. Unfortunately for me, we drew very near the chase, which still appeared large: at last I got within musketshot, and fired two or three guns at him, which he did not mind. The castle fired one over me, about which time the old pilot said, 'We must haul off.' I then directed the starboard braces to be hauled in, starboarded the helm, and hauled the larboard tacks on board, which was done briskly and without the least confusion. I then asked the man in the weather-channel what water he had; he said five fathoms, which startled me much, as I had not heard before of the shoalness of water, being so intent upon my chase; at the same time I was uneasy lest the people should have thought it was the castle I stood in fear of; so, between the chase and castle, my ruin has been effected. We struck upon the rocks of the Pelliers, two minutes after the man in the channel told me five fathom. I immediately directed the helm a-weather, and wore her off, and then the pilot made me luff again, and in five minutes more we struck with such violence that everybody thought that the ship would have gone to pieces. I believe the first stroke drove her starboard bow in. It now being impossible to save his Majesty's ship, I directed the masts to be cut away, and began to think of saving his Majesty's subjects. I sent my little four-oared boat on shore with Frenchmen, and an officer of marines who talked French to beg assistance, which was given. The next day the weather was so bad that the boats could not get on board, but they took the drafts that our people were upon, which were tossing about at the mercy of the sea. I inclose you the state of the people as they are at present, and as they were when I sailed from Plymouth. We are extremely well treated here, but I hope soon to be in England, to answer, as well as I can, for my unfortunate management. I have already written to the Count of Maurepas for our speedy return. The loss of the people, which is about twenty-seven, gives me the greatest concern, and makes me miserable. I hope to be tried immediately on my return. Give me leave to conclude myself, With respect your most obedient servant, A. KEPPEL.

"P.S.—Orders are expected here soon for sending me and the people to Rochelle."

The court-martial that followed this disaster acquitted him honourably; and soon after we find him appointed to the Anson, a sixty-gun ship, which early in 1748 put to sea under Admiral Hawke. He afterwards got the command, through the influence of his old friend, Anson, of the Centurion of the circumnavigating voyage, which had been fitted out so as to be considered a fine man-of-war; and the first service to which he was now, and while still a young man, appointed, was an embassy to the States of Barbary; the English consul at Tetuan having been imprisoned, and other British subjects roughly and cruelly treated by the Mohamedans. Keppel had formed an acquaintanceship with Sir Joshua Reynolds whilst the Centurion was detained at Plymouth, and offered the young artist, for whom our hero had formed a particular liking, a passage to Italy, showing him the most marked kindness during the voyage. Having at length got the matters arranged with the Mohamedans, Keppel found himself obliged to hasten to Algiers, to call the Dey to account for having violated the terms of a treaty by which England and certain other nations were to trade without molestation to the shores in question. It was while the arrangements were pending which arose out of this new subject of difference, that an unintentional mistake was made by the Centurion in the ceremony of returning the salute from the batteries; which mistake the treacherous and crafty Dey construed into a grave and meditated offence; although the *beardless* captain lost no time in offering personally an explanation. The account of the interview that took place is worth repeating. Surprised at the boldness of Keppel's remonstrances, and enraged at his demands for justice,—

The Dey despising his apparent youth, for he was only four-and-twenty, exclaimed, that he wondered at the insolence of the King of Great Britain in sending him an insignificant, beardless boy. On this the youthful but spirited Commodore replied, "Had my master supposed that wisdom was measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent your Deyship a he-goat!" The tyrant, unused to such language from the sycophants of his own court, was so enraged that he ordered his mutes to advance with the bowstring, at the same time telling the Commodore that he should pay for his audacity with his life. The Commodore listened to this menace with the utmost calmness; and being near to a window which looked out upon the bay, directed the attention of the African chief to the squadron there at anchor, and telling him that if it was his pleasure to put him to death, there were Englishmen enough on board to make him a glorious funeral pile. The Dey cooled a little at this hint, and was wise enough to permit the Commodore to depart in safety.

Some incredulity has been expressed relative to this oft-told anecdote; but we think it was highly characteristic of him who figures in the following manner: "During the chase he received a wound in the leg, which for the moment was thought to be dangerous, as it

brought him on the deck. The sailors instantly came to carry him down to the cock-pit; but he very calmly took his handkerchief from his pocket, and bound it round the wound, saying, 'Stop, my lads, reach a chair; as I can't stand, I must sit.' 'This,' added he, clapping his hand to the place, 'may spoil my dancing, but not my stomach for fighting.'"

Another specimen of his spirit will be acceptable: "Keppel's (ship) was full of water, and he thought he was sinking; a sudden squall emptied his ship, but he was informed all his powder was wet: 'Then,' said he, 'I am sorry I am safe.' They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged—'Very well,' said he, 'then attack again.'"

Our readers may like to hear a little more of the Dey; and, to let him appear in his own curious colours, we quote from two documents of his composition. The first was in answer to certain peremptory requisitions which the captain had made while the dispute pended. It is in these words:—

To the Hon. Commodore Keppel, Commander in Chief of his Britannic Majesty's squadron, now at anchor in this Bay of Algiers.

Peace be with you.—You require justice from us on the affair in question; but as it is what never yet happened, we are ignorant what to say further on this head, than to tell you, you may expect no return, nor that anything will be done more than what has already been done. And we must needs say that we plainly see, by your proceeding and behaviour, that your study is how to create a difference between this government and the King of England, our good friend. The custom ever was here, upon the arrival of any of his Majesty's ships, that our castles welcomed every such with twenty-one guns. We ordered the same number to be fired for you, on your anchoring in the Bay; which was accordingly done. We expected you would have complied with custom on your side. Instead of which, twenty guns were fired from the ship you were on board of, with powder only, and one gun, the very last, with a shot, which, added to the red flag you wear on your maintopmast head, we look upon as a mark of your being on no good design, but rather threatening us with war and blood. Be it known that our government extends from hence to the borders of Tunis, to the eastward, and from hence westward to Terara; and up this our coast we have always admitted any of his Majesty's subjects to trade, and they do frequently carry off all sorts of provisions, &c. the produce of this regency; and for further proof of our regard to his Majesty and his subjects, there is now loading at Port Estore sundry English vessels, which is a liberty we allow to no other nation—all occasioned from the long, and we hope will still be, lasting friendship subsisting between his Britannic Majesty and this regency. But if your design is to create a difference between us, we must tell you that we will acquaint his Majesty of all your proceedings; and if, after forty-six years of peace, our treaties have stood good in regard to returning all slaves that may desert from us, while any of his Majesty's ships lay at anchor in this Bay, contrary to which you have, by coming so near the town, not customary, given us suspicion that you design to protect and carry off any slaves that may get aboard the ships now under your command; and

your so doing will not only convince us of your being willing, but also that you are resolved to break the peace. When so, look to what you do. God Almighty, we hope, will protect us; and as to any return of the money taken out of the vessel in question, entertain no further thoughts about it, for it will never be given up. If you are willing to remain here any time you are master. Thank God, we have plenty of all sorts of provisions; and for to tell you to go we shall not. As we are friends, think of all that is passed; and as you are a person of sense, by that we advise you to govern. Peace be with you.

From MAHOMET, Bashaw and Dey of Algiers in the West.

The other specimen exhibits the Dey in a more accommodating mood:—

Having received your letter by the Zeveque, I have to let you know in answer, that one of our frigates, being on a cruise, met with five English vessels whose passes the captain was dubious were not good. He put three or four Moors on board each ship, in order to bring them to Algier, to be examined, and took a like number of Englishmen out of the said ships. On his arrival here, I immediately found the captain in a very great fault, which tended to embroil me with my chiefest and best friends; wherefore I immediately sent the people to the consul, and seized the captain, and would have strangled him, but for the intercession of the Mufti, and principle people of my court; but he never more shall serve me by sea or land, nor ever more set his foot at the marine. Wherefore, as we are the best and oldest friends, I hope the king your master will look upon this accident as the action of a fool or madman, and I shall take care that nothing of that nature shall happen again, and that we may be better friends than ever.

We are tempted to cite one curious passage more, which displays the Dey to a nicety: it is entered in Keppel's journal.

Was informed by Mr. Owen that, yesterday John Dyer (who entered at Mahon) deserted from the long boat, and fled for sanctuary to a Marabut, and turned Moor. By further information, found that he had, five years ago, turned Moor, and had a wife and family here. On which I sent to the Dey to demand he might be sent on board the Centurion, to receive the punishment he had incurred as a deserter, which was death. In answer to which, the Dey said, "It was contrary to his laws to give up people who turned Moors: but as he had turned backwards and forwards so often, he was neither fish nor flesh, and fit for neither of us: therefore, as the punishment on our side was death, and that of a renegade flying from his country was death likewise, he, to split the difference, would take off his head if I had no objection:" to which I assented, to put an end to a dispute in which I thought his Majesty's honour was no ways concerned, and that such a villainous fellow might not escape the punishment he had deserved by his actions.

We shall do little more now than allude to some of the incidents which form the principal topics in these volumes. A few years later than Keppell's celebrated embassy to the States of Barbary, he served with the unfortunate Bradock in America. He was with

the squadron off Brest at the period of Byng's disasters in the Mediterranean; and sat on the court-martial held to try the ill-fated admiral. He afterwards used his most strenuous exertions to save Byng, of which efforts a good notion may be obtained from the testimony in one of the elder Pitt's most heroic speeches. "May I perish," said the statesman, "when I refuse pity to such a suit as Mr. Keppel, justifying a man who lies in captivity and the shadow of death! I thank God I feel something more than popularity,—I feel justice."

Keppel was in the affair against Rochfort, and the principal in the expeditions against Goree and Belleisle. He had established the blockade of the western coast of France on the accession of George the Third. He received at the siege of Havannah the rank of commander, and, on account of distinguished services performed almost immediately afterwards, was made rear-admiral. The ministry which came in when the Regency was formed, made him a junior lord; and now he begins to occupy a political position in our annals. He voted for Wilks; and subsequent to his promotions as vice-admiral of the blue, and vice-admiral of the red, we find him refusing to serve against America. But the most memorable passages of his life were connected with the indecisive results of the action off Brest. Still, the victory which he gained by an acquittal on the court-martial that followed, and which the Whigs, and indeed the popular mind of the country, construed into secret enmity entertained by the King and the Tory party, was the most distinguished in his career. Of this court-martial Burke thus expressed himself: —"With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that agony of glory. I partook of the honour with several of the first and best and ablest in the kingdom; but I was behindhand with none of them; and I am sure that if, to the eternal disgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honour and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I should have attended him to the quarter-deck with no less good will and more pride, though with far other feelings, than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the justice which was done to his virtue."

Keppel has been much lauded for his gentlemanly character; and it has been set down to the fine qualities of his nature that he trusted too much to the generosity and honour of inferior minds. It has been alleged that he did not see sufficiently into the character of George the Third by persons who have charged the monarch with being in the habit of dealing duplicitly with his servants whenever they differed from him, provided such craftiness served a purpose at the time, and also of being capable of cherishing without ceasing the most bitter virulence secretly towards any one who once happened to offend him. But we must refer our readers to the well-written life

itself for the full particulars of this first authentic memoir of the author's illustrious kinsman; having said and shown enough to prove its title to rank among the biographies of our old admirals,—a species of literature of which no other nation, ancient or modern, can furnish a parallel. We conclude with the conclusion of the memoir, and a reference to Burke's eulogy.

In the latter pages of the "Letter to a Noble Lord," the eulogist labours to convince the Duke of Bedford that his deceased uncle, Lord Keppel, would not have supported the Whigs in their efforts to establish a peace with those whom he calls the "Regicides of France." But of all men of his time, Burke was, perhaps, the least qualified to pronounce what would have been the conduct or the sentiments of another at a crisis, which, like the close of the last century, confounded the ordinary distinctions of party. In that philosophic intuition which discerns the moral of the past, and the unembodied form of the future, Burke had no equal in his own, no superior in any former age; but in practical statesmanship he had neither the intense sagacity of Chatham, nor the intrepid vigour of Fox. The sterling virtues, the manly sense, which Burke describes as the characteristics of his departed friend, were more likely to have resisted, than to have embraced, his splendid, but frequently unreasonable, denunciations; and the examples of Fox and Erskine were at least as powerful with their contemporaries as the more eccentric and passionate course of the great seceder from the Whigs. It is more probable that the calm and candid temper of Keppel, while it recoiled from the atrocities of the "Reign of Terror," would have read in the excesses of men newly emancipated, the condemnation of the system which had debased them; and that the same temper, confirmed by his previous habits of obedience and command, would have encouraged in him the faith that, from the chaos of revolution, new elements of order would arise, and eventually develop themselves in a government based on the sole legitimate source of power—the consent of the governed.

ART. IV.—*The Heraldry of Fish.* By THOMAS MOULE. Van Voorst.

HERALDRY, considered as an art, is that of *armoury* and *blazonry*; or the knowledge of what relates to the bearing of arms, and the laws and regulations thereof. It likewise comprehends what relates to the marshalling of solemn cavalcades, processions, and ceremonies at coronations, instalments, creations of peers, funerals, nuptials, &c.

Heraldry, according to its more modern and extended signification, includes not only the art of armories and their blazons, but the knowledge of everything pertaining to the several military marks of honour and dignity, regularly composed of certain figures and tinctures, borne upon shields, ensigns, crests, surtouts, &c., which have been assumed by sovereigns, appropriated to communities and high offices, or, according to the laws of arms, have been either taken, and authorized to be retained, or originally granted by potentates or such as they have duly authorized for that purpose, as hereditary

tokens, by which families and persons of ancient and worthy descent are not merely illustrated, distinguished, and differenced among themselves, but separated and known from the ignoble and common rank of people, who are not entitled to use such badges of honour and respect.

No antiquarian subject has given rise to greater diversity of opinion than the origin of "the art armorial," "the art of blazon," and „ the art noble." In the 16th and 17th centuries, antiquaries were generally infected with such an enthusiasm in the pursuit and cultivation of this curious branch, as to claim an extravagant consideration for it, and to maintain not only that the art was founded upon scientific and systematic principles, but that it had been framed by the first masters of science among mankind; and, in fact, practised in a manner little different from that of their own times, by the most polished nations of antiquity. Other writers followed, however, who brought into contempt the dreams of the enthusiasts, which at length appeared to be nearly exploded; when again some of the most ridiculous of the fanciful notions were revived, and defended with such imposing learning, as to lead to re-investigations that have resulted in some doctrines which must prove satisfactory to sober understandings. The ingenious and erudite dreamers put forth such opinions as the following:—

Some have traced the origin of armories to the antediluvian world, and even to the posterity of Seth, who are said to have been thus distinguished from the children of Cain. Yet this is hardly going so far back as Mr. Sylvanus Morgan did, who commences his treatise with a description of the armorial bearings of the first parents of our race. It has also been argued, to come down to a period subsequent to the Deluge, that Joseph received "an honourable augmentation to his coat, in consequence of his being invested with the family order of Pharaoh king of Egypt;" and indeed it has been learnedly maintained that the use of armorial bearings was the invention of the ancient Egyptians. In support of this opinion two passages from Diodorus Siculus are alleged, in the first of which it is said, that "Anubis and Macedon, the sons of Osiris, were the first who carried in war marks of distinction, taken from certain animals symbolic of their valour;" and in the second, that "the Egyptians, observing that their troops were liable to be scattered in battle, invented certain signs, by which they might be able to recognize each other. And that making use of the figures of animals for this purpose, such a veneration was by degrees conceived for these images, that the animals themselves came to be considered as sacred and inviolable beings."

Again, Rabbinical writers allege that the divine command signified to the children of Israel, in the second year after their entrance into the wilderness, that they should pitch their tents every

one by his own standard, with the *ensign* of their father's house, is a full proof of the use of armories among the Israelites at that period; and they pretend that their antiquity is ascertained by the 49th chapter of Genesis, where notice is taken of the patriarch Jacob's blessing his children, and where by certain allegorical expressions he predicts to his sons the fortunes of their descendants. They assign to the tribe of Judah a lion, because he had said to one of his sons, "Judah is a lion's whelp; from the prey my son thou art gone up;" and to that of Zabulon an anchor, on account of this prophecy, "Zabulon shall dwell on the haven of the sea." They have not, however, been able to find anything very appropriate for Reuben in the malediction of his father, and therefore they blazon for him the mandrakes which he presented to his mother Leah.

It is not unamusing to contrast these absurdities with others of quite an opposite nature, and which are in vogue in modern times among descentless persons, merchants, tradesmen, and upstarts of all sorts; who strive to provide against mistakes and confusion regarding their dignities to the end of time. For example, the bearing granted to one Mr. Tetlow presents these particulars: in the arms are *five music bars;* and the crest is thus set forth,—"*On a book erect gules clasped and leaved Or, a silver penny argent, whereon is written the Lord's Prayer; on the top of the book a dove proper, in its beak a crow-quill pen sable;*" in commemoration, it is said, of the brother of the grantee having written the Lord's Prayer within such a compass.

But to return to the Israelites for a moment, the Rabbins boldly venture to ascertain the blazon of the respective standards and bearings used by each particular tribe. Each Israelitish family also, as they say, had its peculiar flag to distinguish it from others of the same tribe; and accordingly the armories of Moses, Joshua, Job, Esther, Judith, David, and other Hebrews of note, have been fancifully described.

But another opinion is that the Pagans of the heroic ages made use of armorial bearings; alleging that the Asyrians wore, for their arms, a dove argent, in allusion to the name of their queen Semiramis. Moreover, the devices on the bucklers of the besiegers of the city of Thebes, described by the Greek dramatist, and the symbol placed on those of the Argonauts, mentioned by Valerius Flaccus, are adduced in confirmation of this opinion. The figures on the shields of Agamemnon, and many other poetic fancies and also historical notices, are cited to prove that the first practice of heraldry took place among the ancient Greeks. Alexander the Great has been referred to as the author of the institution of heralds. A similar honour has been claimed on the part of the Romans; for it is said that a regular heraldic system was instituted when that of legionary

marks of distinction were caused by Augustus to be engraved and painted on the shields of his soldiers.

Again, it is a common theory that Charlemagne was the great regulator of armories. Some, with greater probability, trace their invention to the Germans in the 10th century, and suppose that they were coeval with tilts and tournaments. But the Crusades or expeditions to the Holy Land have more generally been thought to have given rise to heraldry. Upon the whole the soundest way of stating the truth in a single sentence, seems to be to say, that the primary institution of armories is to be referred to the tournaments held toward the close of the 10th century, their growth to the Crusades, and their perfection to jousts and other feats of arms.

It is not to be doubted, that painted shields and military ensigns of some sort, are coeval with the art of war itself. Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Barbarians, must all have made use of some tokens by which the warriors of the same nation might distinguish each other in battle. But it seems to be but a foolish fondness for ascribing the practice to a remote antiquity that has led writers to overlook the distinction between simple devices alone and fanciful symbols that were adopted as military and national ensigns, or the ornaments and figures anciently placed by warriors on their shields, helmets, and armour; and those devices, on the other hand, composed of different figures and tinctures, which have been assigned or authorised by sovereigns to different families, as hereditary tokens of distinction, honour, gentility, and nobility, transmissible from father to son, and which are usually styled coats armour, or coats of arms.

The custom being once fairly introduced, it is by no means difficult to see from what causes the great variety of figures in heraldic bearings must have arisen. Great events; illustrious actions; peculiarities of local situation; partialities for particular employments; offices, dignities, and the spirit of devotion; the nature of fiefs, factions, pilgrimages, tournaments, and accidents; and, perhaps, as fruitful a source as any, far-fetched allusions, puns, and other vanities or grotesque fancies, would supply their respective classes.

Names of persons and families have given occasion to a vast number of armorial ensigns. The original bearers of such arms probably thought their names so illustrious, that they could adopt no better means of making themselves known than devices which would suggest these names to the beholder. There are very few families, whose names retain any meaning, which have not framed to themselves arms in some respect alluding to that signification. Pope Adrian IV., for example, whose proper name was Nicolas Breakspeare, bore gules a lance broken argent. The family of Lambert bear 3 lambs argent. In France and other countries, as well as in England, the same practice was common. Nor is it in one way alone

that arms may bear a relation to names. The thing is done by the simple cypher or initial letter: by the representation of objects which have some likeness to the name; and by objects which have some relation to the signification of the name, as Archer, who carries three arrows; while, to cite a more whimsical case, the family of Law, in Scotland, have a cock in their arms, in allusion, it is said, to the common method of expressing the cry of that bird among the Scotch, viz., *Cocky-leery*-Law.

It is an established rule among the heralds, that in blazoning, animals are always to be interpreted in the best sense; that is, according to their most noble and generous qualities, and so as may redound most to the honour of the bearers. Birds as well as beasts are esteemed, we believe, a more honourable bearing than fish; and wild and ravenous birds than tame ones. Fish are less dignified, because, say some, they were posterior in the order of creation, to other classes now mentioned; but they sometimes become so illustrious by the persons or families who bear them, as to be preferable to many birds and beasts.

Such are some of the generalities of Heraldry. It is obvious that a diversity of advantages may result from a study of the curious art, or, if you will, the science, of armorial bearings. Exclusives argue, and indeed all who think that the observance of subordination among the several ranks and classes of mankind must be preserved by outward tokens, will say, that the institution has a tendency to that end. Heraldry also serves to illustrate national and family history. In a professional view, the utility of the study of this branch, Mr. Moule observes, will be readily admitted. "Its devices form evidence in many cases, connected with property and honours, and frequently identify or separate persons of the same name when other means fail—a difficulty constantly occurring." But its use extends farther and more variously than to national and family history. "The painter will do well to seek the assistance of heraldry in his representations of historical subjects; he who feels its introduction as an accessory to pictorial effect, need not be told, that chronological accuracy in armorial design is equally requisite with fidelity of costume or the correct portraiture of the persons represented. Again, "to the architect, heraldry affords an unlimited extent of enrichment in exterior sculpture; and the judgment of C. Barry, R.A., the architect of the House of Lords, has admitted it, as an important feature, in the principal façade of that splendid edifice." Even to the naturalist, Mr. Moule thinks that heraldry presents claims; and he instances Cuvier's study of the subject as a proof of its importance in natural science. But it must be rather as a matter of curiosity and attractive interest, than real usefulness, that heraldry is mentioned in this relationship. Its fables are quite at variance with the results of research; although it may be desirable

to know what were the current notions in past periods with regard to the more mysterious members of the animal kingdom.

As a help in legal proceedings, the study of heraldry might, it is quite obvious, be applied; and the time was, when the English Heralds were of service in this way. But when Sir William Blackstone wrote his Commentaries, we are reminded, the usefulness of these officials had degenerated: for, says that learned authority, "The marshalling of coat-armour, which was formerly the pride and study of all the best families in the kingdom, is now greatly disregarded; and has fallen into the hands of certain officers and attendants upon this court, called heralds, who consider it only as a matter of lucre and not of justice; whereby such falsity and confusion have crept into their records (which ought to be the standing evidence of families, descents, and coat-armour), that, though formerly some credit has been paid to their testimony, now even their common seal will not be received as evidence in any court of justice in the kingdom. But their original visitation books, compiled when progresses were solemnly and regularly made into every part of the kingdom, to inquire into the state of families, and to register such marriages and descents as were verified to them upon oath, are allowed to be good evidence of pedigrees. And it is much to be wished that this practice of visitation at certain periods were revived."

We presume that the "matter of lucre and not of justice" continues to characterize the Herald's College. Still, there appears to be a revival of taste not only for heraldic forms, but for heraldic knowledge, even of a technical kind. To this phase of fancy Scott has doubtlessly contributed; while the rapid rise of many of our now wealthiest and most distinguished men, who naturally desire to trace a descent beyond the limits of the last century, must have set a host of heads upon investigations that give a spur to the otherwise curious study.

After all, however, heraldry is chiefly worthy of an enlightened student's regard, when taken as a part of ancient European institutions; of chivalrous history at periods when there was neither science nor art to check and soften the barbarism of nations; and lastly, as being a system of symbols, brilliant colouring, and arousing associations, that will continue to address powerful charms to the human mind, so long as it is alive to poetry or actuated by pride.

"The Heraldry of Fish.—Notices of the principal families bearing Fish in their Arms," is the title in full of the beautiful volume before us; for beautiful it is in regard to the style and tone of the writer, and still more so when the wood engravings, which profusely illustrate the text, are considered. These are from drawings by the author's daughter, while the engravings, with two or three exceptions, have been executed by Mary and Elizabeth Clint. Even from the

enterprising publisher of the work we have never received more delicate yet spirited cuts. Infinite credit is due to the female talent evinced by them. We can, however, only convey some correct ideas of Mr. Moule's part of the performance. Yet this is so animated, curious, and rich in anecdote, apt quotations, and knowledge of heraldic history, as to be highly entertaining. No doubt he is an enthusiast; but it is without ostentatious display or more preposterous claims than will readily be allowed to the zealous cultivator of a favourite study. Let us now recur to the preface.

Mr. Moule professes that his work is calculated rather to excite than gratify curiosity: he also states, that the division of natural history relating to fish, forms but a very small part of the principal books in use whenever heraldry is required. He therefore gives us his reasons for, as well as a notice of, his plan, in regard to the present undertaking. He thus expresses himself:—

There is found to be no want of distinguished names to give attraction to the particular branch the author has chosen, in which he has endeavoured to explain the principles of early heraldry, which is shown to have been rather territorial than personal. A greater number of the various species of fish have been enumerated (than Guillim or Nisbet has given); the dolphin, the herring, and the fish of the sea, have afforded several engravings, but the salmon and trout, with the pike, barbel, and roach, and the other fish of the rivers, present the widest field of inquiry; where the illustrations selected for this work are professedly taken from old examples, the copy has been rigidly followed and in the original designs the peculiar characters of the different fish are given with the same attempt at accuracy which the ancient heralds would have practised with the same opportunities: this feature will not be overlooked by the angler, the naturalist, or the antiquary. Although military service was the principal tenure by which lands were anciently held, yet the different modes of taking fish by the spear, the net, or the hook, are shown to have been indicated in the armorial ensigns of the lords of manors deriving revenue from the produce of the fishery. The boats employed in the same service, which were at the command of the sovereign in time of war, and formed the original navy of Britain, distinguish the ensigns of the maritime lords, and the corporate bodies to whom the jurisdiction of the ports was entrusted. Heraldry partaking largely of allegory, it became necessary to allude to the mythological and religious emblems consisting of fish, as well as to notice the many compound animals, the fanciful creation of the classical poets; these conceptions, which excited so much inquiry, rendered it more difficult to do justice within a small space to a subject which appeared to merit further investigation.

As the symbol of a name, Mr. Moule tells us, almost all fish have been used in heraldry; and that all the terms employed in describing them are old French. This kind of jargon, or cabalistic sort of phraseology, has unquestionably invested the subject with much of its quaint attraction. But to come to some of the details, and certain heraldic curiosities of the work,—a work in which nearly *Six Hun-*

dred Families are noticed, together with a great number of ancient seals, and subjects in stained glass, &c,—we find the author commencing with the Dolphin, who

> ——— as he darts, the waters blue
> Are streaked with gleams of many a hue,
> Green, orange, purple, gold.

The arrangement of subjects, indeed, can have but very slight reference to the classification of the naturalist, as Mr. Moule is obliged to admit; and therefore the dolphin as well as the whale are considered fishes in heraldry; the former being held as the chief of fish, just as the lion is the chief of beasts, and the eagle of birds. The dolphin was used as a device on the early Greek coins of Sicily, as also by certain of the Romans. But we cite a later and more familiar example.

As a well-known symbol of the principal seat of the Greek empire, the dolphin was adopted as a device by the celebrated Aldus, the best but not the earliest printer of Greek, whose works are known to every scholar; as an original benefactor to the literature of the age in which he lived, he stood high; and as an editor he was considered of the first rank * * * The classical and tasteful devise of Aldus, a dolphin entwined on an anchor, was adopted by Mr. Pickering, for his Aldine edition of the British Poets; with an eye probably to this prophetic distich,

> Would you still be safely landed,
> On the Aldine anchor ride:
> Never yet was vessel stranded
> With the dolphin by its side.

The dignitaries of the church have drawn largely upon the finny tribes for devices on their coats of arms. This was natural enough, in accordance with the play upon names, so frequent in heraldic symbols; such as in the case of of John Fysher, Bishop of Rochester, of Bishop Spratt, and of Archbishop Herring. But the hierarchy have not been content with such obvious suggestions as identity of name affords; for they have frequently had recourse to "canting arms," the *armes parlantes;* thus exhibiting themselves as mere punsters. We quote some examples: and first of the *flying fish*,—

As typical of his own extraordinary elevation, Dr. Robinson, who became Bishop of Carlisle in the reign of Elizabeth, appears to have assumed for his armorial distinction this remarkable fish, not painted according to its true form, but as it was then believed to be, a fish with wings. * * Henry Robinson entered Queen's College, Oxford, in 1568 as a servitor. He was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle in 1598, and died in 1616. A brass plate bearing his portrait, with his arms and an inscription, was placed on the wall in the chancel in his own cathedral when he was buried, and another near the altar of Queen's College chapel. This beautiful fish, at the time of Sir Francis Drake's

successful voyage of discovery, for which he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, was but little known. "Nothing" says his biographer, "surprised the crew more than the flying fish, which is nearly the same size with a herring, and has fins of the length of his whole body, by the help of which, when he is pursued by the bonito, and finds himself on the point of being taken, he springs up into the air, and flies forward as long as his wings continue wet; and when they become dry and stiff, he falls down into the water and dips them again for a second flight. This unhappy animal is not only pursued by fishes in his natural element, but attacked in the air by the don or sparkite, a bird that preys upon fish."

The arms of Bishop Cheney contained a less graceful pun.

The habits of the burbot are not unlike those of the eel, and from its lurking and hiding itself in holes like the rabbit, it is called the coney-fish, whence it was doubtless assumed, with the coney, in the arms of Bishop Cheney, as a pun on his name. These are here given impaled with those of the see of Gloucester, created by King Henry VIII. in the year 1542, who endowed the bishopric with the revenues of the monastery, founded in honour of St. Peter at Gloucester, the church of which he ordained should be for ever the cathedral of the see. The arms of the bishopric were composed from the emblem of the patron saint, azure two keys in saltier or.

But what are we to say of the composition of Bishop Attwater's arms, who was held in great esteem by Cardinal Wolsey, and who combined three crayfish with the Virgin Mary holding the infant Jesus?

Every one knows that St. Peter's symbol is the keys; but he is also by legendary devices associated with the fish of heraldry.

A popular idea assigns the dark marks on the shoulders of the haddock to the impression left by Saint Peter with his finger and thumb when he took the tribute money out of the fish's mouth at Capernaum; but the haddock certainly does not now exist in the seas of the country where the miracle was performed, although it ranges over a considerable space both north and south. The dory, called Saint Peter's fish in several countries of Europe, contends with the haddock the honour of bearing the marks of the Apostle's fingers, an impression transmitted to posterity as a perpetual memorial of the miracle: the name of dory is hence asserted to be derived from the French word *adore*, worshipped. The fishermen of the Adriatic call it *it Janitore*, the gatekeeper. Saint Peter being well known as the bearer of the keys of Paradise. Saint Peter was the first of the followers of Christ to declare the glories of salvation, and his artless simplicity and humble character gave effect to his preaching on the minds of the earliest converts. As this saint is the especial patron of fishermen and of fishmongers, the boat used for fishing in the Thames is called a Peter-boat; and the keys, the emblem of Saint Peter, form part of the armorial ensigns of the Fishmongers' Company.

But further, we are told, that "the type of the connexion between the dignity of the church and the humble employment of Saint

Peter is not entirely disregarded by the sovereign pontiff: his signet, the fisherman's ring, *l'anello del piscatore*, represents Saint Peter drawing his nets; and the celebrated *Naviculo di Giotto*, in mosaic, over the portal of St. Peters church at Rome, is designed from the same subject."

A few miscellaneous passages must still have room found for them in our pages, in addition to those that have been quoted from this elegant volume: seeing that it contains not only the fruits of a wide circuit of reading in a sphere not generally traversed, but that these fruits, whether embracing poetry, anecdote, natural history, or antiquarian themes, are collected with taste and a judicious desire to please.

Already we have alluded to Bishop Fysher, and the play upon his name. He was, we are further informed, the son of a merchant of Beverley, in Yorkshire; and being a zealous champion of the church of Rome, was beheaded in 1535. It is added, "his death was not improbably hastened by his accepting the title of Cardinal, when the King enraged said, 'Let the Pope send him a hat when he will; mother of God, he shall wear it on his shoulders!'"

To this we subjoin the interpretation of an heraldic device, which pointed to religious persecution. "King Philip II., after his marriage with Queen Mary of England, assumed as a device, Bellerophon fighting with the Monster, inscribed *Hinc Vigilo*, implying that he only wanted a favourable time to combat the heresy of the kingdom." Our next specimen is of a less serious nature. Speaking of unnatural animals, which appear in the heraldry of all nations, Mr. Moule says, "It is related that an Austrian nobleman asked an English ambassador at Vienna, whose arms presented a griffin, 'in what forest that beast was met with?' to which the ambassador readily answered, 'the same in which the eagles with two heads are found.'" We conclude with some observations and illustrative facts relative to mermaids.

The relation of a being half fish and half human, is of the earliest authority; Berosus mentions a fish, Oames, worshipped in Chaldea, which had the body of a fish with the head and hands of a man: a compound deity, imagined, probably, in allusion to some stranger who had arrived in a ship, and had instructed the people in the arts of civilization. In Canada the Nibanada, half human, half fish, dwells in the waters of Lake Superior, according to the fanciful mythology of the Indians.

The accounts of the appearance of mermaids are very numerous; there is testimony enough to establish their former existence in history, exhibiting instances of the credulity, not of the mean and illiterate, but of men of learning the best instructed of any in the ages in which they lived.

It is very rare that more than one mermaid is reported to hav been seen at a time, but it appears that on the coast of Ceylon, some fishermen, in the year 1560, brought up at one draught of the net no less than seven mermaids and mermen, of which fact, several jesuits were witnesses. The physician to

the Viceroy of Goa, who examined them with care and dissected them, asserted that internally as well as externally, they were found conformable to human beings.

In the museum of Surgeons' Hall, is preserved a fish which is classed by the naturalists of the present day among the mammalia, a species of that kind which gave rise to the fabulous story of the mermaid; it is about eight feet in length, and bears resemblance to the seal. The fins terminate, internally, in a structure like the human hand; the breasts are very prominent, and their situation on the body has led, no doubt, to the popular belief: in other respects the face of the fish is far from looking like that of the human race, and the long hair of the mermaid is entirely wanting. It was brought from Bencoolen in Sumatra, in December, 1820.

A form enormous! far unlike the race
Of human birth, in stature or in face.

Advocates for the existence of the mermaid are not wanting in modern times, and it has been found necessary to show that such a creature, as it is usually described, must be utterly defenceless in the wide ocean, and consequently the prey of the shark and every other sea-monster that approached, being without speed to fly or strength to resist. Mermaids could only exist in the sea, like other defenceless fish, by going in large shoals, and preserving their race from destruction by their numbers; but if so, the disputed fact of their existence would long ago have been cleared up.

"Few eyes," says Sir Thomas Browne, "have escaped the picture of a mermaid; Horace's monster, with woman's head above and fishy extremities below, answers the shape of the ancient syrens that attempted upon Ulysses." The syrens were three in number, inhabiting an island off Cape Polorus; these nymphs, emblematical of the alurements of pleasure, are represented as beautiful women to the waist, and otherwise formed like fish, deriving their name from the more obvious part of their character—singing. Their melodious voices charmed all who approached them, till Ulysses, shunning their enticements, passed the dangerous coast in safety, and the point where the syrens destroyed themselves was afterwards known in Sicily as Serenis.

In another part of "The Heraldry of Fish," we find these observations.

Few points of natural history were formerly less known than fish; the dolphin and the whale belonging in modern science to a class which is yet but imperfectly investigated, were fishes to the earlier naturalists. The seal, or sea-calf of heraldry, was also considered a fish, and permitted by the monkish rules to be eaten on fish days. The otter, it is true, had a like distinction, which is noticed by Isaak Walton. The tritons and mermaids of classical mythology were purely emblematical; but, upon not improbable grounds, have been derived from the amphibious habits of the seal. The last mermaid that engaged the attention of the naturalists is now known to have been skilfully manufactured by a Chinese from the upper parts of a monkey and the tale of a salmon, for the purpose of deception. This singular creature was brought to Batavia from some of the neighbouring islands in a perfect state of preservation. The lower parts of the body, enveloped in its scaly covering, was lost in the natural form of a fish; but in appearance was little calculated to realize the fanciful idea of an animal famed for its personal beauty.

ART. V.—*Missionary Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa.* By ROBERT MOFFAT. Snow.

MR. MOFFAT has been twenty-three years an agent of the London Missionary Society in Southern Africa; and has recently paid a visit to his native country, from which, however, he is about to return to pursue his labours of love among the heathen, or at least among tribes to whom he and other Christian philanthropists have within these few last years carried the Gospel, and where they have made the first inroads upon horrid barbarism and the dreariest moral darkness.

He tells us that of those who began at the same period with himself the career of missionary toil, the greater number have sunk into the grave; and he is especially reminded of one, "much honoured and endeared, whose tragical death, of all others, has most affected him. John Williams (author of a "Narrative of Missionary Enterprizes in the South Sea Island,") and he were accepted by the Directors at the same time, and designated to the works of God at Surrey Chapel, on the same occasion. The fields of their service were both arduous, although of a widely different character. After much trial and many dangers, both have been permitted to return to their native land, and to publish narratives of their respective labours. Thus far they run parallel; but here they part company. 'The Martyr of Ersomanga' has finished his course, and rests from his labour; while his early friend still lives amidst the conflict. The writer now feels that his work in England is done, and that the spirit of the stranger and the pilgrim is stealing powerfully over him. He longs once more to brave the mighty ocean; and eagerly anticipates the hour when he shall again reach the shores of his adopted country, and appear in the midst of the children of the Wilderness."

This touching passage we find in the preface, dated May 24, 1842; and we take it on ourselves confidently to state that the parallelism of the two missionaries will be felt with regard to the stirring and arresting character of their narratives. We observe that the thirty-seventh thousand of the "Enterprises in the South Sea Islands" is preparing for publication; and a similar announcement, we predict, will, before many years elapse, herald the "Labours and Scenes in Southern Africa." Indeed, for the mere reader of travels, of hair-breadth escapes, of arousing incidents, of strange scenes, and of wild life, it will be difficult to find a work to surpass the present; while to the philanthropist and the Christian, it holds out the most affecting subjects and also the most inviting and encouraging prospects. In a word, the volume before us abounds with deep and varied interest. While novelty and diversity characterize its contents, the vigorous and unaffected spirit of the narrator invests these with a

pleasing freshness; which, although in perfect harmony with his active and adventurous vocation, does not often distinguish missionary journals.

Mr. Moffat hopes that his readers will not look into his pages for polished periods and the graces of literature. But even in respect of style no apology is necessary. At the same time it would be a drawback to such a work, were there found in it anything that would impair one's ideas of an earnest, manly, and never-ceasing evangelist, "who most earnestly desires to establish and to enforce the claims of perishing, and helpless, and all but friendless millions, for whom he has hitherto lived and laboured—whom he earnestly loves, and with whom—all black, barbarous, and benighted as they are—he hopes to live, labour, and die." The mere inditing of this octavo, extending to between six and seven hundred pages, is a proof of exertion and industry of no ordinary kind, when one comes to consider the amount and diversity of the author's other arduous duties; such as those of the pulpit and platform, the translating of the Scriptures and other books, and the many ministrations in the untamed condition of the heathen, all requiring great bodily toil and mental effort; so that instead of disappointment the reader of this handsome volume will experience surprise, and close it with a high and warm admiration of the author. Indeed, there is such an adventurous taste and spirit displayed in the narrative, as might be denominated a sort of knight-errantry, an extravagant love of excitement; although we are far from thinking that Mr. Moffat has not been stimulated by pure and evangelizing motives, or that he has not been sustained by the responses of a good conscience and a sense of divine blessing throughout the whole course of his championship.

The best thing for us now to do, in order both to recommend Mr. Moffat's volume and to enliven our pages, is to cull from it some of the more stirring and novel passages, together also with certain notices and facts which bear directly on the objects of Christian missions. Facts indeed, of one kind or another, form the great staple of the book; the author presenting claims rather as a witness of what came immediately under his notice, than as a disquisitionist relative to the philosophy of missions.

Mr. M. gives us a sketch of various things and persons connected with the history of missions in Southern Africa, prior to his appearance in the field; and soon introduces to us the notable robber Africaner, whose career was one that might figure in romance, whose exploits might set up half a dozen of the heroes of fiction. Africaner, we are told, and his father, once roamed within a hundred miles of Cape Town; "pastured their own flocks, killed their own game, drank of their own streams, and mingled the music of their heathen songs with the winds that burst over the Witsemberg and Winterhoek mountains, once the stronghold of the clan." But as the Dutch

settlers increased and encroached, the aborigines were compelled to retire, or to yield themselves in obedience to the colonists. At length Africaner was made subject to a farmer named P——, the savage becoming a faithful and intrepid shepherd; "while his valour in defending and increasing the herds and flocks of his master enhanced his value, at the same time it rapidly matured the latent principle which afterwards recoiled on the devoted family, and carried devastation to whatever quarter he directed his steps." According to Mr. Moffat's account, Africaner and his people were so oppressed, enslaved, and ill-used by the farmer, that they could only protect themselves by taking to flight and sitting down farther in the interior, or by violently ridding themselves of the cruel and unjust mastery. The latter method was adopted; upon which tragedy the colonial government and the settlers attempted to secure and punish the chief, not only by direct means and by stratagem, but by bribing other aboriginal tribes to cut him off; which gave rise to a long series of severe, and sometimes bloody conflicts. In short, Africaner not only appears to have become a terror to all beyond his own people, but to have been regarded as an outlaw by natives as well as colonists. "His name carried dismay even to the solitary wastes." He is represented to have been a man of great prowess, and possessed of a mind capable of studying the tactics of savage warfare, as well as being otherwise distinguished in regard to intellectual powers. It was therefore a desirable object for the missionaries to make him and his people the centre of their labours; or to obtain a sphere sufficiently distant to prevent anything like collision between the people of their charge and so formidable a neighbour. But we cannot enter into particulars, and go forward to where Mr. M. says he arrived at Africaner's kraal, which was in January 1818; the chief having by this time obtained the prefix of Christian to his name. The narrative proceeds thus:—

After remaining an hour or more in this situation, Christian Africaner made his appearance; and after the usual salutation, inquired if I was the missionary appointed by the Directors in London? to which I replied in the affirmative. This seemed to afford him much pleasure; and he added, that as I was young, he hoped that I should live long with him and his people. He then ordered a number of women to come. I was puzzled to know what he intended by sending for women, till they arrived, bearing bundles of native mats and long sticks, like fishing-rods. Africaner, pointing to a spot of ground, said, "There, you must build a house for the missionary." A circle was instantly formed, and the women, evidently delighted with the job, fixed the poles, tied them down in the hemisphere form, and covered them with the mats, all ready for habitation, in the course of little more than half an hour. I lived nearly six months in this native hut, which very frequently required tightening and fastening after a storm. When the sun shone it was unbearably hot; when the rain fell, I came in for a share of it; when the wind

blew, I had frequently to decamp to escape the dust; and in addition to these little inconveniences, any hungry cur of a dog, that wished for a night's lodging, would force itself through the frail wall, and not unfrequently deprive me of my anticipated meal for the coming day; and I have more than once found a serpent coiled up in a corner. Nor were these all the contingencies of such a dwelling; for as the cattle belonging to the village had no fold, but strolled about, I have been compelled to start up from a sound sleep, and try to defend myself and my dwelling from being crushed to pieces by the rage of the bulls, which had met to fight a nocturnal duel.

It will be some time before we have quite done with Africaner; but other subjects may fill up intervals; the details of them being in keeping with the life and character of the natives. For example, we learn that travelling in Southern Africa requires experience before it can patiently be endured; and that this experience is sometimes dearly bought. In the estimation of a novice, the waggon is an awkward, clumsy vehicle, capable of immense improvement; although, according to our author's testimony, its size and mechanism "are inimitably adapted to the ravines and rocky ascents over which it must pass." The oxen travel only at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, and only seven or eight hours per day. Then the intractable disposition of some of the cattle, ten or twelve of which may be before the vehicle, together with the stupidity, the laziness, the runaway, and it may be the thieving, propensities of the people, are themes for the raw traveller's complaint. So much for the waggon, the cattle which drag it along, and the servants immediately attached to it. But it is necessary for contingencies, to have a number of spare oxen that are loose, and sometimes sheep for slaughter; so that individuals are required to bring these up in the rear. Now, this bringing up is not always an easy task; for not only do the animals frequently take their own course, the sheep one way and the oxen another; but the unearthly howl of a hyena will startle the flock; so that the poor missionary, dreading the loss of his mutton, in his haste to recover the timid sheep, "gets his legs lacerated by one bush and his face scratched by another,—now tumbles prostrate over an ant-hill, and then headlong into the large hole of a wild boar."

The roughest of the incidents of our author's African travelling are yet to be mentioned; although we can only notice specimens of a few of them. In the meanwhile, we again take up the chief at whose kraal Mr. Moffat had arrived.

At first Christian Africaner seemed cool and reserved; and he had a brother, named Titus, a still fiercer character, who was an inveterate enemy of missionaries.

Mr. Moffat, however, had morning and evening services, besides three or four hours for schooling every day; and at length the chief, who had for some time been in a hesitating state, attended so

regularly, "that I might as well doubt of morning's dawn as of his attendance on the appointed means of grace." He strove to learn reading "with all the assiduity and energy of a youthful believer; the Testament became his constant companion, and his profiting appeared unto all." "Many were the nights he sat with me, on a great stone, at the door of my habitation, conversing with me till dawn of another day, on creation, providence, redemption, and the glories of the heavenly world." "I have often been amused, when sitting with him and others, who rushed to hear his questions answered, and descriptions given of the majesty, extent, and number of the works of God; he would at last rub his hands on his head, exclaiming, 'I have heard enough; I feel as if my head was too small, and as if it would swell with these great subjects.'"

The progress of Africaner's conversion from the revengeful marauder to the peaceful and softened disciple is extremely interesting, and sometimes tenderly touching. "One day," says Mr Moffat, "when seated together, I happened, in absence of mind, to be gazing steadfastly on him. It arrested his attention, and he modestly inquired the cause. I replied, 'I was trying to picture to myself your carrying fire and sword through the country, and could not think how eyes like yours could smile at human woe.' He answered not, but shed a flood of tears."

Africaner zealously seconded the missionary's efforts to improve the people in cleanliness and industry. But the first of these reforms was difficult of accomplishment; so averse were they to the trouble, until they experienced how much the process relieved them of bad company.

The chief began to weep with those that wept; and although not rich after all his robberies, presented the missionary with two cows, on finding that he sometimes sat down to a scanty meal. Africaner, too, "who was formerly like a firebrand, spreading discord, enmity, and war among the neighbouring tribes, would now make any sacrifice to prevent anything like a collision between two contending parties; and when he might have raised his arm, and dared them to lift a spear, or draw a bow, he would stand in the middle as a suppliant, and entreat them to be reconciled to each other; and pointing to his past life, ask, 'What have I now of all the battles I have fought, and all the cattle I took, but shame and remorse?'"

Titus, who was a grief to his brother, began to attend the missionary's services, and also to minister to the stranger's wants in that hungry land; but he would never make a profession. He was wont to say his head had become too hard with sin. "He was the only individual of influence on the station who had two wives;" but although admitting that a man so circumstanced was not to be envied, yet he remained firm to the double union. Still, he said he often resolved when there was a disturbance, he would pay one off,

although he seldom knew whose part to take. "One morning I had thought the anticipated day had come. He approached my door, leading an ox, upon which one of his wives was seated. 'What is the matter?' I inquired. Giving me a shake of his hand, and laughing, he replied, 'Just the old thing over again. Mynheer must not laugh too much at me, for I am now in for it.'" There had been a quarrel, and the one lady had wounded the other; therefore the missionary's medical aid was required.

But, once more, to return to the chief; one day when in earnest conversation with him regarding the state and prospect of the mission in connexion with the barrier to civilization, not only from the state of the country and climate, but also from want of intercourse with the colony, Mr. Moffat proposed to the other that they should repair together to Cape Town, in order to effect the desired relationship. The proposal astounded Africaner; and he replied with the question, "Do you not know that I am an outlaw, and that 1000 rix-dollars have been offered for this poor head?" At length he acquiesced, and undertook the journey, nearly all the people accompanying the chief half a day's journey. Cape Town seemed not to be the only spot that might reasonably excite the chief's alarms; for he had to come in contact with formerly mortal foes. The travellers arrived at Pella. Here "men met who had not seen each other since they had joined in mutual combat for each other's woe; met—warrior with warrior, bearing in their hands the olive branch, secure under the panoply of peace and love. They talked of Him who had subdued both, without a sword or spear." Pella belonged to the station filled by another missionary.

Africaner and Mr. Moffat arrived safe at Cape Town, when the latter immediately waited on the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, "who appeared to receive with considerable scepticism, my testimony that I had brought the far-famed Africaner on a visit to his Excellency." His Lordship welcomed the chief with great kindness, expressing his pleasure at seeing one who had been such a scourge of the country, and terror of the border colonists, thus before him. "His Excellency was evidently much struck with this result of missionary enterprise, the benefit of which he had sometimes doubted." But the fortunes of the chief we cannot any farther trace in our pages; having done enough to excite a desire in our readers to have the whole of Mr. Moffat's details regarding him in their hands.

Our author's position and agency in Southern Africa have not been stationary; and this observation may serve to introduce an abstract of some of the rougher and more startling incidents which occurred in the course of his journeys, as well as certain extraordinary anecdotes. The monarch of the wild is the subject of many of the stories.

For example, we are told that the lion will sometimes spring to

the back of a giraffe, and, fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebræ of the neck, when both fall. Among the giraffes which Mr. M. has seen shot, there has been ocular demonstration in the case of some of them, of their having had the lion's claws and teeth employed as described.

Much has been written, says Mr. Moffat, about African lions, "but the half has not been told;" and he gives the following trait in their character, "as received from men of God, and men who had been experienced Nimrods too."

The old lion, when in company with his children, as the natives call them, though they be nearly as big as himself—or, when numbers together happen to come upon game, the oldest or ablest creeps to the object, while the others crouch on the grass. If he be successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim, and lies down to breathe and rest, for perhaps a quarter of an hour; in the meanwhile, the others draw round, and lie down at a respectful distance. When the chief one has got his rest, he commences at the abdomen and breast; and after making havoc with the tit-bits of the carcase, he will take a second rest—none of the others presuming to move. Having made a second gorge, he retires: the others watching his motions, rush on the remainder, and it is soon devoured. At other times, if the young lion leaves the prey, and an old one happens to come by, the younger retires till the elder has dined. This was what Africaner called better manners than those of the Namaquas.

But Mr. Moffat has not a few exciting stories to communicate relative to the beasts of prey of the wilderness, when he was both an eye-witness and an actor. African Missionaries need to be expert at more than lip or tongue service. It is good to be skilled in the practice of the mortal weapon with the long tube. Be advised also ye who would go forth to the dark places of the earth, to exercise yourselves in the art of swimming; and above all put on the coat-mail of cool courage and prompt decision; for you will be oft placed instantaneously in the jaws of imminent peril and terrific danger. Read!—

Having put my waggon in order, taken a driver, and a little boy as leader of the oxen, and two Barolongs, who were going to the same place, I left the station, my wife and family, for an absence of two or three months. Our journey lay over a wild and dreary country, inhabited by Balalas only, and but a sprinkling of these. On the night of the third day's journey, having halted at a pool, we listened on the lonely plain for the sound of an inhabitant, but all was silent! We could discover no lights; and, amidst the darkness, were unable to trace footmarks to the pool!

How graphic, and real, how suggestive and full is this opening to scenes and adventures that fully sustain the impressive exordium!

We let loose our wearied oxen to drink and graze, but as we were ignorant of the character of the company with which we might have to spend the night,

we took a firebrand and examined the edges of the pool, to see, from the imprints, what animals were in the habit of drinking there, and, with terror, discovered many *spoors* of lions. We immediately collected the oxen, and brought them to the waggon, to which we fastened them with the strongest thongs we had, having discovered in their appearance something rather wild, indicating that either from scent or sight, they knew danger was near. The two Barolongs had brought a young cow with them, and though I recommended them making her fast also, they very humourously replied that she was too wise to leave the waggon and oxen, even though a lion should be scented. We took a little supper, which was followed by our evening hymn and prayer.

This second scene is worthy of the first. Now, for the third. The missionary having retired to his waggon to prepare for the night, a minute or two only had elapsed when he learnt that a lion had seized the cow but a few paces from the tails of the oxen, and dragged it to the distance of thirty or forty yards, the monster's tearing of the animal and breaking of the bones being distinctly heard by the travellers, while the bellowings of the poor cow "were most pitiful." Says the missionary:—

I seized my gun, but as it was too dark to see any object at half the distance, I aimed at the spot where the devouring jaws of the lion were heard. I fired again and again, to which he replied with tremendous roars, at the same time making a rush towards the waggon, so as exceedingly to terrify the oxen. The two Barolongs engaged to take firebrands, advance a few yards, and throw them at him, so as to afford me a degree of light that I might take aim, the place being bushy. They had scarcely discharged them from their hands, when the flame went out, and the enraged animal rushed towards them with such swiftness, that I had barely time to turn the gun and fire between the men and lion, and providentially the ball struck the ground immediately under his head, as we found by examination the following morning. From this surprise he returned, growling dreadfully. The men darted through some thorn bushes with countenances indicative of the utmost terror.

It was now deemed better to leave the lion alone, if he did not become the aggressor. But there was more game at hand; and indeed our missionary appears to have had a true sportsman's taste for hunting adventures.

Having but a scanty supply of wood to keep up a fire, one man crept among the bushes on one side of the pool, while I proceeded for the same purpose on the other side. I had not gone far, when, looking upward to the edge of the small basin, I discerned between me and the sky four animals, whose attention appeared to be directed to me by the noise I made in breaking a dry stick. On closer inspection, (closer!) I found that the large hairy-headed visitors were lions; and returned on my hands and feet towards the other side of the pond, when coming to my waggon-driver to inform him of our danger, I found him looking with no little alarm in an opposite direction, and with good reason, as no fewer than two lions with a cub, were eyeing us both, apparently as uncertain about us as we were distrustful about them. They appeared as they always do in the dark, twice the usual size.

The missionary and his party besought their citadel, the waggon. It must have been an anxious night with them as well as with the oxen; for the travellers had means only for keeping alive a scanty fire; every now and then discovering that when any of the hungry lions approached the monarch, who was supping on the cow, that he would pursue them for some paces, sending forth horrible howls. Most probably, the poor cow, after all, proved a providential diversion to the safety and escape of the travellers. But we must not part from the scene without extracting some particulars that will interest naturalists.

Before the day dawned, having deposited nearly the whole of the carcase in his stomach, he (the lion) collected the head, back-bone, part of the legs, the paunch which he emptied of its contents, and the two clubs which had been thrown at him, and walked off, leaving nothing but some fragments and bones, and one of my balls, which had hit the carcase instead of himself. When it was light we examined the spot, and found from the footmarks, that the lion was a large one, and had devoured the cow himself. I had some difficulty in believing this, but was fully convinced by the Borolangs, pointing out to me that the footmarks had not come within thirty yards of the spot, two jackalls only having approached to lick up any little leavings. The men pursued the spoor to find the fragments, where the lion had deposited them, while he retired into a thicket to sleep during the day. I had often heard how much a large hungry lion would eat, but nothing less than a demonstration would have convinced me that it was possible to have eaten all the flesh of a good heifer, and many of the bones, for scarcely a rib was left and even some of the marrow-bones were broken as if with a hammer.

It is not without good reason that oxen have an instinctive terror of lions. On another itinerating occasion, when our author and his party had halted at a river, and had allowed their cattle to graze somewhat farther from them than a gun-shot, two of the monsters rushed from an adjacent thicket, and the oldest one, of enormous size, when within two yards of the cattle, bounded on the back of the best, killing it in a moment, "by sending his great teeth through the vertebræ of the neck." What then must be the position of solitary travellers in the African wastes? We give an extract of one story, which Mr. Moffat adduces as unquestionably true. A man having sat down on a shelving low rock near a small fountain, to take a little rest after his hearty drink, he fell asleep; but the heat of the rock soon disturbed his dreams, when he beheld a "large lion crouching before him, with its eyes glaring in his face, and within little more than a yard of his feet." He was at first struck motionless with terror, but recovering his presence of mind, he eyed his gun, and began moving his hand slowly towards it; when the lion raised its head and gave a tremendous roar; the same awful warning being repeated whenever the man attempted to move his hand. The rock at length became so heated that he could scarcely bear his naked feet to

touch it. The day passed, and the night also, but the lion never moved from the spot: the sun rose again, and its intense heat soon rendered his feet past feeling. At noon the lion rose and walked to the water, only a few yards distant, looking behind as it went, lest the man should move, when, seeing him stretch out his hand to take his gun, it turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him. But another night passed as the former had done; and next day again the lion went towards the water, but while there, "he listened to some noise apparently from an opposite quarter, and disappeared in the bushes." The man now seized his gun, but on first essaying to rise he dropt, his ankles being without power. At length he made the best of his way on his hands and knees, and soon after fell in with another native, who took him to a place of safety; and, as he expressed it, with his "toes roasted." This man belonged to "Mr. Schmelen's congregation, at Bethany." "He lost his toes and was a cripple for life."

The lion, says our author, when once he has tasted human flesh, ever afterwards entertains an uncommon relish for it. Yet with all their boldness, Mr. M. adds, some of the royal race are "arrant cowards." "I have known bushmen, and even women, drive the lion away from the prey he has just seized, by beating their clubs on dry hides, and shouting."

Which would you prefer?—the situation of the man with the roasted toes, or that of Mr. Moffat on the occasion described in the following passage, belonging to one of his early journeys?

I had a small double barrelled gun on my shoulder, which was loaded with a ball and small shot; an antelope passed, at which I fired, and slowly followed the course it took. After advancing a short distance, I saw a tiger-cat staring at me between the forked branches of a tree, behind which his long spotted body was concealed, twisting and turning his tale like a cat just going to spring on its prey. This I knew was a critical moment, not having a shot of ball in my gun. I moved about as if in search of something on the grass, taking care to retreat at the same time. After getting, as I thought, a suitable distance to turn my back, I moved somewhat more quickly; but in my anxiety to escape what was behind, I did not see what was before, until startled by treading on a large cobra de capello serpent, asleep on the grass. It instantly twisted its body round my leg, on which I had nothing but a thin pair of trowsers, when I leaped from the spot, dragging the venomous and enraged reptile after me; and while in the act of throwing itself into a position to bite, without turning round, I threw my piece over my shoulder, and shot it.

The serpent was six feet long.

Mr. Moffat's itinerating movements were not unfrequently attended with privation as well as imminent danger. A draught of not very sweet water was at times considered a delicious breakfast. He has lived for weeks on milk, or perhaps on meat; but, what was worse, sometimes they both failed. "On more than one occasion

after the morning service, I have shouldered my gun, and gone to the plain or the mountain-brow in search of something to eat." When unsuccessful, he has returned, "laid down my piece, taken the Word of Life, and addressed my congregation." The contents of his wardrobe at times too bore the impress of poverty. But his mother, to keep him out of mischief in the long winter evenings, taught him both to sew and knit; and "when I would tell her I intended being a man, she would reply, 'Lad, ye dinna ken whar your lot will be cast.' She was right, for I have often had occasion to use the needle since."

The exciting and entertaining nature of Mr. Moffat's incidents of travel, and his itinerating anecdotes, have detained us too long, considering the variety of subjects in the book, and the more immediate purposes of his mission. That mission, whose field consisted of parts of the regions inhabited hy the Hottentot and Bushmen tribes, had for a series of years extraordinary difficulties to encounter, and seems to have been sometimes on the eve of being relinquished in despair. The disorganized state of the tribes, their ever-occurring conflicts, their frequent indiscriminate devastations, and the all but universal hostility to the reception of Christian practices and doctrines, were circumstances in the highest degree discouraging to the promoters and agents of the Bechuana mission. But at length a long-desired change seems to have set in, and with the manner of a general movement, in which not a few who have gone forward, have given evidence that they will not slide back.

In 1829, a regular place of worship was opened at one station, and several candidates for baptism approved of and received. "The commencement made, although on a very small scale compared with those mighty movements recorded in the overthrow of idolatry in some of the islands of the South Seas, was, nevertheless, what we had for many a long year ardently desired to see with our eyes, and to hear with our ears." The missionaries also found realized what they had anticipated with regard to outward change,—viz., that it corresponded with the new professions. "Those who were baptized, had previously procured decent raiment." "Hitherto a sewing school had been uncalled for, the women's work being that of building houses," &c., while the lords of the creation "had from time immemorial added to their pursuits the exercise of sewing their garments, which, from their durability and scanty supply, was anything but a laborious work." Mrs. Moffat was the superintendent of the sewing school. But the scarcity of materials was at first a serious impediment, the station being far beyond the reach of traders, and "six hundred miles from a market town."

Not only did nakedness become shameful, but many of the natives who came more immediately under the external influence of the mission at the Kuruman, the name of Mr. Moffat' principal station,

began to adopt those modes of comfort, cleanliness, and convenience, which they had formerly viewed only as the peculiarities of a strange people. External improvement has continued to make progress, together with an increasing anxiety for instruction. Very interesting, indeed, are the evidences detailed by the missionary of an onward civilization; while he speaks with deep gratitude and strong assurance relative to the change of heart of not a few of the formerly benighted people. Portions of scripture, and also pieces of an elementary and devotional character, have been translated into the language of the Bechuanas, and which a considerable number of them have been taught to read. More missionaries have been added; and more sewing-school mistresses. A printing-press, type, paper, and ink, have also been obtained. These are points upon which many details will be found in the volume before us; while there are others, such as the building of an additional place of worship, with the prospect of being regularly resorted to by eager and tractable inquirers, that are highly gratifying. We quote a passage to wind up our very bald outline of the progress of civilization and of Christianity among the Bechuanas.

Large additions of Bechuanas to the church at Grigua Town have already been noticed; and in 1838, great accessions were made to that of the Kuruman, under the very efficient and assiduous superintendence of Mr. Edwards, the number of readers connected with the mission had increased in equal ratio; while the Infant School, commenced and carried on by Mrs. Edwards, with the assistance of a native girl, gave the highest satisfaction. The people made rapid advances in civilization; some purchasing waggons, and breaking in their oxen for those labours which formerly devolved on the female sex. The use of clothing became so general that the want of a merchant was greatly felt, to supply the demands for British commodities. This induced us to invite Mr. D. Hume, in whom we placed implicit confidence, who had already made much with the natives, and travelled a great distance into the interior, to take up his constant abode on the station for that purpose. He built himself a house, and the measure has succeeded beyond our expectations. Mr. H. has also rendered a very considerable amount of gratuitous labour, in assisting the late Mr. Hugh Millen, in raising the walls of the chapel, and subsequently in finishing it. The place of worship was so far in readiness, that it was opened in November, 1838. This was a deeply interesting occasion to all, and especially to the missionaries, and the church which has been gathered from among the heathen. Between eight and nine hundred entered those walls, now sacred to the service of Jehovah.

This moral revolution as well as industrial and physical improvement, may be in some measure computed and estimated, if, ere dismissing Mr. Moffat's volume, we contrast the condition and appearance of the people at the Kuruman station, with a people, a division of Zoolus called Matabele, the name of whose king was Moselekatse. This ruler had heard some accounts, extraordinary to him, of the

white men and the new teachers, and sent two of his chiefs for the purpose of obtaining a more particular knowledge of such strange persons. On the arrival of these envoys at the missionary station," they were astounded beyond measure with everything they saw, and as they, according to the custom of their nation, were in a state of nudity, their appearance very much shocked the comparatively delicate feelings of the Bechuanas, barbarians as they were." The visitors, however, most cheerfully allowed themselves to be clothed, for the sake of propriety; and were shown every mark of attention, which was received with a politeness to which we had been entirely unaccustomed among the Bechuanas." "The smith's forge filled them with admiration and astonishment," in an especial degree. "You are men, we are but children," said one; while the other observed, "Moselekatse must be taught all these things." A looking-glass amusingly perplexed them. But "nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in our chapel." They were inquisitive about everything, "and were surprised to find that the hymns we sung were not war songs."

Mr. Moffat accompanied these envoys back to their own country, travelling in waggons. Much of the region passed through reminded the missionary of Scotia's hills, dales, and streams. "It was a country once covered with a dense population." But Moselekatse was an African Napoleon; a terribly savage warrior, the *beau ideal* of a cruel tyrant, who was served and obeyed with the most abject parasitism. In the course of the journey, the particulars of which are full of interest, Mr. Moffat's attention was one day arrested by a "beautiful and gigantic tree standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains." The tree was found to be inhabited by several families. "I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aërial abodes, and three others unfurnished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered and sat down. Its only furniture was the hay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts." Many abodes appeared in the country which by artificial means were elevated several feet above the ground, to escape the lions.

Having, after a long journey, arrived at the out-posts of Moselekatse's dominions, Mr. Moffat was desirous to return, "having now brought them (the envoys) thus far, and, according to the phraseology of the country, placed them among, or behind, the shields of their nation." This was an alarming proposal; for, said one of them, "Father, you have been our guardian. We are yours. You love us, and will you leave us?" and pointing to certain mountains, "yonder," he added, "dwells the great Moselekatse, and how shall we approach his presence, if you are not with us. If you love us, save us, for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why

our conduct gave you pain to cause your return; and before the sun descend, on the day we see his face, we shall be ordered out for execution, because you are not." The missionary went on, discovering on every hand indications of former prosperity, nay signs of immense labour and perseverance, in the ruins around caused by the grinding despotism of the king, and his depopulating wars.

At length the waggons approached close to the capital of the sable monarch. "There," said one of his ambassadors, pointing to the town, "there dwells the great king Pezoolu, Heaven, (one of his titles) the Elephant, the Lion's paw," following up these titles with ascriptions of extravagant praise. Having come to the centre of the town, "all was silent as the midnight hour, while the men were motionless as statues. Eyes only were seen to move, and there was a rich display of fine white teeth." The war-song burst forth, "till out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to us, and having been instructed in our mode of salutation, gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand." "The land," he said, "is before you; you are come to your son." He looked upon the "moving houses," the waggons, "with unutterable surprise; and this man, the terror of thousands, drew back with fear, as one in doubt as to whether they were not living creatures." A great mystery was, "how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be in one piece without end or joint." One of the ambassadors said, "I saw that very hand," pointing to Mr. Moffat's, "cut these bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you now see them." A minute inspection ensued to discover the welded part. "Does he give medicine to the iron?" was the monarch's inquiry.

The great king plentifully supplied the missionary and his party; and to demonstrate his royal and courteous benignity, he gave a ball. He "took his stand in the centre of an immense circle of his soldiers, numbers of women being present, who with their shrill voices and clapping of hands took part in the concert. About thirty ladies from his harem with long white wands marched to the song backward and forward on the outside of the ranks, their well lubricated shining bodies being too weighty for the agile movements which characterized the matrons and damsels of lower rank. They sang their war-songs, and one composed on occasion of the visit of the strangers, gazing on and adoring with trembling fear and admiration the potentate in the centre, who stood and sometimes regulated the motions of thousands by the movement of his head, or the raising or depression of his hand."

This tyrant of the desert must be seen in a position or two, and then we shall part from him:—

He drew near to the spot where I stood, with some attendants, bearing

dishes of food; the two chiefs who had been at the Kuruman were with me; but on the approach of their sovereign, they bowed and withdrew. Moselekatse, placing his left hand on my shoulder, and his right on his breast, addressed me in the following language:—"Machabane," (the name of his father,) "I call you such, because you have been my father: you have made my heart as white as milk. Milk is not white to-day—my heart is white. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger! You never saw me before; but you love me more than my own people!"

Of course, some allowance will be given to Mr. Moffat's *free* translation; but his colloquies abound with eloquence whenever he represents Moselekatse's royal discourse. Aha! here is character:—"Wherever he was seated, or wherever he slept, a number of sycophants, fantastically dressed, attended him, whose business was to march, jump, and dance about, sometimes standing adoring his person, then manœuvring with a stick, and vociferating the mighty deeds of valour performed by himself." "He had carried his arms far into the tropics, where, however, he had more than once met his equal; and on one occasion, of six hundred warriors, only a handful returned, to be sacrificed, merely because they had not conquered, or fallen with their companions." Napoleon indeed!

One passage more out of several equally significant and striking:—

He came to me, attended by a party of his warriors, who remained a short distance from us, dancing and singing. Their yells and shouts, their fantastic leaps, and distorted gestures, would have impressed a stranger with the idea that they were more like a company of fiends than men. Addressing me, he said, "I am a king; but you are Machabane, and I am come to sit at your feet for instruction." This was seasonable; for my mind had just been occupied in contemplating the miseries of the savage state. I spoke much on man's ruin and man's redemption. "Why," he asked, "are you so earnest that I abandon all war, and not kill men?" Look on the human bones which lie scattered over your dominions, was my reply! They speak in awful language! * * * "You say," he added, "that the dead will rise again." My remarks on this subject were startling in the ears of a savage.

But if we go on at this rate we shall have to copy out as much as would fill a number of the Review; and therefore without more words, than to say that the volume is well illustrated with woodcuts, &c. we close this deeply interesting contribution to the archives of Christian missions.

ART. VI—*The Life and Defence of the Conduct and Principles of the Venerable and Calumniated Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London.* By a TRACTARIAN BRITISH CRITIC. Seeley and Burnside.

THIS is an able and witty book; the author while affecting to defend the "bloody" bishop, and to consider the "Best Mode of again Changing the Religion of this Nation," embodying what he regards to

be the Puseyite doctrines, and showing them to be identical with those which were in force during the reign of Mary. The opinions and the history of Bonner are closely traced, and his actions, if not wholly defended, are dexterously extenuated, so as to represent him to have been a consistent and noble character,—a man having the blunt honesty of a true Englishman, with the sanctity of an apostolic theologian. The Tractarian's shafts are levelled with great force and skill: one can hardly think that he is not honest and sincere in his apologetic and affirmatory discourse; while the general fairness of his strictures have much of the downy smoothness of the divine. In short, the work appears to us to be a powerful and pungent piece of sarcasm, that will damage the new-fangled Oxford divinity more effectually than an intemperate assault, however well supported by argument and facts, could have accomplished. Of course the *Monthly Review* expresses no opinion on the merits of the contested points, but speaks merely in a critical capacity of the literary characteristics of the publication. One or two passages will bear out our general eulogy, and display the Tractarian's adroitness in the use of a weapon that is by turns the small sword and the claymore. We follow a contemporary journal's taste when we select Bonner relative to the authority of the Romish priesthood.

The authority, dignity, and creative power of the priesthood.

The next anecdote or fact related of Bonner meets with the most cordial approbation both of myself and my friends The whole of our system, and the whole of Bonner's system, as applied by his and our friends, rests upon the divine authority of the Christian priesthood. Neither shall I quote any passage to vindicate the eulogy of Bonner at the Convocation in 1554; when he affirmed that "priests and elders be worthy of all men to be worshipped, for the dignities' sake which they have of God—as in Matt. xvi. 'Whatsoever ye shall loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven.'" Why shall I hesitate to praise Bonner for this declaration? If, as my friend Froude, so often quoted, affirms, we have the power "to make the body and blood of Christ," then, as Bonner goes on to say, a priest is like the Virgin Mary: as she conceived Christ, the priest makes him. Mary by five words did conceive Christ: the priest by five words makes his very body. Other things he adds; and he concludes that "the dignity of priests passes the dignity of angels, because there is no power given by the angels to make the body of Christ. The least priest on earth may do that which the highest angel cannot do in heaven. Oh! worshipful dignity of priests, in whose hand the Son of God is, as in the womb of the Virgin, incarnate! wherefore priests are to be honoured before all kings, princes, and nobles. A priest is higher than a king, happier than an angel, maker of his Creator." Such are the words of Bonner. The Ultra-Protestant may deride them, but that Tractarian will never deny their justice, who believes that the priest can make the body and blood of Christ. This Froude believed; this Bonner believed. If I love Froude, why shall I not dare with him to love, to admire, to vindicate this our dear Bonner.

Martyrdom and its heroes.

Another object of Bonner, of his coadjutors, of the Queen, the Government, the Council, and the Clergy, was the restoration of the prayers for the dead, which I have shown in my Tracts to have been common to all the ancient liturgies, without one exception; though I confess that it does not appear to be supported by the Scriptures either of the Old or of the New Testament. We are most anxious to restore this practice. It is sanctioned by tradition. It was taught in the first Prayer-book of King Edward; and we have urged many arguments, which I shall not here repeat, to convince the people of its antiquity, and, I was about to say, of its usefulness, but as this is rather difficult, I shall only say of its adaptation to the affections of human nature and of its gratifying the imagination, though without commending itself to the reason, which derives its instruction from the inspired revelation of the written Scriptures, and not from the uninspired opinions of the unwritten tradition. So it is, however, that we both advocate the doctrine that the "dead in Christ obtain additional joys and satisfactions from the prayers of their brethren;" and if this also is Popery, I confess that we are Papists; though indeed it is not necessary to make this confession in the present instance, for our not praying for the dead is an omission only. The Church of England "nowhere restrains her children from praying for their departed friends." "Will you have nobody to pray for you when you be dead?" said Bonner to Hawkes, whom he burnt, "No, surely," was the answer, "unless you prove the doctrine by the Scriptures;" an answer which Gardiner declared in another instance deserved the fire; for he who professed his belief in the Scriptures only, announced himself to be an heretic, and was only fit for damnation. "Will you not grant the prayer of a righteous man to prevail?" rejoined Bonner. "Yes" was the answer, "for the living, not for the dead." "Not for the dead!" exclaimed Bonner, in contempt and surprise. Hawkes was burnt; and never, I must say, did the Ultra-Protestant cause produce a nobler victim. "Give us a token, when you are burning in the flames," said one of his Ultra-Protestant friends, "whether the pain be so great that it is not possible therein to keep the mind quiet and patient." "I will do so," said the sufferer: "If the rage of the pain be endurable and may be borne, I will lift up my hands above my head towards heaven before I die." And he did so. When his powers of speech had ceased, when his skin had shrivelled like burning parchment on his writhing body, and his fingers had been consumed by the fire, he lifted up the stumps of his arms, made an effort to clasp the wreck of his limbs together, and thus, like the witnesses whom St. Paul enumerates, "he quenched the violence of fire." There was a sense in which the old promise was fulfilled, "When thou walkest through the fire I will be with thee, and the flames shall not kindle upon thee." But I am talking like an Ultra-Protestant.

Contrasts and parallels:

When John Newman, an ancestor, I believe, of my illustrious friend at Oxford, but who, I think, was more of a Protestant than my friend, defended his refusing to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, he professed to have been convinced by the teaching of the preachers for seven years, in the time of King Edward, that their view of the Catholic Church was correct. I cannot learn from my friend's books, whether he agrees most with his martyred an-

cestor or with Bishop Bonner. But of this I am sure, that John Newman of Maidstone, in the reign of Mary, who was burnt by Bonner at Tenterden, was much more of an Ultra-Protestant than his descendant John Newman, of Oriel College, Oxford, Vicar of St. Mary's; and I am sure also that the opinions of John Newman, who was burnt, on transubstantiation, are further from the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and I must say also, are more intelligible, than the opinions of the Oriel John Newman on the same subject, lately published; but I hail it as one peculiar sign of the times, that an Oxford teacher, clergyman, and (till he actually becomes a member of the Church of Rome) a Protestant clergyman, should rejoice the hearts of my brethren of Rome, by endeavouring to reconcile the abjuration of the doctrines of transubstantiation with some other novel, not clearly defined notion of the same doctrine. The modern John Newman is a more voluminous theologian than his ancestor. The faith of the latter shone bright in the fire of his martyrdom. The faith of the former, as a Protestant, gleams obscurely in the smoke of his writings. The latter appeals to Scripture—the former to the Church and to the Scripture. The modern Oxford John Newman, speaking theoretically, assures us that the Church of Rome alone, amid all the errors and evils of her practical system, has given free scope to the feelings of *awe*, *mystery*, *reverence*, *devotedness*, *tenderness*, and *other feelings*, which may be especially called Catholic. The former Maidstone, or Tenterden John Newman, understood experimentally, the real meaning of these kind and courteous words. Full scope was given to his feelings of *awe*, when he gazed with mournful firmness on the fire which burnt him. Deep was the feeling of *mystery* which Rome inspired, when he endeavoured to comprehend the doctrine of the sacrament, and the possible connexion between the truth of transubstantiation and the fagots of Smithfield. The feeling of *reverence* he certainly did not experience so singularly as his descendant of Oriel; neither was the *devotedness* of John Newman, senior, to the Church of Rome, equal to the devotedness of the modern John Newman, junior. With respect to the feelings of *tenderness* with which Rome inspired John Newman, senior, he certainly did not at all understand the *tenderness* which bound him to the stake, set fire to the fagots, and consumed him to ashes. But with respect to the feelings of *tenderness* with which Rome inspired John Newman junior, he possibly imputes that to Rome which he may owe to the Ultra-Protestant laws, which he so thoroughly despises; for he may be assured that the tenderness which Rome now displays to the Protestants, who hate the word "Protestant," and pay court to Rome without marrying the lady, is very different from the *tenderness* it might exert towards them if the strong hand of the Protestant laws did not direct and regulate the manifestation of its love.

Bonner's history, we think, admits of ingenious interpretation. He may or he may not have been an Atheist; he may have been regardless of consequences, or politic under the guise of rashness; he may have taken pleasure in shedding blood in the most horrid fashion for the sake of a ferocious gratification, or he may have been unwillingly urged by the Queen's insatiable bigotry; and he may have from innate religious scruples refused the oath of supremacy to

Elizabeth, although he took a similar obligation to Henry; there being certain points of theological difference involved in the profession of the daughter as compared with the creed of the father. We say, according to the evidence and reports concerning the bishop, he may have been one or other of these characters, just as the ingenious interpretation by a biographer may regard the alleged facts. But be this as it may, one thing is clear,—the Tractarian in the *British Critic* has, with admirable tact, pushed the doctrines of the Oxford divines to their extreme bearings, and shown these dogmas to be essentially the same as were maintained and put into practical force at the Smithfield burnings; and this too without dwelling with a vulgar and morbid *gout* on the harrowing tragedies that were enacted in those memorable days of Rome's vengeance.

This said Puseyism is a subject which admits of some curious inquiries, even in a journal like the *Monthly Review*, which has for a series of years been careful to eschew all strong and party-coloured theological opinions. It is for example, a fitting time for us to ask, what has occasioned the rise and spread of the peculiar views to which we have just alluded? To what causes are we to ascribe the statement and inculcation of doctrines, against which some of the most illustrious and memorable men in the English establishment so loudly and indignantly protest? How is it, that in reformed England, in a Protestant university, and in the nineteenth century, dogmas should be propounded which would lead us back, as many think, to the iron and fiery times of Papal absolutism?

We think sundry general ideas may be thrown out in answer to these questions, which will help to explain the phenomena, without at all compromising ourselves relative to the abstract merits of the theological points at issue.

One ground for the appearance, or rather re-appearance, of the doctrines in question, may be found in human nature itself. The Oxford writers are the representatives of a class of men that worship the Past,—that repose upon antiquity, authority, and precedents,—that linger among the monuments of the mighty and of the sainted dead. A considerable measure of this conservative spirit is one of the elements of the English character. Indeed, the well-being of the British empire may depend on this earnest love of the Past.

Among the features in the present aspect of the Protestant world, we may reckon the increasing attention that is paid to the early history of the Christian Church. Were it only the indulgence of a generous curiosity, this would be one of the most rational and interesting indulgences of the nowledge-seeking faculty that can be imagined. To ponder veritable history of any kind is much better than to listen to the most enchanting fictions. And what can be more desirable than to study the record of the early struggles of the Church, and of its infant efforts towards the systematic develop-

ment of Christian doctrine, and then, on its application of the doctrine itself, whether wisely or not, in the early formation of Christian life and Christian institutions?

It is not, however, a mere indulgence of curiosity. Good may come of it in many ways. For, next to the study of the Bible itself, what can promise more for the correct understanding of the truth it contains, than an accurate knowledge of the ways in which those truths have been understood, in diverse ages and by diverse kinds of men? The study of the antiquities of the church, we contend, has a purifying as well as a conservative influence.

The perversion of the Protestant principle of free discussion seems to account in a measure, for the recent developments of the Oxford Tractarians. They have seen, as they represent, the evils of dissent; have gazed on the bitter conflicts of nonconformists, battling for the right of free discussion,—for the privilege, every man for himself, of intepreting the Bible. The Oxford fellow stands aghast at the terrible wars which the followers of Westley and Whitfield have waged, one with another,—at the vagaries of the Congregationalist, the Baptist, the sturdy disciple of John Knox, &c. But when he comes to seek for the source of all these contendings, he finds it in the doctrine of the great Wittemberg reformer,—viz., the right, inalienable, of every man, to read and expound the Bible as he pleases. This to the true Tractarian is the secret of the everlasting din of the dissenting warriors. The Protestant principle in his eye is therefore wrong: men have *not* the right of private judgment. They must sit, docile learners, at the feet of their gray-headed mother. Such seems to be the course of reasoning by which the High-Churchman of Oxford is led to denounce what he terms the right of private judgment; such his observation of facts, which leads him to repose more complacently than before, on the bosom of the holy and apostolic church; although the liberal Protestant maintains that the quarrels of the Dissenters have thrown him off his guard,—have induced him to reason from the perversion of a principle; gathering up the abuses of a good thing, and on them building his theory. When all sects, except his own dear communion, and even some small fragments of that, are contending with each other, as though Christianity itself were at stake, he looks around for a firm and a centrical footing; nor is he satisfied until he has established more strongly than ever, that the Church is the only authorized expounder of God's truth. One extreme, say moderate men, has produced its opposite.

Another cause of the new movement at Oxford may be found in the Episcopal church itself. To a certain extent this movement falls in with the genius of the establishment. The tendency of the Tracts is to exalt the authority of the bishops, to magnify their office. Now, it is not in human nature to be speedily displeased with what pro-

motes one's own dignity and spiritual power. And thus may perhaps be explained the silence of the majority of the English prelates with regard to the Oxford views, if not their tacit approval. Besides, it is pretty evident that the teachings of the Tractarians are steadily undermining the evangelical system, a result which will not be discountenanced by several of the dignitaries of the English church. True, it is alleged, that fasts, penances, and reliance on tradition are threatening to be substituted; and therefore it might be expected that a bold stand would be made by the bishops against these decidedly Romish reforms. The truth however, appears to be that the dignitaries found themselves very delicately situated; and that while they are averse to proceed to strong expressions of condemnation of gentlemen so closely identified with an ancient institution, which requires to be religiously venerated and defended, there is a home-speaking and most comfortable doctrine upheld by these same Oxford authorities, viz., that the present bishops are the heirs and representatives of the apostles by successive transmission of the prerogative of being so, every link in the chain being known from St. Paul to the present metropolitans.

Some of the opponents of the Tractarians have expressed their surprise that the doctrines in question should emanate from Oxford. But these persons must have forgotten that this venerable university was founded in the palmiest days of the papal supremacy, and that it received such privileges as the see of Rome claimed the power of conferring; and it is well known that it has retained many of the features of the times of its foundation. It has steadily resisted all innovations. It is a cloistered establishment. It is shut out in a great measure from the social world. Its learned doctors cannot but sympathize with the tenets of "ancient Christianity," in respect to the greater purity of the virgin state. Having resided long in a university which has been fixed to her moorings almost a thousand years; conversant with the dim and the shadowy past; reminded at every corner and in every leaf of the statute book of a remote and revered antiquity; cut off, in a great measure, from the charms of the living world, how otherwise can it be than that such men should idolize the fathers and cling to the apostolical succession, speak tenderly of monks and nuns, and cry out against the degenerate and stirring times in which they are called to live and toil? The movement is, in part, owing to the place where the movers live.

But, not to pursue this inquiry further, and that we may avoid committing ourselves by any harsh or sweeping allegations, we shall, ere concluding, recur to an idea already advanced by us, viz. with regard to the revival of the study of christian antiquities, and to wh ch gladdening feature of recent times in England, the Oxford movement has contributed. The fathers in the Latin and Greek originals begin to be carefully consulted, and many dusty folios to be

opened. And in proof of this fact, we need only allude to the increasing number of works on the early history of the church. During the last age, science, in distinction from profound literature, engrossed far the greater share of studious toil in Europe, with the exception of Germany; and the mournful cry was, that learning was perishing from the earth. Now, however, the prospect is that literature will ere long stand in her full strength by the side of her sister science.

Peace now so long enjoyed between the most enlightened nations, may be regarded as the chief cause of this relative change. Amid wars and rumours of wars, the mind of whole kingdoms becomes ferocious, and ceases to care, and next to know, about the pursuits of peaceful, leisurely learning, acquiring an unnatural anxiety concerning those arts and branches which directly or indirectly relate to war.

France, for example, once so distinguished for both sacred and profane learning, is a living proof of what the spirit of war can do in this part of its devastating sphere. Peculiarly is this true in regard to religious literature. England, too, deeply felt the like effects; although Germany was saved from them,—so far as she was saved at all, partly by her division into small kingdoms, which could hope for no martial glory; but chiefly by what is otherwise a calamity, the despotic sway of her sovereigns, allowing no scope for the common mind to become absorbed in political concerns. Hence it is, in no small degree, that Germany kept on her literary career; and, when emerging from the wars of the last age, was found so far in advance of the rest of the world. And now in these peaceful days, time and ample opportunities are afforded for disseminating through other nations, the accumulated and accumulating fruits of German acquisition. This propitious change is particularly manifest in the departments of biblical criticism and ecclesiastical history.

A powerful cause of the increased attention to the history, especially to the antiquities, of the church, as well as to biblical criticism, is found in the controversies without and within its limits,—between rival sects, and also in the grand contest which she has to wage against her infidel foes. In the meantime almost every sect has advanced with the rapid advance of population; and their individual increase is carefully registered, and loudly heralded in periodical reports, as though each thought it would ere long take the lead and fill the land. But this is not all; nearly all these sects are rapidly rising into eminence in regard to learning. This is a fact with some that formerly gloried in their ignorance, but which now have their theological seminaries. A resort to this additional and legitimate source of argument will ultimately have its benign and elevating effect on every sect.

But Christians have controversies from without, that demand an acquaintance with the doctrines and usages of the early church.

Infidels of every class, from Celsus and Porphyry down to your Voltaires, Humes,and Gibbons, have delighted to assail Christianity within the citadel of her own literature. Generally they hate the scriptures and Christianity, too bitterly, to study them enough to learn even their more plausible points of assault. But history is often their delight, as it has been so extensively their triumphant boast. To glean the scandal of the church and her inconsistencies, and place them in their most revolting attitudes, and then charge the whole on Christianity itself, has been their favourite and most succesful mode of warfare. Now, these contests, whether from within or without, will not be merely so much matter for unmitigated regret, should they result in burning the hay and stubble in the fabric of every sect, and of the whole church. To this end may the Oxford movement contribute!

Art. VII.

1. *Josephine, a Poem in Three Parts, and Other Pieces.* By Frances M. Eaton. Whittaker.
2. *Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson. 2 vols. Moxon.
3. *Eva, a True Story, of Light and Darkness, &c.* By Sir Edward L. Bulwer, Bart. Saunders and Otley.

Josephine and the Other Poems is a youthful production, we learn from the preface, and by one who comes forward with a beautiful trembling modesty. The songstress is an islander, Guernsey claiming her, it appears, as a daughter: and a gifted as well as sweetly accomplished damsel she is; having fallen too upon the theme, which forms the principal feature of her volume, with felicitous effect and promise. Spirit and gracefulness characterize the poem; while the principal events in the life of Josephine, from the Gipsy's prediction at Martinique to her death at Malmaison, are given naturally and most touchingly. It is pleasant to welcome an aspirant like Miss Eaton. Indeed, had her *debut* been made a quarter of a century ago, the probability is, that we should now have been naming her in connexion with poets belonging to an era when but few attempted the rhyming art, and when those few seldom invoked the muse, unless after timid preparation and with something like an adequate sense of the dignity and delicacy of the tuneful calling. Is not this a sweet and animated opening?

> Sweet evening falls o'er Martinico's bay,
> And to her shores the dancing waters play,—
> Play in their mightiest gladness, as the breeze
> Curls the light foam o'er all the neighb'ring seas.
> The monarch sun has just resigned his sway,
> But leaves his glory lingering with the day;
> Golden and purple clouds,—his gorgeous train
> Lit by his parting glory—yet remain.

It is the hour, while yet the heavens are bright,
When soft'ning shades declare th' approaching night,
The love-bird carols forth his latest vows,
And seeks his home among the palm-tree boughs.
The sable children of that lovely land,
Resign the task of each laborious hand,
And from the grounds which all their cares employ,
Come forth, a welcome respite to enjoy.—
But see, where yon high tamarind lifts its head—
Where its green leaves their soft cool shadows shed—
Where the rude bench invites the wearied guest,
To nature's kindest offering—peaceful rest—
And the fair rivulet runs glancing by,
Murmuring its music to the bright blue sky;
There to that fairy spot, with beauty bright,
The young girls hasten on a summer's night,
And weaving buds for many an amorous spell,
Their hopes, their sorrows, and their counsels tell.
Ah! what a world of chequered lights and shades,
Lies in your hearts, ye simple Indian maids.
The passing stranger, as he marks the scene,
Each untold history may lightly glean.
The languid step, the drooping saddened eye,
That sparkles sometimes into brilliancy,
But sinks more quickly than that fire was lit,—
Say can he doubt the tale that there is writ?
The "ower true tale" of love, when hope is dead,
The rose of life with all its colours fled!
Poor Indian maid! Time, with effacing art,
Alone shall calm the memories of thy heart;
And from their home those treasured visions steal,
Teaching his thankless lesson—not to feel.
By thy side, sad one, laughs a gayer thing,
A maiden bright with all the hues of spring.
Her voice is music, and its joyous tone
The echoes borrowing, give back as their own:
Her form is tall, her brow serene and high,
The heavens have lent their colours to her eye;
And as amid her darker friends she stands,
Though many taller, she alone commands;
And her fair skin, which stranger birth betrays,
Tells, as it glows, how well she loves their praise!
Such are the pair, who now beneath the tree
Whisper of friendship and fidelity,
And though *one* doubt such things indeed can be,
'Tis hers to treasure up the fallacy.
Hers to rely, to trust, to love, to hope,
To doubt, to tremble, and forgotten droop.
Slightly apart, a merrier group are seen,
In joyous dance upon the flow'ry green:

Light flying steps, sure evidence of mirth,
Scarce send a football to the verdant earth.
And the gay flowers, their heads one moment bent,
Shake their sweet bells and give a richer scent.
Such is the picture—when my fitful tale
Takes up its story in that peaceful vale.

Miss Eaton is an adept in the choice and variety of measure. Take a passage from the *second part.*

Who weeps within that narrow cell?
Whose groans come on the air?
As struggling grief and love disturb,
Manhood's firm voice of prayer?
The slanting beam of garish day,
Falls on the brow of Beauharnais!
And by its languid light is seen
The agony of Josephine.
The captive's hours are numbered,
Time for him hath nothing more,
It shall not e'en the darkened day
Or ghastly night restore!
This very sun's bright glowing ray,
Lights thy last hour, de Beauharnais!
And thou sweet bride of other days,
When life was glad and bright,
The rose of his fair summer time,
His "sparkling star of light."
How doth thy love, thy faith, illume,
That hour's deep misery and gloom!
It is the ivy's brightening smile,
O'er ruin and decay,
As clinging to the tottering pile,
It breathes of summer all the while,
Tho' summer is away.
A garland in the stormiest hour,
That owns no season's withering power,
But ever twines its freshest leaves,
Where most it loves, where most it grieves;
Oh! it were vain and sad to tell
The sorrows of that last farewell—
How vividly before them rose,
Sweet scenes, sweet words, which long had slept;
As sparkling through their deepest woes,
Came jewels, memory had kept,
Like stars which in the darkest night
Send forth their kindliest beams of light.
"A moment, Josephine, to tears—
To tenderness—to thoughts of thee,—
Then turn I where time disappears,
In thy vast grasp, Eternity!

Tomorrow's generous gift shall be,
A glorious immortality!
No thought is heavy on my heart,
But that *I* go, and leave *thee* here;
Yet when I think of what thou art,
I wondering ask, what shall I fear?
Thy virtues shall outlive this hour,
And smile beyond a murderer's power—
Fate hath a triumph yet for thee.
Mid her bright leaves of destiny.
Remember'rest thou the gipsey's tale,
Ere yet I sought thy love, thy smile,
And won to leave her sunny vale,
The treasure of the Indian Isle?
Turn on me, sweet, one last caress,
In thy soft voice, my last hour bless;
I would those sounds, those words should be
As echoes in my memory,
Breathing in spirit-tones of thee."

One passage more from this elegant poem.

Softly o'er Malmaison's sweet scene
The young Spring threw her veil of green—
Loosened the moss-encircled buds,
Set free the many-voiced floods,
Awoke her minstrels of the air
To pour their choicest music there,
And stole from Summer's flowery store
Blossoms *she only* brought before.
But all in vain—that winning smile
Might many a weary heart beguile,—
Might many a home-bound pilgrim stay,
Revived by its sweet gracious ray,—
But not our sorrowing Josephine—
Life is for her but what "*hath been.*"
Malmaison with its princely towers,
Its hanging groves, its greenwood bowers,
Hath but one gift her heart would crave,
A silent, solitary grave.

It is over!—they have laid her
Where her spirit is at rest,
And a humble tomb in a village church
Suits her fallen fortunes best.
Affection, love, and memory there
Shall bending breathe the frequent prayer;
That grave their favourite home shall be
An altar to fidelity;

There shall her "destiny severe"
Ask sorrow's sympathising tear!
Oh! pause ye then, and while ye trace
The lonely one's last resting place,
Ask peace for that much injured queen—
The sorrow-stricken Josephine.
Remember ye the searching woe
Her kindly heart was doomed to know?
Remember ye the trial and strife
That marked her short and chequered life?
Then, ere ye lightly turn away
From the lone tomb, oh! kneeling pray,
By mercy and by love forgiven,
Sweet peace may be her fate in heaven.

Soft be thy rest, sweet Josephine,
Thou wast the genius of my tale,
Its only charm *thy* name hath been,
Now must its tuneless numbers fail.
But if, recounting thy sad lot,
I have for thee, called back the sigh,
That speaks thy memory unforgot,—
Rewarded is my minstrelsy,
The harp's light tunes may grateful die.

The minor pieces have the same tasteful gentleness and feminine vivacity that distinguish the principal poem; and although greater compression, and a firmer reliance upon her own independent and original thoughts ought to characterize any future productions of this lady, yet these rare qualities will require leisure to mature, and pains-taking culture,—consisting of a fuller observation for herself, a deeper skill in the art of selecting images, and a broader intellectual development than can be expected from a person who has not counted many summers, which we take to be the fact with Frances M. Eaton. Great readiness at stringing harmonious verses together ought not to be indulged; for a writer having the jingling gift is extremely ready to attenuate merely other people's fancies, and also to do nothing better than imitate the style of some third-rate rhymster.

If one example belonging to our times can be quoted with more justice than another, from amongst the tuneful tribe, of a person largely gifted with the poetic temperament, and giving the highest early promise of mastery in the poet's art, having husbanded and cultivated his talents, with patience, judgment, and success, Mr. Tennyson, we think, may be pronounced to be that individual. It is now a good many years since he first came suddenly before the public with a collection of lyrics that were surprising; the very faults which checquered these effusions being such as no ordinary mind could have committed, and stamping the author to be a man of wayward but splendid genius. Besides, the positive and original beauties

of these same early efforts blazoned their very objectionable oddities, and rendered them characteristic of a daring will.

The first of the volumes before us contains the poems that appeared some dozen years ago, and to which we have *now* been alluding, considerably pruned and improved; certain extravagancies being subdued, necessary omissions made, and alterations introduced. These processes might have been advantageously pursued to a greater extent; but as it is, the example is highly praiseworthy and will be salutary. The second volume presents to us new pieces; and these appear to us fully to bear out the early promise of the poet, and to evince a decided advancement during the interval, not only in the great essentials of his art, but to the vanquishment of some of his questionable peculiarities of other years; although we still find at times a recklessness of thought and expression, as if the author were over-conscious of his masses of wealth, and at others again quaintnesses which savour of an affectation of originality, just as if originality and affectation were not antagonistic things, utter contradictions. But still, what an amount of manly and right English thought swells in these new poems,—how much that is pure and picturesque, —simple and overpowering! The mere expressions are often steeped as it were in a poetic fount of delicious sweetness and surpassing richness of flavour. Mr. Tennyson indeed appears in most instances to throw himself with a deep congenial heartiness into his subject, and with such an unction as makes it his own. It is therefore with the more regret that one finds him now and then indulging a talent for wanton and wilful vagaries of words as well as of images and ideas.

The new pieces are numerous and varied, partaking largely of the form of eclogue and lyric; but of very unequal length. We need not give the titles of many of them, seeing that no brief mode of characterizing each could convey any distinct notion of their quality. The best thing therefore for us to do, is to save further comment and to cite a few examples. And first, take several stanzas from "Locksley Hall," a poem full of genuine passion and powerful thinking, uttered with a commanding music. A faithless mistress has blighted a noble heart; and the present and the past riot within him:—

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whisper throng'd my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rush'd together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin shallow hearted! O my Amy, mine no more!
O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? his eyes are heavy: think not they are glazed with wine,
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him: take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand——
Better thou wert dead before me, tho' I slew thee with my hand!

Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Roll'd in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warps us from the living truth!

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom, tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers to such length of years should come
As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

We now quote entire one of the smaller pieces. Was ever the story of Godiva thus loftily yet tenderly sung?—

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:
  Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,—
The woman of a thousand summers back,

Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children clamouring, "If we pay we starve;"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as these?"—"But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then fillip'd at the diamond in her ear.
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said.
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart, as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bad him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing: but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud; anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knees;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the sprout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and over head

Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all, bore up till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.
  Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropp'd before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even thus she gain'd
Her bower; whence re-issuing, robed and crown'd
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

Take lastly the simple and pathetic ballad, entitled "The Lord of Burleigh;"—

In her ear he whispers gaily,
  "If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch'd thee daily,
  And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies in accents fainter,
  "There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape painter,
  And a village maiden she.
He to lips that fondly falter,
  Presses his without reproof;
Leads her to the village altar,
  And they leave her father's roof.
"I can make no marriage present;
  Little can I give my wife,
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
  And I love thee more than life."
They by parks and lodges going
  See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods about them blowing,
  Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
  Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
  Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
  Hears him lovingly converse,

Sees whatever fair and splendid
  Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
  Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
  Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
  Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
  Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
  He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
  When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
  Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
  And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
  Than all those she saw before,
Many a gallant gay domestic
  Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
  When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
  Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
  Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
  "All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
  Lord of Burleigh, fair and free;
Not a lord in all the county
  Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
  Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
  And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
  Pale again as death did prove:
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
  And he cheer'd her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
  Though at times her spirits sank;
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
  To all the duties of her rank;
And a gentle consort made he,
  And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
  And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her night and morn,
With the burden of a honour,
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd, "Oh! that he
Were once more that landscape painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people softly treading
Bore to earth her body drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

Eva, a True Story, of Light and Darkness; the Ill-omened Marriage; and other Tales and Poems" by Sir E. L. Bulwer, fill a volume which presents its ambitious and celebrated author, if not in an entirely new phase of his aspirations and intellectual development, at least as taking a more determined stand in the poetic ranks, than what he now designates "the worthless rhymings of his youth" entitled him to assume. The probability indeed is that Sir Edward, having occupied the highest station in prose fiction, and won that eminence by a gradual ascent and by a resolute and splendid perseverance; and having traversed the upper regions to which we have alluded, with an affluent and gorgeous display, powerful and versatile, is now resolved to take the neighbouring heights of Parnassus by storm, and not to abate till he has achieved the conquest. And who can presume that he who aims so loftily and has already gained so many victories, will not reach an elevation but little short of his bounding aspirations, especially when it is considered that several of his grandest romances are essentially poems, although not in verse? Such we suppose, may be Sir Edward's intent, such, perhaps his coming triumph.

There is more of sparkle and individual character in these "Tales and Poems" than in Tennyson's Lyrics and Idyls; and less of passion and picturesque description. But Sir Edward is not wanting in respect of the latter qualities, although it appears to us that there

is more of cynic bitterness and of satirical effort in his practical pictures and also fanciful creations, than can be discovered in the robust and as it were restrainless emotions of the other poet.

Perhaps it is in the "Ill-omened Marriage" that Bulwer's several poetic qualities appear most distinctly. The tale, however, is not much to our mind; nor are its incidents very probable or natural. In fact, it is constructed after a fashion that enables the writer to follow up some of his favourite notions, with regard to domestic life, and the mistakes and misunderstandings that divide the best natures as well as respecting the real character of sordid and worldly persons, who are permitted to mar the happiness of the confiding and the innocent. Harcourt, for example, is a lover whom wealth attracts, and who, on a reverse of the heroine's father, judge's it wise to keep aloof from the loving and unsuspecting Constance. But when her parent is restored to his former state through the good offices of a generous nobleman, who asks and receives the heroine's consent to become his spouse, although against her secret prepossessions and from a sense of gratitude, the former lover returns, but all too late; for the marriage to the Earl has just been celebrated. Upon this, and the discovery of their several sentiments, it is resolved that the lady and her lord shall henceforth live as friends, to save appearances, but not as man and wife; this anomalous condition giving the author opportunity to employ his weapons of wit and pungent satire as well as his powers of moving the tender feelings; the speculation, gossip, and scandal of worldlings, contrasting with the secret and growing attachment of the high-souled and immaculate pair, who are at length made happy by a full and proper understanding of their reciprocal character, and also of the principles of the hollow Harcourt, who discloses his motives and purposes to a correspondent, in the folloming terms.

> Back to this land, where Merit starves, obscure,
> Where Wisdom says—"Be anything but poor,"
> Return'd,—my eyes the path to wealth explore,
> And straight I hear—"Constance is rich once more!"
> Thou know'st, my friend, with what a dexterous craft
> I 'scap'd the cup a tenderer dupe had quafft;
> For in the chalice Misery holds to life,
> What drop more nauseous—than a dowerless wife?
> Yet she was fair, and gentle, charming—all
> That Man would make his partner—at a ball!
> And, for the partner of a life, what more?—
> Plate at the board, a porter at the door!
> Love does not thrive on mutton, when 'tis cold—
> The zone of Venus, trust me, was of gold.
> Yes, she was rich, and oh, I loved her well;—
> The wealth grew doubtful—fainter grew the spell;

The wealth was lost—Love vanish'd with the ore;
Plutus returns—lo, Cupid as before!
"But how," thou ask'st, "will one, how soft soe'er,
List to the Lover, voiceless for a year?
And how explain—how"—why impute to thee
Questions whose folly thy quick glance can see;
Who loves is ever glad to be deceived—
Who lies the most is still the most believed.
Somewhat I trust to Eloquence and Art,
And where these fail—thank Heaven, she has a heart!
More it disturbs me that some rumours run,
That Constance, too, can play the Faithless one;
That, where round pastoral meads blue streamlets purl,
Chloe has found a Thyrsis—in an Earl!
And oh, that Ruthven! Hate is not for me;
Who loves not, hates not—both bad policy!
Yet *could* I hate, through all the earth I know
But that one man my soul could honour so.
Thro' ties remote—by some Scotch grandam's side—
We are, if scarce related, yet allied;
And had his mother been a barren dame,
Harcourt's had been his heritage and name;
Nay, if he die without an heir, ev'n yet—
Oh, while I write, perchance the seal is set!
Farewell!—a letter speeds to her retreat
The prayer that wafts her Harcourt to her feet,
There to explain the past—his faith defend,
And claim, et cetera—Yours, in haste, my friend!
P.S.—thou lik'st Terese—she's somewhat in my way—
Wilt thou accept her? She look'd well to-day.

This is a fair specimen of Sir Edward's fancy and versification; although there are many other passages in these "Tales and Poems" of a tenderer and more winning character. Still, the heartless and the selfish flaunters of the town predominate, and are the chosen objects of the poet's shafts. He says—

The world look'd on, and construed, as it still
Interprets all it knows not—into ill.
The church's ground by daylight we revere—
Let darkness come—what phantoms in our fear!
So in the holiest shade will Slander mark
Ghosts in each tomb—all Hades in the dark!
"Was ever lord, so newly wed, so cold?—
Poor thing!—forsaken ere a year be told!
Doubtless, some wanton—true, we know not who—
But those proud sinners are so wary too!
Oh! for the good old days—we never heard
Of men so shocking under George the Third!"

So ran the gossip. With the gossip, came
The brood it hatch'd—consolers to the dame.
The soft and wily wooers, who begin,
Through sliding pity, the smooth ways to sin.
My lord is absent at the great debate,
Go, soothe the lady's unprotected state—
Go, Lechery—go, and wish the cruel Heaven
To thee such virtue, now so wrong'd, had given!

We conclude with a variety, yet breathing a strong moral, while it embodies stern and touching facts. It is called "The Sabbath."

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail
How motionless and still!

Six days stern Labour shuts the poor
From Nature's careless banquet hall;
The seventh, an angel opes the door,
And smiling welcomes all!

A Father's tender mercy gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength thy master's slave must be;
The seventh, the limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

The fields that yester-morning knew
Thy footsteps as their serf, survey;
On thee, as them, descends the dew,
The baptism of the day.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
But yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirring wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

So rest—O weary heart!—but, lo,
The church-spire, glist'ning up to heaven,
To warn thee where thy thoughts should go,
The day thy God hath given!

Lone through the landscape's solemn rest,
The spire its moral points on high—
O, Soul, at peace within the breast,
Rise, mingling with the sky!

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of Power from old Dominion hurl'd,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the alter'd world.

Alas! since Time itself began,
That fable hath but fool'd the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright Republic shall be known;—
Man's world awhile hath surely ceast,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet hall—
The seventh the Father opes the door,
And holds his feast for all!

ART. VIII.—*Recollections of the Life of the Rev. A. J. Scott, D.D., Lord Nelson's Chaplain.* Saunders and Otley.

THESE Recollections have been compiled by the daughter and son-in-law of the late rev. doctor; forming a fitting tribute to his memory,—the memory of an amiable, and, in some respects, a remarkable person. Still, the life of the chaplain could not in itself have been the theme of a volume of considerable size, possessing throughout very deep interest. And yet the memoir has its curious as well as attractive points, which are with becoming filial love brought out, and also with a discriminating taste and due regard to truth. We must first of all notice the more prominent features in his character, and the principal passages in his personal career; and then proceed to the subject of the greatest attraction in the Recollections.

A. J. Scott, although born upon the banks of the Thames, seems to have claimed the ancestry to which his name immediately points; for he "inherited an antique silver seal, engraved with the Border arms of the Scott clan, which, it is said, had been taken from the pocket of one of his ancestors, who was found hanged in a tree after the battle of Culloden. This seal he once exhibited to Sir Walter Scott's eldest daughter, whom he met at an evening party of Miss Joanna Baillie's, and playfully claimed kindred with her family. She was very anxious that her father should see this relic, but he was not present that evening, and the opportunity never occurred."

Dr. Scott was left fatherless at an early age, his parent having died in circumstances which were by no means affluent; bequeathing a widow and several children to the care of his brother, Captain Scott. But the future chaplain was frequently in luck's way, his good fortune also setting in when he was but a child; for in 1772, when only

four years old, his uncle took him to the West Indies. Here the little boy lived in the house of Sir R. Payne, the governor of the Leeward Islands; his first lessons in reading being taught him by Lady Payne, while the uncle was employed in active service. The captain returned to England in 1777. The boy was sent to school and subsequently to the Charterhouse; but still spending his vacations chiefly at Lady Payne's, and where he had an opportunity of seeing people of the first rank and the highest polish. The gentlemanly manners for which he was in after life remarkable, as well as his turn for learning languages, were no doubt in a great measure acquired at the same period of his history. In fact, his conduct and cleverness had so distinguished him at the Charterhouse, that an exhibition of about *forty pounds* a-year was granted him; so that, although the uncle, who was a commander of the old school, had intended that the lad should go to sea, was induced to let him be sent to college, where he seems to have carried himself with a gay and free spirit, not more natural to him, than popular with his fellow-students. And yet luck's child had not his lot at Cambridge cast altogether among thornless roses. We thus read regarding the resolution that he should go to college:

Unfortunately for young Scott, the next necessary consideration was, how this could be done in the least expensive manner; and his uncle having made inquiries, the answer of course was, that the cheapest way of sending him to the university would be as a sizar. He was consequently entered as a sizar at St. John's College, Cambridge. On his arrival there, his feelings were deeply wounded by finding himself placed in a position so much beneath that to which all his former schoolfellows were admitted at St. John's and other colleges in the university. He remonstrated with his uncle, as naturally ignorant of usages and opinions in our universities; but in vain. Acting, as Captain Scott believed he had done, on the very best information and advice, and being indisposed from professional habits of naval command to listen to what he deemed the idle complaints of an insubordinate youngster, he turned a deaf ear to all his nephew's representations. He reminded him how he had roughed it in his own career on a more boisterous element than the feather-beds of college, and ordered him to "get rid of pride and do his duty cheerly." It was more easy, however, for the uncle to give such advice, than for the nephew to follow it. No one but an university-man can appreciate the distressing position of young Scott, and enter fully into his feelings. Prudence, no doubt, dictated that with his scanty allowance, suited to the situation of a sizar, he should decline associating with his former schoolfellows, who could afford expenses that must infallibly run him into debt. But, popular as he was with them, from his lively disposition, talents, and gentlemanlike manners—accustomed always to the best society, and naturally thoughtless about expense—it is no wonder that he should readily meet their advances, and, heedless of consequences, continue in their set.

Scott took orders, and without much loss of time went to sea as

chaplain with Sir John Collins in the Berwick. And from this time forward, during his naval career, he not only possessed the marked friendship of men celebrated in the service, but was frequently engaged diplomatically; his particular acquirements, manners, and character fitting him to a singular degree, for such delicate and important offices. Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson were of the number of distinguished persons with whom he formed an early acquaintance after his going to sea.

We have pointedly alluded to the high-bred manners of the chaplain and to his attractive character; notice having also been taken of his extraordinary aptitude for acquiring languages. This last mentioned feature, together with other noticeable points, will appear in the following passage:

Mr. Scott's great facility in acquiring languages was constantly shown. Although he had never seriously studied Italian until he set his foot on board, yet, by the time they arrived off the coast of Italy, he was sufficiently master of it to be able, on going ashore, to converse with the natives, to interpret for the officers of the ship, and to conduct any negotiations betwixt the commanding admiral and the Italian maritime states. He also very soon acquired Spanish. The way in which he set to work when learning new languages (for he did not confine himself to learning one at a time) was such as could only be pursued by a person having a peculiar aptitude and real love for the study. He entirely gave up his mind to them, he kept his journals in them, conversed at every opportunity with foreigners, got pupils out of the ship's company for practice-sake, and read night and day whenever he could lay his hand on a foreign book. This extraordinary diligence, and an uncommon talent for diplomacy, soon made him a known man in the fleet; and, among other distinguished persons to whom Sir John Collins introduced him, was Captain Horatio Nelson of the Agamemnon. So much struck, even then, was this most illustrious man by Scott's address and abilities, that he conceived at once a strong liking for him, and proposed to him some time afterwards, on the occasion of Sir John Collins' death, that he should accept the chaplaincy of the Agamemnon. This kind offer Mr. Scott respectfully declined, frankly explaining that, after his services in the Berwick, where he had acted as secretary to Sir John Collins, as well as chaplain to the ship, and had been employed diplomatically, he should not be doing justice to himself in accepting merely the chaplaincy of a smaller ship. Captain Nelson quite appreciated this excuse, but expressed his regret, and added the flattering wish, "that some day, if he should live to be an admiral, it might be in his power to make him an offer more worthy of his acceptance." It is interesting to record this commencement of the acquaintance between Dr. Scott and our great naval hero,—an acquaintance interrupted for a few years, but destined to be renewed on a theatre of glory, and to last in warm and unabated friendship till Nelson expired in his arms triumphant at Trafalgar.

But it was not a mere greediness and capacity with regard to the acquisition of languages that distinguished Dr. Scott. He was a man ardently devoted to study, and this too of curious books and

uncommon themes; the more remarkable when one considers his position and circumstances. He cherished a bibliomania, and was fond of old nic-nacs. But this is not all the curiosity; for the chaplain studied and keenly relished music and other pursuits most in vogue with refined society. Even these various points did not complete the indexes of his character. With a remarkable simplicity of manner and singleness of purpose,—which, joined to his extensive knowledge and elegance of deportment, made him a favourite at home and abroad,—he united the genius and talents for diplomacy, which took him often beyond the sphere of his professional duties. He who was blind or inattentive to his own immediate interests, was sharp-eyed and an adept in regard to public men and international affairs. In fact, his unobtrusive and gentle bearing,—his studious habits when on a foreign shore, or his apparently trifling occupations in the walks of elegance,—must have taken people off their guard, and enabled him to make discoveries, which might have been beyond the reach of an ostensible agent. His diplomatic skill was particularly proved at Copenhagen, where, after the battle, he not only drew up the terms of the convention, but contrived and couched it in the most dexterous and advantageous manner. Having alluded to a particular battle, in the current histories of which there is always something supposed to be characteristic to report with regard to Nelson's disregarding his superior's signal of recall, we shall copy certain notices from the chaplain's account sent to his uncle, Rear-Admiral Scott, together with the observations of the biographers.

March 22nd, in the evening.—The frigate is returned, and from appearances we shall fight. I have just seen the captain, who confirms this idea.—March 23rd, in the morning. The wind will not permit us to pass. We are at anchor off the Sound. Mr. Drummond is on board the frigate with all his family. He was charge d'affaires at Copenhagen. The Kite brig goes to England with him immediately. I fear there is a great deal of Quixotism in this business; there is no getting any positive information of their strength." The concluding observation in this letter may serve to show the apprehensions excited by Nelson's bold plan of immediate attack, until his opinion prevailed, and the whole conduct of the expedition devolved on him. It should be borne in mind, in reading Mr. Scott's journal, that the London was not engaged in the action; for it had been agreed that Lord Nelson should lead the attack, while Sir Hyde, with a small division of the fleet, remained to cover the retreat of the disabled ships; and when the latter would have advanced to assist Nelson's squadron, which had got entangled on the shoals, he was altogether prevented doing so by contrary winds and currents. It is commonly stated, that during the course of the battle, Sir Hyde Parker hoisted the signal of recall, and that Nelson, putting his glass to his blind eye, declared he could not see it, and therefore virtually disobeyed orders. Mr. Scott's simple version of the circumstance is, that it had been arranged between the admirals, that should it appear that the ships which were engaged were suffering too severely,

the signal for retreat should be made, to give Lord Nelson the option of retiring if he thought fit.

Having had England's naval hero thus pointedly introduced, we must not longer detain our readers with minor notices and personages. What we go forward to quote has not much that is new in it; but still it is given with such a truth-like particularity and honest plainness, as will be perused by all with eagerness and increasing satisfaction. The hero's habits and attractive traits will be to some extent seen in the following passages. He was particularly loveable.

Happily for Dr. Scott, all his services were, in the truest sense, labours of love. No man ever possessed in a more remarkable degree than Lord Nelson the power of exciting simultaneously affection for his person and admiration of his genius. Sir Pulteney Malcolm, whose extraordinary fate it had been to be intimately acquainted with Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, and our great naval hero, used to say (but perhaps with the partiality of a sailor) that "Nelson was the man to *love*."

It has been said that nothing is too small or too great for the attention and grasp of Wellington. Nelson's industry, regard to trifles, and acuteness, were not less remarkable, and yet characteristic of a different sort of mind. What we now quote presents him in a more particular light than we have before had an opportunity to view him.

Besides the graver employments above spoken of, Dr. Scott was in the habit of reading to his chief all the French, Italian, Spanish, and other foreign newspapers, which were sent regularly to the fleet; and these were ransacked as well for the amusement as the information they contained. Dr. Scott had also to wade through numberless ephemeral foreign pamphlets, which a mind less investigating than Lord Nelson's would have discarded as totally unworthy of notice; but he entertained a persuasion that no man ever put his hand to paper without having some information or theory to deliver, which he fancied was not generally known, and that this was worth looking after through all the encumbering rubbish. His own quickness in detecting the drift of an author was perfectly marvellous. Two or three pages of a pamphlet were generally sufficient to put him in complete possession of the writer's object; and nothing was too trivial for the attention of this great man's mind, when there existed a possibility of its being the means of obtaining information.

Day after day might be seen the admiral in his cabin closely employed with his secretary over their interminable papers. They occupied two black leathern arm-chairs; into the roomy pockets of which, Scott, weary of translating, would occasionally stuff away a score or two of unopened private letters found in prize-ships, although the untiring activity of Nelson grudged leaving one such document unexamined. These chairs, with an ottoman that belongs to them, (now treasured heir-looms in Dr. Scott's family,) formed, when lashed together, a couch, on which the hero often slept those brief slumbers for which he was remarkable.

Again,

Lord Nelson was constantly studying the characters of those whom he had

about him, and would lead them into discussions, in which he afterwards took no part, for the mere purpose of drawing out their thoughts and opinions; and even for debating the most important naval business, he preferred a turn on the quarter-deck with his captains, whom he led by his own frankness to express themselves freely, to all the stiffness and formality of a council of war.

In accordance with this habit, he was very fond of conversing with Dr. Scott; being interested by the originality of his thoughts, and the warm and enthusiastic manner in which he delivered them, as well as by the store of information with which his indefatigable habit of reading furnished him. We are assured by an eye-witness, that often after dinner Lord Nelson would amuse himself by leading the doctor into arguments on literature, politics, Spanish, and even naval affairs, and would occasionally provoke from him a lecture on navigation itself,—to the great entertainment of Admiral Murray, Captain Hardy, and other officers present.

We may here insert an anecdote of Nelson, which we have recently met with in the novel called "The Bishop's Daughter," a work which abounds with interesting matter of the sort, and professing to be authentic. Nor have we reason to doubt the truth of the stories. The anecdote in question was related by a lady who had refused the hand of the hero before he had won his unrivalled laurels; and it illustrates how closely and constantly he was in the habit of studying the characters, the manners, the notions of those whom he had about him. The lady lived with her brother in Oxford Street, and during Lord George Gordon's riots, Nelson accompanied the two persons mentioned to Bloomsbury Square, at the time when the mob were pillaging the mansion of the Lord Chief Justice. The story thus prooceds:

All the hackney coaches at that time had "No Popery" chalked, for safety, on their backs; and Miss P., from a regard to her own personal security, but much to Nelson's annoyance, wore the popular favour. On their arrival at Bloomsbury they witnessed the triumph of the mob, and the destruction of Lord Mansfield's library. Among them was a female figure particularly active, and pre-eminently malicious. She was tall—of huge proportions, and uncommon strength. The vigour with which she carried on the work of destruction, and the glee with which she fed the fire with some massy tomes of Lord Mansfield's library, mightily amused the mob. "That horrid woman seems more in earnest than any of them," was the comment of the lady. "She—is—not—a —woman," said Nelson slowly, and pausing between his words: "that figure is a man—and—a sailor." "A sailor!" cried her brother—"how can you possibly have come to such a conclusion?" "A seaman's eye is not easily deceived," was the rejoinder: "I have watched that fellow closely for the last ten minutes, and particularly the manner in which he tied that last knot. He's a man-of-war's man: and what's more, I've a notion that he has served under me. Now with your leave I'll ascertain it." We drew nearer to the building; and Nelson, the moment the indefatigable lady again made her appearance, sang out at the very top of his voice, "Thomas Barker! Thomas Barker!" The "hail" was perfectly unheeded. The lady executed her task and retired. An

interval of some minutes took place before she was seen again. At length she rushed forward to all appearance the very genuis of the storm. "Bobbing Tom! Bobbing Tom!" was this time loudly shouted in a clear full voice. The effect of the soubriquet was quite magical. The lady paused—looked towards the quarter whence the cry proceeded—caught Nelson's eye—and achieving such a summerset as legs covered with petticoats never perpetrated before, disappeared amidst the vociferous and prolonged laughter of the populace."

Very curious, we say, if true. But, to return to the Recollections: Lord Nelson was, when the occasion admitted, playful in the exercise of his authority.

Lord Nelson's manner, apart from duty, was universally kind, and even playful to all around him; an amusing instance of which, as well as of his extreme quickness, occurred during this cruise in the Mediterranean.

One bright morning, when the ship was moving about four knots an hour, through a very smooth sea, everything on board being orderly and quiet, there was a sudden cry of "a man overboard!" A midshipman named Flinn, a good draughtsman, who had been sitting on deck comfortably sketching, started at the cry, and looking over the side of the ship, saw his own servant, who was no swimmer, floundering in the sea. Before Flinn's jacket could be off, the captain of marines had thrown the man a chair through the port-hole in the ward-room, to keep him floating; in the next instant, Flinn had flung himself overboard and was swimming to the rescue. The admiral having witnessed the whole affair from the quarter-deck, was highly delighted with the scene; and when the party, chair and all, had been hauled upon deck, he called Mr. Flinn, praised his conduct, and made him lieutenant on the spot. A loud huzza from the midshipmen, whom the incident had collected on deck, and who were throwing up their hats in honour of Flinn's good fortune, arrested Lord Nelson's attention. There was something significant in the tone of their cheer which he immediately recognized; and, putting up his hand for silence, and leaning over to the crowd of middies, he said, with a good-natured smile on his face, "Stop, young gentlemen! Mr. Flinn has done a gallant thing to-day—and he has done many gallant things before—for which he has got his reward; but mind! I'll have no more making lieutenants for servants falling overboard."

We now hasten to the grand finale in the drama of Nelson's life. Of the few brief weeks that occurred between the hero's leaving England for the last time, and his coming up with the enemy off the Bay of Cadiz, the Recollections give us no details. Dr. Scott, it is said, unfortunately lost the private notes he kept of this period. However, the general account is sufficiently well known. But a more deeply interesting narrative than what follows cannot be presented to the British people, commencing with the 21st of October.

At day-break, on Monday, the 21st of October, the combined fleet was descried from the deck of the Victory, at about ten or eleven miles distant to the south-east—Cape Trafalgar being about seven leagues off in the same direction. This day was the anniversary of a festival in the Nelson family;

and the admiral, in slightly superstitious expectation that his battle would be fought on it, had more than once said to Dr. Scott, "the 21st will be our day." A long heavy swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz, which, with light favouring breezes, bore the fleet majestically on its course. The enemy awaited them in a well-formed line; which became slightly curved on the wind veering southward.

A corrective note may be acceptable here, although for a moment marring the picturesque description.

The position of the enemy has been described as forming a crescent, which occasioned the following note by Dr. Scott:—"A mistake—the enemy hove to, but the wind was scant, and their line was not so regularly formed as they could desire: as to the crescent, it was all idea. No such thing existed in the mind of Villeneuve or Gravina. A. J. Scott."—This note is corroborated by his friend, the late Captain W. P. Cumby, R.N., who was lieutenant of the Bellerophon, and succeeded to the command of her when Captain Cooke fell early in the engagement. This imaginary crescent was occasioned by the wind veering to the southward after they had formed their line on the larboard tack, which caused the headmost ships to lie up two or three points higher, and consequently brought the sternmost ships far to windward of those which had time to form in the wake of the leading ships.

But the narrative.

Lord Nelson, with one division of the fleet, stood for the enemy's van, while Admiral Collingwood, in the Royal Sovereign, steered directly for the centre of their line. At half-past eleven the action commenced by the enemy firing upon the Royal Sovereign; and twenty minutes afterwards they opened their fire upon the Victory; having discharged at her as she approached single guns, until they found she was within range of her shot, when they poured in their broadsides, maintaining an awful and tremendous fire. Before the Victory returned a shot, she had fifty killed or wounded. At four minutes past noon, she commenced firing from both sides of her deck on the enemy—the Santissima Trinidada of 136 guns, and the Bucentaur being on her larboard, and the Redoubtable on her starboard side. While the Victory was thus engaged, her second, the Temeraine fell on board the Redoubtable on the opposite side, and on board of her beyond was another French ship. These four ships were lying so close to each other, that they formed a solid mass; and every gun that was fired told.

The vividness of the narrative continues, but to what an awful interest does it rise!

The carnage on the deck of the Victory became terrific. Dr. Scott's duties confined him entirely to the cockpit, which was soon crowded with wounded and dying men; and such was the horror that filled his mind at this scene of suffering, that it haunted him like a shocking dream for years afterwards. He never talked of it. Indeed, the only record of a remark on the subject was one extorted from him by the inquiries of a friend soon after his return home: the expression that escaped him at the moment was, "it was like a butcher's shambles."

His natural tenderness of feeling, very much heightened by the shock on his nervous system, quite disqualified him for being a calm spectator of death and pain, as there exhibited in the most appalling shapes. But he suppressed his aversion as well as he could, and had been for some time engaged in helping and consoling those who were suffering around him, when a fine young lieutenant was brought down desperately wounded: this officer was not aware of the extent of his injury until the surgeon's examination, but on discovering it he tore off with his own hands the ligatures that were being applied, and bled to death. Almost frenzied by the sight of this, Scott hurried wildly to the deck for relief, perfectly regardless of his own safety. He rushed up the companion-ladder, now slippery with gore: the scene above was all noise, confusion, and smoke; but he had hardly time to breathe there when Lord Nelson himself fell, and this event at once sobered his disordered mind. He followed his chief to the cockpit: the scene there has been painfully portrayed by those who have written the life of Nelson; his chaplain's biographer has little to add, but that the confusion of the scene, the pain endured by the hero, and the necessity of alleviating his sufferings by giving lemonade to quench his thirst, and by rubbing his body, of course precluded the reading of prayers to him in the regular form, which otherwise would have been done; but often, during the three hours and a half of Nelson's mortal agony, they ejaculated short prayers together, and Nelson frequently said, "Pray for me, doctor." Every interval, indeed, allowed by the intense pain, and not taken up by the conduct of the action or in the mention of his private affairs, was thus employed in low and earnest supplications for Divine mercy. The last words which Dr. Scott heard murmured on his lips were "God and my country;" and he passed so quietly out of life, that Scott, who had been occupied ever since he had been brought below in all the offices of the most tender nurse, was still rubbing his stomach when the surgeon perceived that all was over. We subjoin part of a letter from Dr. Scott to Mr. Rose, in reply to some inquiries from that gentleman as to Lord Nelson's mention of himself on his deathbed.

It must be understood, say the biographers, that this letter does not pretend to be a full description of what passed, "but it will confirm accounts already given." The following are the terms of this highly interesting document:

In answer to your note of the 10th instant, which, forwarded by way of Chatham, I received this morning, it is my intention to relate everything Lord Nelson said, in which your name was any way connected. He lived about three hours after receiving his wound; was perfectly sensible the whole time; but compelled to speak in broken sentences, which pain and suffering prevented him always from connecting. When I first saw him, he was apprehensive he should not live many minutes, and told me so; adding, in a hurried, agitated manner, though with pauses, "Remember me to Lady Hamilton! remember me to Horatia! remember me to all my friends! Doctor, remember me to Mr. Rose; tell him I have made a will and left Lady Hamilton and Horatia to my country." He repeated his remembrances to Lady Hamilton and Horatia, and told me to mind what he said, several times. Gradually he became less agitated, and at last calm enough to ask questions about what was

going on: this led his mind to Captain Hardy; for whom he sent and inquired with great anxiety, exclaiming aloud, he would not believe he was alive unless he saw him. He grew agitated at the captain's not coming, lamented his being unable to go on deck and do what was to be done, and doubted every assurance given him of the captain's being safe on the quarter-deck. At last the captain came; and he instantly grew more composed, listened to his report about the state of the fleet, directed him to anchor, and told him he should die, but observed he should live half an hour longer.

"I shall die, Hardy," said the admiral.

"Is your pain great, sir?"

"Yes, but I shall live half an hour yet; Hardy, kiss me." The captain knelt down by his side and kissed him. Upon the captain leaving him, to return to the deck, Lord Nelson exclaimed very earnestly, more than once, "Hardy, if I live I'll bring the fleet to an anchor—If I live I'll anchor—If I live I'll anchor;" and this was earnestly repeated even when the captain was out of hearing. I do not mean to tell you everything he said. After this interview, the admiral was perfectly tranquil, looking at me in his accustomed manner when alluding to any prior discourse. "I have not been a great sinner, doctor," said he. "Doctor, I was right, I told you so: *George Rose has not yet got my letter;* tell him"—he was interrupted here by pain; after an interval he said,—"*Mr. Rose will remember*—don't forget, doctor, mind what I say." There were frequent pauses in his conversation. Our dearly beloved admiral otherwise mentioned your name, indeed, very kindly; and I will tell you his words when I see you; but it was only in the two above instances he desired you should be told.

Dr. Scott immediately follows up these memorable passages with observations relative to Nelson's religion.

Some remark on the private feelings of Lord Nelson will probably be looked for in the life of his chaplain. To a question put to Dr. Scott as to Lord Nelson's religious sentiments, his answer was, "he was a thorough clergyman's son; I should think he never went to bed or got up without kneeling down to say his prayers." Dr. Scott also said of him, that he had frequently expressed to him his attachment to the Established Church, in which he had been educated; and he proved the sincerity of this by the regularity and respect with which he always had divine service performed on board the Victory whenever the weather permitted. After the service, he had generally a few words with the chaplain on the subject of the sermon, either thanking him for its being a good one, or remarking that it was not so well adapted as usual to the crew; the admiral being always anxious that the discourse should be sufficiently plain for the men, and his chaplain, with the liability of a scholar, being sometimes tempted into a too learned disquisition: more than once on such occasions has Lord Nelson taken down a volume of sermons in his own cabin, with the page already marked, at some discourse which he thought well suited to such a congregation, and requested Dr. Scott to preach it on the following Sunday.

Without a break in the narrative, the biographers go on to speak of Lady Hamilton, and Horatia Nelson.

With regard to his unfortunate admiration of Lady Hamilton, we may safely say, that neither Dr. Scott, nor his other most intimate friends, believed in its criminality. Lord St. Vincent used to call them "a pair of sentimental fools;" and it is a fact that Lady Hamilton never was a mother. Certainly, therefore, she had no connection with Lord Nelson's adopted daughter; as to whose parentage Dr. Scott never gave any clue, whatever he may have known on the subject. But it has been thought by some, who witnessed Nelson's intimacy with royalty at Naples, and who were aware that he had been warned of even the danger of assassination in consequence of it, that Horatia Nelson might lay claim to a far more illustrious origin than has been supposed. This solution, if a true one, accounts equally as well for the miserable state of mind which Lord Nelson's letters written from Naples betray, and which his biographers have attributed to his infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton. It may be feared that this misery was the consequence of guilt; but if so, such uneasiness was the conscientious compunction of an habitually upright mind.

On the death of Nelson, Dr. Scott, notwithstanding powerful interest, had to rusticate on a small living in the gift of the Charterhouse. At length Lady Liverpool was enabled to present him to Catterick, a parish in Yorkshire, where he was pastor to the hour of his death, which occurred in 1840. He married Miss Ryder in 1807, but was left a widower a few years after, with several children.

A portrait of Nelson is prefixed to the Recollections, which was engraved from a miniature by Jackson, formerly in the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Dr. Scott, it appears, deemed it a happy likeness.

ART. IX.—*Lectures on Paley; or, the Principles of Morality. Designed for the Use of Students in the University.* Cadell.

WE may commence a notice of this volume with a characteristic anecdote of the great moral philosopher. A certain enthusiastic fox-hunter having been loud in his praises of his favourite sport in the hearing of Paley, the moralist at once let loose and affirmed that it was a cruel pastime; "that it was opposed alike to reason and humanity; that it was a degradation of man's powers to spend morning after morning at the tail of a pack of hounds; that man was born for higher and nobler purposes than that of devoting a large portion of existence to killing vermin; that it was an indefensible waste of time; that one of its sure results was that of inducing first a toleration, and then a distinct preference for low company; that it was the forerunner of excess; debased a man's manners, and brutalized his intellect." The fox-hunter starting on his legs, exclaimed, "Sir, I can't imagine where you have been bred; where you have passed your time. I can't form any idea what has been *your* resort. Mine," added he proudly, "mine is well known."—"And well shown," added Paley, "The Kennel."

These sentiments were not unworthy of the author of the "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy;" the first part of which celebrated and standard work has been used as the text-book of the present Lectures; forming a fitting and indeed necessary sequel to Lectures on Locke on the Principles of Logic, by the same hand, which we noticed with merited praise nearly two years ago.

We have seen Epitomes or Analyses of Paley's Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy heretofore, and thrown into a catechetical shape; professing to give the substance of the original work, both more briefly and simply than had been done by the Archdeacon. The author of one of these publications talked of directing the "mind of the student to the aim and scope of the several arguments" in Paley's Principles; and another proposed "to adapt his (Paley's) reasoning to the use of some who might hesitate to peruse the elaborate investigations of the original work."

Now, we heartily object to such attempts as those now mentioned. The catechetical form must at least interfere with the principle of brevity, unless the process be one of the crudest and most mangling nature; while Paley, above all philosophical writers, is removed from obscurity, dryness, and unattractive speculation. The most juvenile student of his Principles cannot wish to be freed from the perusal of one doctrine, one distinction, one illustration. He will never dream of saying that a single paragraph is superfluous; for every sentence that is abbreviated or lopped off by means of the scissors, is just so much withdrawn from the deep interest of the original performance; and from which no one can rise without clearer and deeper impressions of his own respective rights and duties as a man, a subject, and a Christian. No, no; we wish for none of your abridgements of the great practical moralist,—for none of your Catechetical Paleys.

But the work before us belongs to no such flimsy and marring attempts as those to whose preposterous doings we have been referring. In the Lectures, Paley's Moral Philosophy is used as a text-book; and in so far as his principles and arrangement are concerned, our author is a distiller; he makes whatever the great master set forth his own by a patient yet anxious process of digestion; and thus, in a single instance, often in a single line, gives the essence of the master's elaborated speculation. But the work contains much more, accomplishes much more, than a mere analysis; although even in this respect we hesitate not to pronounce the performance to be one of ability and ingenuity. Indeed we look upon the work as being chiefly remarkable, in respect of originality; and this not only as relates to plan but matter. That plan will be best understood from the specimen or two which we copy out; but the matter may be thus fairly characterized: it consists of the fruits of much reading and of scholarly learning, skilfully applied to

Paley's Principles; so as not merely to buttress them with new arguments, and elucidate them with apt illustrations, derived from many and even the most recent sources, but to draw out to their legitimate sweep the doctrine couched in the enunciated principle. Hence it happens, that the Lectures, although brief,—the comment, although of limited extent, presents striking arrays of prime and also of subordinated ideas, in their proper classes, at the same time that many learned and also homely or practical truths or facts are pressed upon the attention. We therefore unhesitatingly recommend the work to every student of morals as well as of moral philosophy; and also affirm, that at no stage of academical education, or even of life, can it be perused without benefit; although, of course, its abundance of matter, and its succinct, lucid, and ingenious method, will be particularly appreciated by persons in the course of preparation for University examinings. The suggestiveness of the plan matter of these Lectures ought not to escape remark. It is not what they communicate directly in the way of philosophy or of information, that they will alone prove useful. The inquisitive and the imitative mind, will fall into the habit of pursuing a similar course both of investigation and comment, and be led to trace or to follow through many a beautiful ramification each truth and thought that has here been set up like a finger-post; and this too, without being in any case servilely bound to adopt the application which the Lecturer may have made of an idea or a main principle.

One word more, ere coming to some examples of the work: the Lecturer, whatever be his years or his vocation in life, has made himself well acquainted with the world, and has a goodly store of general knowledge always ready at hand. But that which cannot be dispensed with in the case of any teacher, whatever be his learning and information, is prominent in those pages, viz. a constant recognition and an earnest application of religion and Christianity. Indeed, he appears to be imbued with piety as well as with theological and philosophical lore. Warmly attached to the Church of England he undoubtedly is: perhaps he is an ornament amongst those who minister at its altars. But why does an author withhold his name, who by two works addressed to the higher orders of students, teaches them not only, as we think, in a felicitious manner, how to reason, but how to live well? This however is a matter not of our concernment. We therefore hasten to let him appear as his books set him before us; and take for our first example a subject which falls within Moral Obligations; viz. Taxation. Our author seems uniformly to have had an eye to passing circumstances, and to truths particularly needed, at the moment of his writing in his classifications and illustrations. We now quote:—

Def. Public Revenue is that part of the nation's wealth allotted to the purposes of state.

There are two ways of raising this revenue :
1st. By demesnes—which are forests and crown lands.
2nd. By taxation—which is divided into four parts :
1st. Capitation or poll.
2nd. Assessment.
3rd. Customs.
4th. Excise.
In the 1st and 2nd the person or property of the consumer is taxed.
In the 3rd and 4th the commodity in the hands of the tradesman is taxed, but the burden is increased on the consumer, because the tradesman paying the duty on the reception of the goods, must add the interest of his money, but it is less felt, being confounded with the price.
The 1st falls heavy upon the poor, since they pay equally with their superiors.
The 2nd is more equal, as it is imposed on the value of goods, &c. This is the best tax for landed estates, but it is improper in merchandize, as it lets improper persons into an insight of particular trades.
There are some rules to be observed in imposing taxes :
1st. To seek out some object of the measure of people's circumstances.
2nd. To take care this be notorious.
3rd. Not to tax luxuries too high, for two reasons.
A. Because the consumption would be less.
B. There would be a greater temptation to smuggle.
Taxes were first imposed in Egypt, whence they were conveyed into Greece, which was universally taxed, to oppose the expedition of Xerxes.
The first general tax of the Roman world was under Augustus.

The lecturer, as we have already intimated, loses no opportunity of illustrating principles by means of facts and lessons that have a direct practical bearing upon the interests of society, instead of contenting himself with hairbreadth speculations about right and wrong, which might perplex the student's head, but never impress his heart. For example, we find that some of his most striking rules and comments contain references to the grosser vices of mankind, and the unblushing licentiousness of the day. He does not even flinch from instancing the female prostitution which abounds in the capital of England; where, he says, 80,000 prostitutes exist; of whom 8,000 die yearly.

We are not in a condition to correct or test the calculation, which we observe is taken from other writers. But we fain hope it is extravagant: nay, are led by consulting what is to be found in M. Parent-Duchattelet's "Prostitution in the City of Paris," published in 1836, to believe that it rests upon mere conjecture, or at least upon imperfect and false data. Let us for a little digress, in order to introduce several of the results of the Frenchman's investigation.

The work mentioned, which professes to be "founded on Official Documents," is the production of a person who has attached him-

self with the zeal of a remarkable philanthropist to the investigation of the effects upon society of many moral and many physical nuisances. In the book now named he lifts up the veil, which usually conceals from the well regulated portion of a community, the mode of life of the abandoned and profligate, and discloses scenes of vice, and concomitant wretchedness, most painful to all, but from the contemplation of which none should affectedly turn away.

The statements contained in the work (we gather the particulars from the British and Foreign Medical Review), are founded on facts sought out with infinite research in the public offices, especially the *Bureau des Mœurs*, and from public functionaries, physicians, surgeons, students, and nurses of hospitals, the keepers of prisons, and the humane visitors of those sad abodes; and from the inhabitants of brothels, which for this reason the author visited both by day and night, always accompanied by a medical officer or a peace officer. Nor was he content to note down the circumstances observed in any vague or uncertain style; for he spared no pains to reduce them to figures by exact numerical calculation.

One result of this exactness is to correct popular errors. For about seventy years previous to the date of the book, the city of Paris was represented to contain 20,000 prostitutes; whereas, the actual number in 1836 was not quite 4,000; and the number twenty years before was not 1,300. It is probable that a similar error has attached to London; while the calculations regarding the "Great Metropolis" must be more vague than those of Paris, in consequence of the system of registration in the French capital.

Instead of loose accusations of Paris or the provinces, as regards the number of depraved women proceeding from different parts of France, M. Parent-Duchattelet gives an exact account of the proportion of prostitutes furnished to Paris from all the departments of France, and from foreign countries, since the year 1816; and he accompanies his account with a map of France, in which the districts from whence the greatest number of common women have proceeded are shaded more darkly than the rest. The results appear to amount to this,—that in the vicinity of the larger cities and towns, and especially of sea-ports, the number is always the greatest.

A most interesting inquiry is that which regards the condition in life from which the greatest number of these women spring. Such an inquiry is evidently difficult, on account of the numerous deceptions incidental to it; but much of this difficulty was obviated by a decree, enjoining that, to the registration of each prostitute, should be added a register of the condition of the parents, attested by two witnesses; the second witness, however, being generally no other than one of the mayor's officers, those functionaries acquiring, apparently, a faculty in making attestations by dint of witnessing the women in the daily rounds of their calling. It would appear that

every step of the author's inquiry was destined to overthrow some popular theory.

Imagination had invested many of the public women of Paris with high birth and connexion; whereas, out of 828 registrations, only four had any pretensions to rank, and the rest were all from the different classes of artisans. Out of 2,500 provincial registrations, the results were similar. That poverty and ignorance prevail in the unfortunate families of which so many daughters desert the paths of virtue, was proved by the fact, that one-third of the fathers were unable to write their names, and this in Paris, where primary instruction is almost universal: in the departments, the proportion of those unable to write was still greater. One-fourth of the common women of Paris was found to be of illegitimate birth, of whom only one-half was acknowledged by the fathers. Of 3,084 whose occupations previous to their entering upon a course of prostitution are mentioned, only three possessed property, and the richest had 1,000 francs (£40 sterling) per annum: the rest were chiefly workwomen of various kinds, and servants; the greater number having been employed in sedentary occupations, in workshops, poorly paid, and liable to be deprived of work by fluctuations in trade and fashion. They were also, for the most part, without education; 2,332 out of 4,470 were unable to write. A table is given which indicates the ages at which 2,428 inscribed themselves as common prostitutes. There are found in it 2 at ten years, 3 at eleven, 3 at twelve, 6 at thirteen, 20 at fourteen, and 51 at fifteen. The number then increases to above 100 at each age: at twenty, it is 389; it falls at twenty-eight years to 101, and at twenty-nine to 57; goes on decreasing until at forty there are only 9, and at fifty only 4.

There can be no doubt that many of these women become what they are from a love of idleness, fine clothing, as well as of gross pleasures; but it is also made quite clear that a great number are driven to a life for which they have no inclination, and from which they would gladly retire, by the extremity of misery. Many are brought from the country by their seducers, and, being abandoned in Paris, and without resources, are an easy prey to any man, as well as to the procuresses. Many also, it would seem, go upon the town to escape the unkind or unwelcome discipline of their parents. Hospitals, and houses for servants out of place, afford opportunities of which the procuresses dexterously avail themselves.

We have thus laid before our readers such portions of M. Parent-Duchattelet's work as appeared to us not unsuitable to our pages. The digression from the Lectures on Paley is no doubt lengthy; but the opportunity was afforded us for suggesting that popular calculations, and even those of professional writers, are often exceedingly wide of the mark. Above all, the statements culled from the Frenchman's work, may throw light on the causes of the depravity of man-

ners in large towns, and help to direct attention to the means for its controul; while some of the facts quoted may prove capable of useful application, by individuals, by heads of families, and by magistrates.

When our author is upon the Abuses of Marriage, he discovers not only a deep interest in, but a particular knowledge of, the moral and social state of some of our colonies, especially India, where he says "keeping a mistress is as general as keeping a horse;" adding, that hence it behoves the Company to encourage marriage amongst their junior servants in the East; and the Gospel Societies to note the safeguards against the voluptuous passions amongst their own countrymen there.

Again, in the division of the Lectures which treats of Duties to God, we find these observations:—

Human nature is so constituted that what is treated externally, i.e. by words or behaviour, with levity and contempt, loses its force and impression internally; and *vice versa*;—

Ex. The irreverent mention of God's name and everything pertaining to it.

Cor. Hence it behoves the Societies for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, to press on the authorities the preference of those who profess the Christian faith, *cæteris paribus*, to all offices in the colonies, and in the British territories in India.

The fact is, we believe, that no regard whatever is paid by the Indian authorities to the religious faith or well-being of their servants. If they perform their secular functions with adroitness and integrity, what more is wanted by the Mammon spirit of a Company?

We might fulminate with regard to the neglect, the exposures, and the perversions that operate so generally to the religious ruin of cadets; European sprigs who breed more moral pestilence in the East than all the expurgations of Missionaries and Christian philanthropists can wash away or stem. But what we particularly have our heart upon, is to urge the preference of native employés who profess the faith of the gospel,—their encouragement, their marked distinction in the Company's service. What a signal of hope, of regeneration, of Anglo-Indian philanthropy would this be to the nations, to the world.

But, to vary as well as to extend our extracts from the Lectures, we quote what is said of Religious Establishments:—

Def. Religion is the sentiment of the mind relating to the Deity. It is necessary on this account, that there should be some provision for public worship and the study and preservation of religion:

1st. That men's lives may be influenced by example, and that they may be instructed in their duty.

2nd. That they may admire and imitate the attributes of the Deity.

3rd That they may be convinced of future rewards and punishments.

The best provision for public worship is an established church, which is a society of men agreeing in the same faith and doctrines.

It is necessary that some public acknowledgment of their faith be required of those who take an active part in public instruction:

It is necessary to prevent disputes between each teacher and his congregation.

This acknowledgment is ratified in the Church of England, by subscription to its Thirty-nine Articles.

Those who are of opinion as Powell was, that the interests of the state and religion are connected, contend that as Christ has specified no particular form of worship, the form of worship ought to be conformable to the mode of the government, viz., Episcopacy in monarchy and Presbytery in republics.

The external form and apparatus of the Church are settled by convenience. Bells and organs are of themselves innocent and of little consequence.

Quakers do not allow tithes, and reckon them a persecution, arguing as our Saviour freely delivered his doctrine to them so they ought in their turn freely to preach it in their congregations; but they ought to consider, that if the preacher receive nothing, he must either starve or be obliged to labour, dwhich would be an impediment to his office; and besides, St. Paul says, "they who minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple."

The only improvements which appear to be wanting are:

1st. To make residence a condition of the reception of a living.

2nd. That the stipends come from corn-rents instead of tithes.

Schol. The 6th and 7th W. 4, c. 71, of the English law, provides for the conversion of all the uncommuted tithes in England and Wales into a corn-rent charge.

Our limits will not allow us to go on at this liberal rate of extracting. We therefore dismiss the *Paley* with an observation,—that independently of the scholastic uses of the work, which ought to become general, it has the merit of placing before the student some of the more important of the alterations which have occurred in the laws immediately bearing upon moral and social questions, since the Doctor wrote; and therefore has its collaterally distinctive features. We are, however, unwilling to close the paper without a recurrence to the cognate and wedded Lectures which Locke's Logic evoked; and the more especially, as we find in them passages which may not merely throw out hints relative to certain pending and keenly contested theological questions, but which in some measure confirm the ideas expressed by us in a preceding article upon Christian antiquities, and the revival of the study of the Greek and Latin Fathers. We refer to the laws laid down relative to Traditional and Historical Testimony, and certain of our author's remarks thereon.

There are four circumstances, says the Lecturer, which relate to the *traditional, historical testimonies*, and which all concur in the support of the Christian Religion. First, if it be asked, was the history published at, or near, the time or place, where the transactions recorded are said to have happened?—The answer is, "The Gospel, on which the Christian Religion is founded, was published

in Judea, where most of the actions of Christ were performed, and within a few years of the time in which they were performed."

Secondly. Was the subject of the history a matter of consequence to the people, who lived at the time of its promulgation to induce them to inquire into it, and, if false, to contradict it? "It was the interest of the people, whose then present and future happiness depended on the truth of it, to inquire into it, and, if false, to contradict it."

Thirdly. Did the thing related accord with the sentiments of the times, and authority of the government, where, and when, it was transacted? "It did not agree with the sentiments of the times, nor with the authority of the government, but was, as much as possible, discountenanced by them."

Fourthly. Traditional, historical testimonies will always grow weaker by every transmission, except the testimony has all along been public and notorious. Now, how does the fact stand with regard to the Christian Religion? "It has all along been public and notorious, and therefore, if false, would have been contradicted."

But that which we are particularly desirous to notice and extract, is the *Remark*, with the comment upon it which follows these four circumstances of traditional, historical testimonies. Says the Lecturer,—

A passage in Tertullian's writings has divided the opinion of Lardner, Travis, Porson, Kaye, and other learned men: "Age jam, qui voles curiositatem melius exercere in negotio salutis tuæ, percurre ecclesias apostolicas, apud quas ipsæ adhuc cathedræ apostolorum suis locis præsident; apud quas ipsæ authenticæ literæ eorum recitantur, sonantes vocem, et repræsentantes faciem, uniuscujusque. Proxima est tibi Achaia? habes Corinthum. Si non longe es a Macedonia, habes Philippos, habes Thessalonicenses. Si potes Asiam tendere, habes Epesum. Si autem Italiæ adjaceo, habes Romam, unde nobis quoque auctoritas præsto est." Our Master of *Christ's*, (Kaye) the latest writer on Tertullian, determines the question thus: "to infer from it that the very chairs in which the Apostles sat, or that the very epistles which they wrote, then actually existed at Corinth, Ephesus, Rome, &c., would be only to betray a total ignorance of Tertullian's style." But this is not saying much, for what Medallist can now-a-days discriminate Tertullian's style? His Latinity has not the purity of the Augustan age, and his "Carthaginian phrases," as Milton denominates them, are not subjects of modern criticism.

Again, where is there any incongruity in the literal and *prima facie* translation of Tertullian's words? He lived about a century after the apostolic age, and there is nothing extraordinary in his telling us of autographs, original epistles, and any relics of the apostles existing within such a period. Indeed it would be rather extraordinary if such things were not the case, for when people are greatly interested in any matter, and retain a veneration towards the author of it, it is agreeably to nature to keep in memory of them their very epistles---their very *chairs---autographs*, or any relics; and then to leave them as heirlooms. *Ex.* Newton's autograph of his *Principia* is preserved in Trinity College Library, Cambridge; the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey,

&c.; and such like practices are common all over the world, and for periods greatly exceeding a century.

Since the evidence of our religion is historical, depending on records, researches, &c., the chief value of the fathers consists in their character of historians—in their testimony to the genuineness and integrity of the books of the New Testament. Hence the literal and plain meaning of Tertullian's words in question, would form a most important link in that chain of traditional, historical testimony, which connects the apostolic age with our own.

Hence we see that the Lecturer is disposed to adopt the doctrine of probability with regard to the existence of the *autographs*, *epistles*, and the *very chairs* of the Apostles at the time when Tertullian wrote; being also of opinion that his phraseology, according to the most obvious and natural rendering, comprehends the relics literally.

Persons who feel curious upon this subject, but who may not be aware of the learning that has been brought to its elucidation, will do well to consult Professor Porson's Letters to Archdeacon Travis; the Archdeacon's interpretation of Tertullian's expressions being, that which adopts the plain literal meaning, and with which the author of the Lectures agrees.

Once more we invite the particular attention of tutors and pupils, and professors and students, to the Lecturer's Paley, to which his Locke is a necessary key. These works certainly furnish the best analysis that has ever been published, of the original standards upon which they are founded; or rather, they are the only publications that we are aware of, which even attempt a thoughtful digestion and severe condensation of the Principles of the Logical and Moral systems mentioned; while the other great feature is that of extension and enrichment by one whose learning, acumen, and piety significantly indicate that he has a taste and a tact for giving instruction in the highest walks of mind,—that he is a safe, an able, and an earnest guide, be his disciples the young, the middle-aged, or the men of grey hairs.

Art. X.

1. *The Rose of Arragon.* By Sheridan Knowles. Moxon.
2. *A Record of the Pyramids.* By John C. Reade. Saunders and Otley.
3. *Edwin the Fair.* By Henry Taylor, Esq. Murray.

"The Rose of Arragon" equals any one of the romantic dramas that Knowles ever wrote. The story has all the materials for the natural development of character, for bursts of passion and highly sustained sentiment,—for that generous and exuberant manliness that characterizes all the author's works. Knowles is often, nay naturally, defective in regard to the conception of a plot. But he is, as we once

witnessed in his personation of his own "Beggar of Bethnal Green," too honest, too much of a man, too eloquent in the very essence of his soul, and, we are sure, too thoughtful of the demands of his high vocation, to utter a word that when dying he would wish to blot out, or to be a mere artist in the delivery of unfelt emotions. Perhaps we cannot enter a better judgment of his poetical attributes than to say, that out of each one of his dramas there may be culled more fine thoughts, beautifully and energetically expressed, than may be met with in a nameless number of recent dramatic productions. Knowles deals in gems,—we need hardly add, that they are the gems worthy of a man to hoard, who knows and loves woman in her peculiar exquisite sphere. If we remember aright, we once heard our dramatist in his honourable vocation while in Glasgow, pronounce Campbell to be the poet for an elocutionist's purpose. There was a genial and a kindred soul in operation in the utterance of these words,—an appreciation systematic of, and identified with, the earnest author of the "Rose of Arragon."

The outline of the story is easily given, for the plot is simple and direct. Olivia, the Rose of Arragon, is a peasant girl, secretly married to Alonzo, son of the King of Arragon. But the King comes to learn the secrect, and the Prince is sent to the wars, the marriage being also annulled by authority. An insurrection of the peasantry follows the tyrannous measure; the leaders being Alasco, brother of Olivia, and his friend Almagro, her disappointed lover. Olivia saves the King's life, and is installed Regent by her brother; but at length Almagro, by intrigue, procures the regency for himself; and uses his power to force Olivia to a marriage with him; but his intrigues and villanies are frustrated; Alasco's eyes being at last opened to the baseness and treachery of his boyhood's companion and his pretended friend. In the meanwhile the Prince returns in disguise as a Moor, rescues his wife and her father from Almagro's vengeance; the King is restored to power; he sanctions the marriage of his son with the "Rose;" and Almagro poisons himself.

Now one thing is clear, that our dramatist here has ample opportunities for uttering those wondrously affluent sentiments which abound in pure and lofty natures, and which are so luxuriantly planted within him, in regard to love. Hear him when the Prince is to be separated from Olivia:—

> Oh, on a peasant's breast I were content
> To lean my cheek—that peasant being thou!
> Unheeded had the gorgeous world pass'd by,
> Or if I raised it thence to take a look,
> It had been, only, with more rapt content,
> To lay it down again!—O love, forego
> Thy regal heritance!—doff name and all
> For love, that's more than all—I would for thee!

We might cull from every page of this drama as much freshness of thought, *albeit* the germ be commonplace, as would give our dramatist audience at any hour among princely minds. And then, there is a close and impressive picture of human nature, and of specific passages of history, which brings his teachings and his elevations home to the bosom of any right-hearted man. Just look at the picture of a popular insurrection, when the peasantry and commonalty are about to dethrone the King.

> All
> Was quiet thro' the night; and, as the night,
> I would aver the day were like to pass,
> But for an unwonted calm. An hour, or more,
> 'Tis past the time the shopkeeper should ope—
> And he is up, but bides with shutters clos'd;
> The craft of the artificer stands still,
> And yet he is awake since break of day—
> The cries are silent on the crowdless streets;
> The very churls whose meals on errands wait
> Stand not upon the watch for customers,
> And breakfast-time at hand! 'Tis market day,
> And to the gates no troops of peasants come,
> With garden-viands, flocks, or herds, or aught
> Within the list of rustic merchandise.
> None is at work, save the tir'd sentinel
> Who paces, out and back, his beat; on watch
> 'Gainst dangers yet unseen.

Change the tune, and our dramatist will not fail in the performance. Take Almagro when he finds himself so entangled and baffled that he knows not how to turn, and you will meet with knowledge and imagination in happy union.

> Now have I thought what chaos was,
> Before the world sprung out of it! Immense
> Perplexity of things! Nothing, itself!
> Nought individuality, but merging
> Into some other thing. Ambition, Love,
> Hatred, Revenge, Determination, Fear,
> All holding sway together, but with strife
> That makes a mock of rule! I cannot see
> The light for darkness; darkness fails with light!
> I cannot stop,—nor yet, for stops, go on!
> I am not anywhere,—yet everywhere!
> Somewhere to fix!—some shape to give resolve!
> It takes a form, and straightway vanishes
> Into some other—then another yet,
> Until confusion reels!

Hear him after he has taken poison:

Almagro. Destroy'd by those I deem'd my instruments!
Frustrated in revenge, in love and hate!
What fair set-off 'gainst such discomfiture?
The gibbet cheated, or the block, or wheel!
Could we cheat Heaven!—No circumventing there!
What's this I see?—Instead of the huge World
A film; and what before was shadowy,
The World to come, condensing into vast
Enormous substance, insupportable
To thought! The drug asserts its potency!
This is the death-sweat that bedews my palms,
My forehead and my lip, and like a cold
And slimy serpent, coiling round my frame,
With its loath'd folds, my very marrow chills.
King. What man is he that yonder stands and lives,
Yet seems in the mortal agony?
Alasco. Almagro.

A slight change of the measure may be introduced; and yet the character will be equally complete and graphic. Take a jailor, who is only routine and callous in his own sphere. Human nature is hardly ever proof against appeals from some latent yet potent source, —that of kindness and generous sympathy being among the strongest.

The hard jailer
Without a shrug, sees misery pass his gate;
The common current of his vocation there
Still rolling on the same—but take him thence,
He has his share of pity for a pang;
Yea, pays it down in good and sterling tears!
I have seen it! Pedro, now, is such a one---
The rack, the gibbet, and the block, to him
Are things of custom, whose abhorred uses
Find him their fit intendant, of whose frame
No fibre they disturb. My boyhood's dread
Was Pedro; till, one day, he lifted me
Cast flat along the pavement---in my speed
To shun him. I was bleeding;---as he staunch'd
My little wounds, how well I recollect
The change from terror to pleas'd wonderment,
To see a heart, as tender as my mother's,
Melting above me from his big dark eye!

Alasco's discovery of Almagro's villany does not at the last extremity obliterate the memory of youthful and confiding days. The following intercession is worthy of the honest and rough peasant-hero, and of the dramatist whose name shall live as a poet of most pregnant sentiment and happily wedded expression;

Spare him. O God! sir, we were boys together.
Howe'er it changes with us on life's road,
The sunny start all intervals break through,
And warms us with the olden mood again!
The hearty laugh of youth is in mine ear,
And there stands he who shared it with me, now
A woful bankrupt; while the rich possessions
I counted lost, are all my own again.

Mr. Reade's "Record of the Pyramids: a Drama in Ten Scenes," has been, like others of this gentleman's productions, the subject of long cogitation, and has lain by him "in its finished state for many years." Our poet "conceived the idea of abstracting the character of Prometheus from the grand ideal in which he lived and was surrounded, and bringing him within the pale of humanity;—of embodying him, not only as a human being, feeling and sympathizing with humanity in the abstract, but practically labouring for the welfare of his fellow-men; descending among them; sharing their common sympathies and oppressions; and, finally, inspiring them, prostrated and become inert in their torpid slavery, with the fire of Liberty—the interpretation, doubtless, of the real flame designated in the fable as brought down or stolen from heaven." In the present Drama," Mr. Reade also says, "the character of Prometheus is developed as a mind not only contemplative in all knowledge and wisdom, but vigorous and buoyant, and full of hope, and energy, and belief; a philosopher; a lover of practical wisdom, but not a sophist; above all, a patriot, vitally active in all the social sympathies, conversant with mankind, and interested in all that concerns them;—the motto of his life, the absorbing thought and feeling of his being, compressed in that sublimest of all sentiments, which came from the mouth of an enfranchised slave—

'Homo sum, nihil, a me alienum puto.'"

The fable or tradition of Prometheus is variously related and interpreted. By one statement he was the same as Osiris; and according to Sir Isaac Newton, he was the nephew of the famous Sesostris. As for Mr. Reade, he has made the Promethean mythological character a Prince of Egypt, the son of Mœris, whom Amasis, or Tyranny, conquers, usurping the throne. The story in the drama, or rather dramatic poem, is extremely simple, and the characters are few. Lilis, the daughter of Amasis, is the only woman in it. The Ten Scenes occupy three days: Prometheus being first found in a cave of the mountains, to which he has retired from the reach of oppression, and to meditate on mighty truths and everlasting principles. A twin-brother, who has for a time submitted and attached himself to the tyrant, visits the hero in his retreat,—is shamed out of his servility; when both repair to the Pyramids, where they suddenly arouse

the people to a sense of their degradation and suffering. Not less promptly is Amasis dethroned, and in most philosophic style told to depart as a common man, and to mingle with his own kind; Prometheus at the same time acting the Washington, and placing the crown and sceptre upon the altar. After having granted universal suffrage, given equal and entire freedom to all, exhorted them to unite in one vast society, and volunteered sundry preachments about Nature, rights, virtues, and so forth; he peacefully retires to his own home (the cave, of course), just as he advises the people to retire to theirs;

> " to dwell upon the past,
> And thank the gods on our domestic hearths."

Prometheus in this instance, however, is not a far-sighted philosopher, nor a sound practical politician. For, before he has well reached his home, the million have recalled the tyrant; the man who had just given the nation a new constitution being as nearly as possible at the same moment seized and dragged in chains to the presence of the re-enthroned monarch. He is sentenced to be impaled on the morrow. Lilis visits him in the course of the night, and offers him liberation; her little heart, on his former appearance at the palace, having found him a hero worthy of her worship,—a man to her loving. But Prometheus will not accept of life on any terms. The adoring Lilis goes home, and dies before he is led forth to execution, which fortunately is accomplished by his being in a twinkling run through the body by the Chief-Prefect, who fears a rescue.

Such is the conception and the mode of working out the Promethean fable in Mr. Reade's poem. Certainly it would have been madness to have adopted any ideas that would have suggested a comparison with the work of the father of Greek tragedy.

The Chained Prometheus of Eschylus, is the grandest even of his works. It is however less a tragedy than an ode. It does not describe a series of actions, but a succession of visions. Prometheus chained to a rock, on the verge of the world, holds parley with the original powers and oldest forms of Nature, with Strength and Violence, and Oceanus and the race of the Titans. Compared with the personages introduced in the poem, Jupiter and Mercury, and the rest of that class, appear mere modern deities; we are thrown back into the first rude chaos of Nature, where the universe itself seems to rock like the sea, and the empire of heaven was not yet fixed. "Prometheus," says Schlegel, is an image of human nature itself; endowed with a miserable foresight, and bound down to a narrow existence, without an ally, and with nothing to oppose to the combined and inexorable powers of Nature, but an unshaken will, and the consciousness of elevated claims. The other poems of the

Greek tragedians are single tragedies; but this may be called tragedy itself; its purest spirit is revealed with all the overpowering influence of its first unmitigated severity."

There is little external action in the grand production of the ancient Greek. Prometheus merely suffers and resolves from the beginning to the end. But the story is uninteresting as such, presenting the abstract conception of the characters, but inartificially and improbably.

With regard to Mr. Reade's production, we are disposed to speak of it in very favourable terms. A popular poem it will not be. It is too much elaborated, too chastened for the liking of the many, who look for keen and sudden excitement, and care not for that which costs any time or thought to discover beauties; who, in fact, in these degenerate days as respects poetic knowledge, have not the training and necessary refinement of taste to relish the purest and loftiest creations of mind. No, Mr. Reade is not a poet for the million; with him the muse is a mistress of long and patient wooing, and the *ars poetica* one of vigilant and anxious culture. Probably his works will never be held in general esteem; although in his preface to the "Record of the Pyramids," and indeed in some of his former preliminary notices, he cherishes a sincere but rather a too self-complacent confidence in regard to future reputation and actual performance.

It would not be difficult to point out passages in this poem that are feeble; others that are misplaced; and others again that contain certain pet and threadbare ideas. But we prefer the honester method and shall let the author appear in his fair and proper character; and this too at considerable length; convinced that our extracts will present matter which is calculated to please and elevate. Whether our dramatist's Promethean theory be just or not, he certainly has succeeded beyond our expectations, in rendering his hero a being to interest one's feelings; while the poem as a whole has been read by us with rivetted attention. This proves to us that no ordinary spell lurks in the poetry, seeing that a theme so far removed from our ordinary sympathies has sent touching appeals to the heart, as well as noble thoughts to the apprehension.

At the opening Prometheus thus soliloquizes in the cavern which commands a view of Memphis and the Pyramids, and which the philosopher and patriot has chosen for his retreat:—

> Beautiful country, and my own! even now
> My heart swells towards thee with a childlike fondness;
> And who that looked along those lovely plains
> Would deem that aught save Freedom there could dwell!
> How tranquilly the gorgeous city lies
> Robed in the rich gleams of the setting sun,

Reflecting back its glories! her high domes,
And towers, and groves, all softened in the distance!
While Mœris threads its pure stream through her gates,
Like a bright, glistering snake with mazy folds;
And round her the old Nile his girdle spreads
Of golden sands till lost 'midst the blue hills.
Yea, all is blessed there save human life:
Behold those Pyramids!—those accursed heaps
Of black misshapen stone; and those pale slaves,
Those human ants that throng round them in dense
Clusters, like bees around their waxen cells;
Toiling to rear them with a zeal as great
As is their self-abasement. Ants?—*they* store
The wholesome produce in their useful cells
Of hard-earned labour for existence;—these
Rear piles for rottenness and foul corruption;
Tombs for dead kings, who, ere the work be done,
Shall be forgotten; leaving them the records
Of baffled tyranny for ever buried.
Oh! that for one brief moment my will were
Embodied in a power! how would I launch
The thunder from this height, and crush the work
And workmen in their ruin!

After the brief dethronement of Amasis, and immediately on his restoration to sovereignty by the debased people, Prometheus is brought chained and guarded before the tyrant, who assails his victim with upbraidings and proud boastings,—the commencement of a powerful scene.

Behold, slave! how thou stand'st a monument,
To prove the justice of the gods, and show
How vain is the ambition and the hope
Of lawless rebels, and how brief their triumph.
It was but yesterday that thou, upheld
By mercenary bondsmen, didst dare brave me.
To-day thy power is gone; the people left thee,
While the just gods have marked the rightful king,
And brought thee to ask pardon at my footstool.
Prometheus. Even while thou speakest to me thou dost feel
The falsehood deeply, as I know; thine eye
Doth sink before mine own, as if to hide
The weakness thou art conscious I behold.
Thou sittest there the slave, and I the king:
These chains are subject to my will, which is
Superior to fortune; yea, unmoved,
As that of the immortal gods!
Amasis. If thou
Resemblest them in nature, so thou say'st,
Wherefore have they betrayed thee to my hands?

Prometheus. Who dares to fathom their mysterious will?
Why do the lightnings strike down their own altars?
Why doth the Nile, gorged daily with new victims,
Lay waste the lands of his adorers?—why
Art thou allowed to tyrannize o'er Egypt?
I'll answer thee—the storms do purify
The airs from plague, more pure and more serene
When they are spent; the waters, when their tides
Have ebbed, leave earth behind them rich with spoils:
And thou, when rotting in thy tomb—if thou
Art suffered to repose in peace.—shalt leave
The memory behind thee of thy deeds;
While thy grave, like a dangerous sea-mark, warns
Mankind to guard against their future kings.
And say'st thou I am in thy power?—how?
Canst thou subdue me by these chains?—by death?
They are the wings to free my body from
A form I hate—for it resembles thine,
And those whom I thought men. My mind is free,
Yea, calmer now than ever; for all ties
With life are broken, and now, eagle-like,
It doth look down on earth's low quarry.
Chief Hierophant. King!
Behold the unawed rebel dares to sit
Within thy presence.
Prometheus. I sit here the king:
I feel the majesty of Egypt in me,
Resting within my own ancestral hall!
Chief Hierophant. King, wilt thou hear his blasphemies?
Prometheus (turning to the priest).
He will:
If thou knew'st human nature, Priest! as well
As thou dost that of the inscrutable gods,
Then thou wouldst know that he who dares speak truth
Fearlessly, will be heard, although his words
Be adders: for, unlike thy hollow idols,
Mouth-pierced with lies—foul priesthood's jugglery,
He tells the truth, and so doth wake excitement
In the palled hearts of kings, not from its worth,
But charm of novelty. Thou hast said well, (*To Amasis*)
That the high gods are just. I have fulfilled
The part assigned me, and I have succeeded;
For I have humbled thee, and told the nations
Truths they responded—truths they have foresworn.
Yet the whole mass is not corruption; soul
Is not all quenched; and, 'midst the few, my words
Shall live like sparks among the ashes, hidden,
But burning still! This was my spirit's aim;
The gods have shewn me Egypt did not merit
Their greatest gift, and have withdrawn it, leaving

Thee, King! to be their scourge, and I to shew them
The track they should have followed. Then rule on;
Heap up the Pyramids, and there record
Thy deeds—the shame and slavery of Egypt!
Thou art a useful tool, conjoined with Death,
To sweep this generation from the earth,
Until another comes——

Amasis. Hear first thy doom!
Thou prid'st thyself upon they ancestry,
Trusting to link thy name with theirs; to gain
That vainest of all shadows—fame, which thou
Dost so aspire, and which, when thou art dead,
Avails thee nothing. Therefore, first, their names
Shall be struck out from the archives of Egypt;
The punishment of death accorded him
Who names them: all their monuments
Shall be destroyed, that nothing may recal
They ever were. Thyself shalt be borne to
Thy mountain; and, before the cave where thou
Hast hatched thy machinations, thou shalt be
Impaled alive, and left to be devoured
By vultures: then, when rotted by the sun,
Thy body shall be burnt; thy ashes thrown,
Scattered abroad upon the winds of heaven,
To be forgotten like thy actions!

Prometheus (springing to his feet, with a wild gesture.)
Never!
My limbs may wither in the air!—my dust
Be scattered to the winds of heaven!—my fathers
May be forgotten in their ashes!—But
My name shall last till time shall be no more!
And these shall be the immortal appendages,
To robe it with a glory of its own!
What!—thinkest thou the soul of Freedom dead?—
The sun that kindles up the world, because
Its light is here extinct in its first beam?
Fool!—I am but an atom of that life
That doth exist for ever—through all time—
All space—all change—all life—all death! I am
A spark of that pure, everlasting flame,
Burning within the heart of hearts of man,
That may be trampled on, not quenched!—It is
The universal soul of human kind—
First principle of being—Liberty!
Stamped by the gods our birthright upon earth!

The chained victim of mad tyranny, near to the hour of his martyrdom is stealthfully visited by Lilis, of course to the wonderment of Prometheus.

Prometheus. What hath inspired thee to come?
Lilis. Thy words!
Prometheus. How—have they ever said I feared to die?
Lilis. No! they have taught me that thou art immortal;
And, therefore, have I come. Nay, frown not thus,
Though it be on the daughter of thy foe;
Nor deem a weaker feeling led me here
Than honour, even as spotless as thine own.
The ardent love of lofty thoughts and deeds;
The aspirations of that fame which I
Glory in thee, yet would not wish to share.
In loving these, I love thee, for thou dost
Embody them; I—I would only save thee
From the vile death that waits thee with the morn.
Prometheus. And if I am the man that thou hast said,
The patriot who would have saved his country;
The sage who could refuse the crown he plucked
From the usurper's head, to offer it
To the applauding gods; if I have conquered
The ambition that allured me—sacrificed
An earthly, to secure a deathless crown,
An immortality amongst mankind!
Shall I now forfeit the great treasure?—*now*,
When the far goal is won, the prize in view?
And for a few brief years of wretched life,
Blackened with foul disgrace, and which are nothing
In time's brief scroll, blast all that I have done?
Lose my high hopes, and crush the cause of Freedom
I have upheld; yea, worse—dishonour her
In her own chosen son? stamping a curse
Upon my name for ever, and recording
(What slaves and tyrants never would forget)
That he,—the man who lived and talked of freedom,—
Feared when the trial came to die for her.
Lilis. Not thus—not thus—think'st thou that I would cast
One shade upon thy sunlike fame which I
Glory in, even as though it were my own?
But to see thee impaled, and scorched beneath
The fiery sun,—gasping with that last thirst
Which only death can slake, while Hate holds near
The draught, that heightens agony to madness;
To be the mark of the slave's mockery,
For the free minds will not dare shew their thoughts,
Far less stand forth to rescue thee;—could I
Think of thy pangs and slumber?—Hear me yet
If when the morning dawns thou art not found,
The fame will spread the gods have taken thee;
So wouldst thou be remembered, and if power
Were given thee hereafter thou mightst break——

Prometheus. Lilis!—I look beyond the idle creeds
Of our priest-ridden race, who are debased
Beneath the brutes and monsters they adore.
I would not borrow a divinity,
Fooling the people with a lie, thus making
Heaven pander to my falsehood.

A tenderer chord is struck, and a more touching appeal to human nature is made. Lilis thus beseeches:—

One latest boon I ask, for which I kneel!
We meet no more upon this earth: thou goest
To join the spirits of thy fathers; I,
To dwell on thy remembrances—to live
Upon the light which thou hast left behind,
And soon, perchance, to follow thee. But, oh!
When in the realms of death, where thou wilt be
So hallowed and revered, forget not Lilis!
If memories of earth cling to us there,
As sure they do; for the dead come to us
In dreams, and woo us to revisit them;
Then, when thou meetest me again, remember
How I looked up to thee on earth, and smile
A look of welcome on me then!
Prometheus. My own
Beautiful being!—with thy golden hair,
Like sun-rays floating round thy face, with eyes
Reflecting the pure azure, with cheeks which
The beauty and the glory of thy youth
Crown with fresh roses, but more delicate
Than ever shone the sun on,—what hast thou
In common with myself? what see'st thou
In this worn frame, and early blanched hair?
It is thy noble nature that deceives thee!
Love of the high and pure, abstract from me,
Which thou embodiest in myself: it is
My isolation from Humanity
Hath wrought on thy imagination; this
A feeling that is past or passing. Nay,
Turn not aside in anger or in grief!
Time imperceptibly will teach thy heart
Truths I too rudely press on it: all feelings
Of youth change, flower-like; honour stands alone,
Like the impassive rock, unchangeable;
Thou wilt pass by me as the streamlet glides,
Embosoming the shadow to its depths,
Till again laughing in the light of heaven!
Lilis. Oh, thou wilt judge me worthier yet, or here,
Or in hereafter!
Prometheus. My own Lilis! chide not

This brow's austerity, that shews alone
The resolution of the mind within.
I stand before the gates of Death; do not
Soften a heart that needeth all its courage,
Nor aid thy sire in conquering a mind
His racks will fail to do. Oh! tempt me not
To cling to life I should despise, and thee,
Lilis! even thee, for so debasing me!
I am but man, and feel—even now I feel—
How man's strong will melts at the breath of woman!
Depart—depart! I am no mate for love

"Edwin the Fair; an Historical Drama," will sustain the reputation of the author of "Philip Van Artevelde." When that remarkable production came suddenly upon us some eight years ago, it at once stamped Mr. Taylor as one of the most original and best furnished writers of the age; one who not only promised to contribute to the purification and elevation of our imaginative literature, but who by that single venture afforded a striking example of enlightened conception with regard to the capabilities and high requirements of the drama, as well as of admirable execution. The preface of itself to that work was a production that deservedly attracted notice on account of the distinct and accomplished way in which it exposed the narrow and false views which obtained currency relative to the vocation and mental attributes of the dramatic poet, and developed the rules and laws which are to be observed in constructing the noblest fabric to which literary art can address itself. To be sure, "Philip Van Artevelde" was not intended or calculated for actual representation on the stage; but it proved what might be done in respect of incident, diversity and nice distinction of character, soul-breathing and intellectual sentiment, and manly writing, in the constitution of a dramatic piece, framed in strict accordance with artistic requirements.

The historical tragedy before us has not been written, we presume, with any view to the stage; although it contains the materials which might be adapted so as to produce fine effects in a theatre. But one thing is at once obvious; in its published form, it is by far too long for being brought out before an auditory. Indeed, it fills a neat volume; and one too of such varied and delightful interest, that we could ill bear to think of the curtailment of the story, or the excision of any one of its scenes.

That story is instantly signified by its title; viz. the tale of "Edwy and Elgiva," so long current in the nursery, and also in the course of some of our modern antiquaries and historical investigators into Ango-Saxon times, made the theme of learned research. Mr. Taylor's aim has been to portray the struggle which Edwin maintained with the monastic orders, at a period of their most fanatical existence;

and to bring before us not only some of the *dramatis personæ* who were contemporaries with this king, but others who may be imagined to mirror the complexion of his reign and of the strife in which he was engaged. Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, is necessarily the most prominent figure among these charcters; and is drawn with extraordinary power and fullness. We have been astonished at the multitude and variety of resources of which the dramatist has made this wily, aspiring, and relentless churchman master; just as we have been with the wealth of mind, the natural superiority of thought and expression, with which the monk has been by the affluent poet imbued. The task which Mr. Taylor set himself to, the mark at which he directed his eye, with respect to the delineation of this one character, was high and difficult to be reached, much more to be kept possession of with a firm hand. But hardly less from the consciousness and power which the very attempt proclaims, than from the first scenes in which the ambitious and unscrupulous priest figures, one sees that the author will acquit himself throughout with a discrimination not less delicate than the mastery is strong.

But it is only by regarding the whole of the characters in the drama, the period of history, and the grand question that agitated the kingdom, that the vividness of the imagined picture can be properly appreciated; or the propriety and richness of the thoughts expended in its composition, estimated. The *dramatis personæ* are numerous. There is a goodly list of women as well as men,—of the seculars as well as of the regulars.

But how nicely and distinctively cast is each of the characters; even to the precise portraiture of one fanatic monk from another,—of one thane from another thane. And then the dialogue and speeches are perfectly characteristic; exhibiting a graceful flexibility and a ceaseless fecundity which are in beautiful keeping with the demands of the design of the piece. Tenderness, pathos, passion, satire, description, imagery, recorded facts, historical allusions, find Mr. Taylor armed at all points. We have no doubt the piece is the result of anxious contrivance and of severe effort. It can hardly be supposed that with the author's notions and knowledge of dramatic requirements, and although possessed of abundant genius, he could have written so much and so well without the bestowment of much labour, and the exercise of repeated compression. But yet the whole appears with the beautiful ease which attends natural or congenial performances. Nor perhaps will this smooth and fluent beauty strike the reader more forcibly than in some of the songs or lyrical effusions which here and there are strewed over the work.

With regard to the tale of Edwin and Elgiva, Mr. Taylor has followed a perfectly warrantable course. He is not one of those who regards the Anglo-Saxon times as antecedent to the dawn of civilization; but on the other hand, says, that of the dark ages, in this

country, the tenth century was hardly so dark as the fifteenth; and that the former was really more distinguished for spiritual and chivalric features than some of the subsequent eras. He has not followed Edwin's contemporaneous annalists, who were his natural enemies, these being monks; but has filled up the few details of his story in a way that accords with our romantic sympathies; as of one who, with his queen, was sacrificed in a war of religious opinion, and when striving to curb the power and fanaticism of ascetics, and the inordinate ambition of the church. He confesses to have brought causes and consequences much more closely together than the mere chronology of history would warrant, borrowing from the bordering reigns incidents which were characteristic of the times, and keeping in view the nature of the events recorded, as well as the manner of recording them, rather than the mere accuracy of the things reported. Where the letter of history was so scanty and doubtful, the dramatist's chief care has been to be true to its spirit.

It would be impossible to convey anything like an adequate idea of the plot, much less of the beauty and variety of this drama, in a moderate space; and we therefore only alight on a few specimens of the poetry and sentiment infused into it.

Here is the first of scene first. How gilbly the dialogue goes!

Swineherd (*sings*).

"The hog he munch'd the acorns brown,
Till joyfully twinkled his tail,
And he twitched himself up, and he tossed himself down,
And he wriggled and reeled, and gallopped and squealed,
As though he were drunk with ale:
For you shall know that what by ale or wine
To man is done, that acorns do to swine."
Ah! it was so. Alack-a-day! so it was once.

Enter a Forester.

Forester. Grunt! grunt! No end to swine. Why here's a herd!
Beech-mast is scarce. Routing and grunting. Ho!
Who's here?

Swineherd. A sinful unconsolable man,
The swineherd Ulf.

Forester. Why swineherds are but men,
And man is sinful. Ulf, what grief is his?
This is a world of ever-growing griefs.

Swineherd. His grief, sir, is a grief touching his swine,
Which swine have lost their appetites.

Forester. How so?

Swineherd. The how, sir, is a tale that moves to pity,
But if you list to hearken, it was thus:
Last Tuesday-week, the vigil of St. Swithin,
Up in the branches of an ancient tree

I perched myself for shade, and there the wind
Rocking the bough and snoring in my ears,
It so mishappened that I slid asleep.
When I awoke my herd had wandered far,
And far had I to follow, till, God's love!
Belated in the dusky forest's verge
I found them, much amazed, a furlong's length,
No more, from where the holy Dunstan dwells,
Scourging his wasted body half the night,
And wrestling with the Evil One.
Forester. Wish you well!
A tickle neighbourhood was that.
Swineherd. "Out, swine!"
Quoth I, "ye villains, will ye run to the pit,
And I to follow!" And with might and speed
I drave them back; but volleying behind
There came such howls as scared us to the heart,
And, to my humble thinking, since that hour
We have not had that stomach for our food,
That hearty hunger, and that natural joy
In eating, that we wont to have.
Forester. Such howls!
What howls? The Devil's were they, or where they Dunstan's?
Swineherd. Sir, I have ears uskilful to discern
Betwixt the twain. They might have come from either.
For Dunstan his own back not less belabours
Than he belabours Satan.

The priest and the priest-ridden queen-mother:—

Dunstan. What there is writ
Needs must I read; and wiselier shoudlst thou pray
That reading there of danger, I should read
Lessons of caution likewise, and impart
Means of prevention.
The Queen Mother. In thy holy hands
I place myself; thy bidding will I do
As knowing it is Heaven's.
Dunstan. This wily wench
That profiting by the softness and green sap
Of ignorant youth, doth round her finger twine
The sceptre like a sliver—
The Queen Mother. Insolent jade!
Were it not, father, a good deed in Christ,
To have her—in a manner...say...removed?
For truly, truly I may say, my lord,
Yea and in sooth I witness it against her,
That with her witcheries and wanton looks
She hath inveigled and ensnared the King
Bewitch'd past reason, that he flouts his mother,

Forgets his duty—woeful, woeful day!
Says "Silence," if I do but say "God bless him!"
And all by her procurement and behest,
Scandalous minion! Were it not, I say,
An excellent deed and righteous before God,
To take her from his sight, that, she should cease
To vex good men and holy with her wiles?

Sweet wooing.

Elgiva. Your Majesty...
Edwin. We are alone, Elgiva;
Oh, how I hate my title in your mouth.
Rather than speak as in the audience-chamber,
Let us be children once again, to rove
O'er hill, through vale, with interlacing arms,
And thrid the thickets where wild roses grow
Entangled with each other like ourselves.
Can you, and will you, those sweet days remember,
And strive to bring them back?
Elgiva. Those days—oh, Edwin!
Can I remember? When can I forget them?
When flowers forget to blow and birds to sing,
And clouds to kindle in the May-day dawn,
And every spring-tide sight and sound shall cease,
Or cease for me, then too for me shall cease
The sweet remembrance of the tender joys,
The smiles, the tears of those delightful days.
Edwin. And can they not repeat themselves? Again
Let us, though grown, be children in our hearts.
Then with the freedom and the innocence
Which led our childish steps, we'll wander on
Through after life, but with a fuller joy.
Let recollections of the past, if sweet,
Plead sweetly for the present.
Elgiva. Edwin, Edwin!
You are a King.
Edwin. Now, see! I've summoned up,
Like a magician whose strong spell evokes
A beautiful spirit, the spirit of the past,
And bid it speak, and prophesy, and plead;
And, lo! it nothing answers but the words
The Herald spake when o'er my father's grave
He brake his wand of office. I am a King,
But may not Kings be happy? May Kings not love?
Elgiva. They must be more than resolute to be safe
In loving whom they will; they must be wary.
The Monks are enemies that Kings may fear,
Though of the bravest; and my father's House
Is hateful in their sight.

Edwin. Nay, talk not of them;
I loathe this monkery, and if I live
Will root it from my realm.

How sweet the incense in this speech of Elgiva's!

What a charm
The neighbouring grove to this lone chamber lends!
I've loved it from my childhood. How long since
Is it that standing in this compass'd window
The blackbird sang us forth; from yonder bough
That hides the arbour, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky.

One of Mr. Taylor's lyrics:—

God speed thee, false day,
With thy gauds and thy splendour
Thy glare frights away
All that's truthful and tender.

Give place then above
To the star that of old
Lit the glances of Love
When his secret was told.

On the bosom of Night
Lie the tresses of Truth,
But its moments take flight
With the light steps of Youth.

Make the most of the least,
For too soon comes the warning,
When announced in the East
Is the grey-headed Morning

Here's a delicate tale of love:—

Athulf. As I went to Court
Late yesterday, the Queen, who saw me, sent
Commanding my attendance. A long hour
I waited, conning in the Troy-Town Chamber
The stories in the tapestry, when appeared
The Princess, with that merry child Prince Guy.
He loves me well, and made her stop and sit,
And sate upon her knee, and it so chanced
That in his various chatter he denied
That I could hold his hand within mine own
So closely as to hide it; this being tried
Was proved against him; he insisted then
I could not by his royal sister's hand
Do likewise: Starting at the random word
And dumb with trepidation, there I stood

Some seconds as bewitched: then I looked up
And in her face beheld an orient flush
Of half-bewildered pleasure; from which trance
She with an instant ease resumed herself,
And frankly with a pleasant laugh held out
Her arrowy hand.
Sidroc. What could she less? a hand
To have and hold is something; but to hold
And not to have—but end your tale—this hand—
Athulf. I thought it trembled as it lay in mine,
But yet her looks were clear, direct, and free,
And said that she felt nothing.
Sidroc, What feltst thou?
Athulf. A sort of swarming, curling, tremulous tumbling,
As though there were an ant-hill in my bosom.
—I said I was ashamed.—Sidroc, you smile;
If at my folly, well! But if you smile
Suspicious of a taint upon my heart,
Wide is your error, and you never loved.
Sidroc.—Well, but proceed, I pray you. Of this hand
The issue in experiment? the proof?
This lesser quantity—this *in majore*—
Was it containable?
Athulf. I proved it not.
More manly, wise, and courteous I deemed it
Not to press hard an opportunity,
Or wring it dry, but something leave behind
In warrant that no greedy grasping heart
Was mine, that on a light and trivial token
Feeding might grow in self-encouragement
Too fast to fatness.
Sidroc. I conceive your counsel;
Not all-devouring was your policy;
Something you left for bait.
Athulf. 'Twas not in craft.

Loveable description:—

Scholar Ah! she is peerless! Happy were that man
That should enthrall her though she were a peasant!
What in another might have seemed amiss
In her was but a freshness and new charm
Loosed from the graceful nakedness of Nature.
She ate but half a pigeon, and did you mark
How with her tiny fingers and her teeth
She gnawed and tore the bones, talking 'twixt whiles,
With such a lively and a pretty action,
That appetite itself and all its ways
Seemed mainly spiritual.

A stately altercation:—

Edwin.—Wherefore is this, my Lord Archbishop? Why
Dost thou pursue me to my privacy?
When I did leave you 'twas my will to leave you.
Am I your King, or am I not?
Odo. Sir, Sir,
'Tis true, with suffrage of the Witena,
You were anointed with the holy oil
And crowned this day by me. But deem not thence
That you are free to spurn us. Rather deem
That calls more urgent, bonds of stricter claim,
Enjoin the duties of your sovereignty;
Amongst which duties eminently first,
Is this, that when your Lords and Councillors,
The pillars of the realm, in conference meet,
You should be with them, wisely there to learn
From the assembled wisdom of the State.
Edwin.—'Twas for carousal, not for conference,
They met to-day.
Dunstan. Sirs, stand ye all apart,
And suffer that I reason with the King,
Whose youth betrays him. Oh unruly flesh!
Oh wanton blood of youth! The primal sin!
The first offender still! The original snare!
Perdition came of Woman, and alway since,
When Time was, with mischief and mischance,
He felt his forelock in a soft white hand.
Elgiva.—Of Woman say'st thou that perdition came?
'Twas of the Serpent, Priest.
The Queen-Mother. What! break'st thou in?
Thou bold and naughty jade! Thou pit! Thou snare!
Edwin.—Oh, Mother, hold! Know you at whom you rail?
Deem her your daughter, or me not your son.
The Queen-Mother. Thou art not and thou shalt not be my son,
If thou demean'st thyself to her—a witch!
A practiser of sorceries!
Edwin (kneeling). Oh God!
I pray Thee that Thou shorten not my days,
Ceasing to honour this disnatured flesh
That was my mother.
Elgiva. Never was she that:
A mother vacant of a mother's heart
Is in the sight of Nature none.
Dunstan. Thou darest!
And seest thou in what presence? Be thou warned,
Thy witcheries that inflame this carnal King
Far other fires shall kindle in the Church—
The channel as of mercies, so of wrath.
Thou stand'st before its excellent archbishop,
And me, its humblest minister: men both

Dead to the flesh, and loathing from their souls
To company with women. To us thy charms
Are flat and futile, as thy sins are sharp,
And spur us to that vengeance God inflicts
Through us on scorners.

Edwin. Heed them not, Elgiva.

Elgiva. Content thee! never were they heeded less
By God or by his angels than by me.

Edwin. Insolent Churchmen: *You* renounce the world,
All in it that is loving, or can be loved,
You'll teach yourselves and others to renounce,
Because cold vanities with meagre heats
Alternate, have consumed you to the core,
And given your hearts the dry-rot. Meddlesome Monks!
The love it is not in you, or to feel
For women, or from womankind to win,
You ostentatiously deny yourselves
As atrophy denies itself to fatten.

Elgiva. What worth are you to us, that set no store
By you or by your threats? I tell thee, Priest,
I do make no account of thee.

Dunstan. Fly hence,
Pale Prostitute! Avaunt, rebellious Fiend,
Which speakest through her!

A Puseyite might thus preach:—

Dunstan. The church is great,
Is holy, is ineffably divine!
Spiritually seen, and with the eye of faith,
The body of the Church, lit from within,
Seems but the luminous phantom of a body;
The incorporeal spirit is all in all,
Eternity *a parte post et ante*
So drinks the refuse, thinks the material fibre,
That lost in ultimate tenuity
The actual and the mortal lineaments,
The Church in Time, the meagre, definite, bare,
Ecclesiastical anatomy,
The body of this death, translates itself,
And glory upon glory swallowing all
Makes earth a scarce distinguishable speck
In universal heaven. Such is the Church
As seen by faith; but otherwise regarded,
The body of the Church is searched in vain
To find the seat of the soul; for it is nowhere.

There is much in the drama that is witty rather than tragic,—that portrays character rather than advances the action. Indeed we have been less affected by the catastrophe of the piece than

instructed and pleased in the course of the delineations and suggestions furnished in the numerous antecedent scenes. We must find room for a specimen of the wit and the hints which have delighted us. The occasion is one that is most dextrously worked up; viz. that of a synodial council of great formality and pomp, held in the Tower, to pass judgment on Edwin's marriage to Elgiva, which gave such deep offence to the monks. As the members to be convoked, secular as well as regular, traverse a gallery to the synodial chamber, we have the following spirited dialogue:—

First Deputy.—Here they come. What! a Secular! Well, he must pass, though he shall not be welcome.

Second Deputy.—There are more than he.

First Deputy.—They are stricken deer; I would not come amongst the herd if I were they.

Second Deputy.—I never saw Dunstan's chair before. 'Tis a choice piece of workmanship.

First Deputy.—He made it himself, and they say if another were to sit in it, it would toss him in the air. He can make anything, and make it do his bidding.

Second Deputy.—But should his chair be set above the Archbishop's?

First Deputy.—It was so ordered, and indeed he that is above the King may be above the Archbishop. King, said I! Who knows whether there be a King, or in which brother's reign we that are living live?

Second Deputy.—Hush! Speak not so.

First Deputy.—Nay, 'tis the way of the beehive, and Courts are no better. Make way, Sirs, if it please you. No offence. Sirs, 'tis my office. Farther back, I pray.

Second Deputy.—Here's Godredud.

First Deputy. I say ye shall make room.
What though he be a Secular? he's noble
And of a generous life.

A Monk. Six meals a day,
With morat and spiced ale, is generous living.
Also the gout he hath is generous.

Another Monk.—Bed, board, nor bath, he never yet forewent
The joys of for a day. Look at his tonsure;
A well-grown acorn's cup would cover it.

First Deputy. Nay, softly; hush!
But pass no further yet; here you shall stand,
And I will tell you, as they come, who's who.
The first of men! the angels of the church!
I know them all, and most of them—Room, ho!
The Abbot of St. Winifred's—Room, room!
And most of them I call my friends.

Sidroc (aside to Wulfstan.) The newt
Lived much amongst the tadpoles, and averred
He was acquainted with all kinds of fish.

First Deputy.—Here is the Abbot Morcar with one hand.

A woman kissed the other, for which cause
He chopped it off. He emulates St. Arnulph,
And wears a shirt of hedgehog skins. No need
To clear the way for him.
First Deputy. And here is Monn,
The Abbot of St. Clive's, that heals the sick
And makes the dumb to speak. From far and near
Thousands and thousands make resort to him,
And them that may not for infirmity
He goes to; or if so be he cannot go,
He sends his walking-stick, which does as well.

* * * * *

Room, I say,
Place for the Abbot of St. Clive's!—Lo, there
Cumba, the Priest of Sherborne; more than twice
Hath he changed sides; but he 's so mild and sweet,
That there are ever some to hold him up.
Betwixt the Monks and Secular Church, half-way
Stands Cumba, smiling upon both.
Sidroc (aside). A chicken
Is good for breakfast; and an egg is good;
But something half-way 'twixt an egg and chicken
Is vilely bad.
First Deputy. And, to say the truth of him,
His faith is mounted on his charity
And sits it easy.
Sidroc (aside). Cumba is my gauge,
And by the crown of his head I know the times.
Grow they ascetic, then his tonsure widens;
Or free, it narrows in.

These specimens may serve to invite our readers to the ample and sweetly-flavoured feast which he has here set before us,—to examine the life-looking picture which he has drawn of a notable epoch in Anglo-Saxon history. We trust that the author will be more frequent with his banquets hereafter.

ART. XI.—*History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in* 1789, *to the Restoration of the Bourbons in* 1815. By ARCHIBALD ALISON, F.R.S.E., &c. Vol. X. Blackwood and Sons.

IN this thick volume, extending to considerably more than a *thousand* pages, Mr. Alison has brought his elaborate history to a close. Many of the subjects comprised in it are of that mighty and hurrying import, that must be expected in the last scenes of a terrific and magnificent drama. Beginning with the campaign in France previous to the first abdication of Napoleon, when Wellington in one direction and the Allies in another, were pressing upon Soult's dispirited and flinching army, we are soon carried forward to the

restoration of the Bourbons, and the fallen Emperor's retirement to Elba, and next to his invasion and triumphant march to Paris. The reign of the Hundred Days, the Waterloo campaign, and the second downfall of Napoleon, follow in due course. Numerous, however, and important are the subjects and questions for discussion that occur with regard to each one of the prominent acts in this unparalleled outline. The alienation of the heart of France from the military despot; the follies of the restored and ancient dynasty; the preparations for, and the results of, the battle of Waterloo; with many incidental points, call for discussion and obtain particular investigation on the part of the diffuse and long-winded historian. The war with America too, which took place between Napoleon's two abdications, claims attention; furnishing an occasion for Mr. Alison to dilate on certain of the tendencies of democratic institutions in general, and of those of the American Union, in particular. Other disquisitions of a speculative kind, and retrospective as well as prospective, engage our historian. The Revolutionary Principle furnishes one of these; the necessity for Napoleon to maintain himself by wars, supplies another; while several obvious enough questions arising out of the progress of the *History of Europe*, are handled, as if for the first time, and pronounced upon with an authoritative air.

We have heretofore expressed our opinion of Mr. Alison's work, and more than once complained of its heaviness and dragging progress. It is without doubt the production of an industrious compiler, of sound but stolid judgment. The writer seems to have carefully consulted every book and pamphlet that has been published relative to the origin, the progress, and the results of the revolutionary war; and to have garnered in his mind, not untainted with political prejudice, a set of doctrines that were ever pressing for utterance,—no matter how long the current of the history might be thereby impeded. Indeed, our author is hardly less remarkable in respect of common-places, than of prolixity and diffusion; so that it is fully as much an impression of Mr. Alison's mind that is left with the reader, as that of the passage of history, or its lesson, which have been in hand.

At the same time, the *History of Europe* is one of anxious, protracted, and honest labour; having this superiority too over every work which treats of the condition & fortunes of Europe, from the period of the French Revolution, that it gives us a continuous and a complete account of all the great events, and also of all the important principles which the epoch comprised has presented. Besides, it was impossible for any man, even of a very ordinary mind, to set himself earnestly to the task of writing the history of Europe, between the years 1789 and 1815, not to be often stirred and inspired by the magnitude of the events, by the characters and fortunes of

many of the great men which these events awoke, so as to rise to the dignity of the historian and to read the world impressive truths. And perhaps one of the most salutary and best taught of these truths is that of the unstable and ill-founded power of Napoleon, requiring as it did the ceaseless and self-destructive efforts of war for its maintenance.

While we look upon Mr. Alison's elaborate work as one that exhibits a very considerable political bias, we are far from charging him with any intended unfairness. To be sure, his deductions are frequently entirely false or deficient, when taken in connexion with his narrative or his premises. But he is a perfectly impartial narrator with regard to matters of fact; nor does he shrink from coming to a strong expression of opinion, when he feels that these facts may even go to the condemnation of a favourite character. Take as an example his critical reflections on the military conduct of Wellington and Blucher immediately antecedent to the day of Waterloo.

In the first place, it is evident, whatever the English writers may say to the contrary, that both Blucher and the Duke of Wellington were surprised by Napoleon's invasion of Belgium on the 15th of June; and it is impossible to hold either of them entirely blameless for that circumstance. It has been already seen from the Duke's despatches, that on the 9th of June,—that is, six days before the invasion took place, he was aware that Napoleon was collecting a great force on the frontier; and that hostilities might immediately be expected. Why, then, were the two armies not immediately concentrated, and placed in such a situation that they might mutually, if attacked, lend each other their assistance? Their united force was full one hundred and ninety thousand effective men; while Napoleon's was not more than one hundred and forty thousand. Why, then, was Blucher attacked unawares, and isolated at Ligny; and the British infantry, unsupported by either cavalry or artillery, exposed to the attack of a superior force of French, composed of all the three arms, at Quatre Bras? It is in vain to say that they could not provide for their troops if they had been concentrated, and that it was necessary to watch every by-road which led to Brussels. Men do not eat more when drawn together than when scattered over a hundred miles of country. Marlborough and Eugene had long ago maintained armies of a hundred thousand men for months together in Flanders; and Blucher and Wellington had no difficulty in feeding a hundred and seventy thousand men drawn close together after the campaign did commence. It is not by a cordon of troops, scattered over a hundred miles, that the attack of a hundred and twenty thousand French is to be arrested. If the British army had from the first been concentrated at Waterloo, and Blucher near Wavres, Napoleon would never have ventured to pass them on any road, however unguarded. Those who, in their anxiety to uphold the English general from the charge of being assailed unawares, assert that he was not taken by surprise in the outset of the Waterloo campaign, do not perceive that in so doing, they bring against him the much more serious charge of having so disposed his troops, when he knew they were to be assailed, that infantry alone, without either cavalry or artillery, were exposed to the

attack of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in superior numbers—contrary, not only to the plainest rules of the military art, but of common sense on the subject.

It results from these considerations, that in the outset of the Waterloo campaign, Wellington and Blucher were out manœuvered by Napoleon. Being superior by at least seventy thousand troops to those at the command of the French emperor, it was their business never to have fought at a disadvantage, and not made a final stand till their two great armies were in a situation mutually to assist and support each other. There seems no reason why this should not have been done by their mutually converging from the frontier to Waterloo, without abandoning Brussels. But even if it had been necessary to evacuate that capital before the union was effected, prudence suggests that it would have been better to have done so, even with all its moral consequences, than to have exposed either army to the chance of serious defeat in consequence of being singly assailed by greatly superior forces. Nevertheless, Napoleon so managed matters in the outset of the campaign, that though inferior upon the whole by full seventy thousand men to the allied armies taken together, he was superior to either at the points of attack at Ligny and Quatre Bras, That is the most decisive test of superior generalship.

Napoleon's defeat on the field of Waterloo, was not more complete then was the desertion of those whom he had raised to lofty distinction, and who owed him allegiance.

And now commenced at Fontainbleau a scene of baseness never exceeded in any age of the world, and which forms an instructive commentary on the principles and practice of the Revolution. Let an eye-witness of these hideous tergiversations record them; they would pass for incredible if drawn from any less exceptionable source. "Every hour," says Caulaincourt, "was after this marked by fresh voids in the emperor's household. The universal object was how to get first to Paris. All the persons in office quitted their post without leave or asking permission; one after another they all slipped away, totally forgetting him to whom they owed everything, but who had no longer anything to give. The universal complaint was, that his formal abdication was so long of appearing. "It was high time," it was said by every one, 'for all this to come to an end: it is absolute childishness to remain any longer in the antechambers of Fontainbleau, when favours are showering down at Paris; and with that they all set off for the capital. Such was their anxiety to hear of his abdication, that they pursued misfortune even in its last asylum: and every time the door of the emperor's cabinet opened, a crowd of heads were seen peeping in to gain the first hint of the much longed-for news." No sooner was the abdication and the treaty with the allies signed, than the desertion was universal: every person of note around the emperor, with the single and honourable exceptions of Maret and Caulaincourt, abandoned him: the antechambers of the palace were literally deserted. Berthier even left his benefactor without bidding him adieu! "He was born a courtier," said Napoleon when he learned his departure: "you will see my Vice-Constable mendicating employment from the Bourbons. I feel mortified that men whom I have raised so high in the eyes of Europe should sink so low. What have they

made of that halo of glory through which they have hitherto been seen by the stranger? What must the sovereigns think of such a termination to all the illustrations of my reign!"

And what was the enacted part of the drama at Blois, where the Empress Marie Louise and the King of Rome had been since the taking of Paris? Here, according to our author's information, the scene of selfishness was more marked, the desertions more shameless, than even in the saloons of Fontainbleau.

Unrestrained by the awful presence of the Emperor, the egotism and cupidity of the courtiers there appeared in hideous nakedness, and the fumes of the Revolution expired amidst the universal baseness of its followers. No sooner was the abdication of the Emperor known, than all her Court deserted the Empress: it was a general race who should get first to Paris to share in the favours of the new dynasty. Such was the desertion, that in getting into her carriage on the 9th April, at Blois, to take the road to Orleans, no one remained to hand the Empress in but her Chamberlain. The Empress, the King of Rome were forgotten: the grand object of all was to get away, and to carry with them as much as possible of the public treasure which had been brought from Paris with the Government. In a few days it had all disappeared. At Orleans, the remaining members of Napoleon's family also departed: Madame Mere and her brother the Cardinal Fesch set out for Rome; Prince Louis, the ex-King of Holland, for Switzerland; Joseph and Jerome soon after followed in the same direction. The Empress at first declared her resolution to join Napoleon; maintaining that there was her post, and that she would share his fortunes in adversity as she had done in prosperity. The wretched sycophants, however, who were still about her person, spared no pains to alienate her from the Emperor: they represented that he had espoused her only from policy; that she had never possessed his affections; that during the short period they had been married he had a dozen mistresses, and that she could now expect nothing but reproaches and bad usage from him. Overcome partly by these insinuations, and partly by her own facility of character and habits of submission, she too followed the general example: her French guards were dismissed, and replaced by Cossacks: she took the road from Orleans to Rambouilhet; where she was visited successively by the Emperor her father and the Emperor Alexander; and at length she yielded to their united entreaties, and agreed to abandon Napoleon.

But there were a few staunch or honourable men who did not desert the Emperor, so long as he could make use of their services. Mr. Alison names these noble exceptions; and adds an anecdote relative to Macdonald, who, though the last of his marshals to be taken into favour, "was faithful to his duty: he did not forget his word pledged on the field of Wagram." This is the anecdote:

Napoleon was so sensible of his fidelity, that on the morning when he brought him the ratification of the treaty of Fontainbleau to sign, he publicly thanked him for his affectionate zeal, and lamented the coldness which had at one period

estranged them from each other. "At least," said the Emperor, "you will not refuse one souvenir—it is the sabre of Mourad-Bey, which I have often worn in battle; keep it for my sake. Return to Paris, and serve the Bourbons as faithfully as you have served me!"

Mr. Alison speaks out boldly concerning the bad faith that attached to the execution of Ney, throwing the blame roundly on Louis the Eighteenth and the Allied Sovereigns. But how are the authors of the capitulation (Wellington and Blucher) to be excused for continuing to serve in a cause after their positive and clear terms of agreement had been violated and dishonoured? However, let us have the historian's stern denunciation of the treachery practised, and also his sketch of the Marshal's last moments.

Being brought in a carriage to the place selected in the gardens of the Luxemburg, near a wall, the marshal stood erect, and with his hat in his left hand, and his right on his heart, and facing the soldiers, exclaimed, "My comrades, fire on me." He fell, pierced by ten balls. The place of his execution is still to be seen in the garden of the Luxemburg; and few spots in Europe will excite more melancholy emotions in the mind of the traveller.

The death of Ney is a subject which the English historian cannot discuss without painful feelings. His guilt was self-evident; and never, perhaps, was the penalty of the law inflicted upon one for a political offence who more richly deserved his fate; but the question of difficulty is, whether or not he was protected by the capitulation of Paris? The clause in that treaty has been already given; which expressly declares, that no person should be molested for his political opinions or conduct during the Hundred Days; and it is very difficult to see how this clause could be held as not protecting Ney, who was within the city at the time of the treaty. Wellington and Blucher conc'uded the capitulation; their sovereigns ratified it; Louis the Eighteenth took benefit from it. He entered Paris the very day after the English army, and established himself in the Tuilleries, under the protection of their guns. How, then, can it be said that he as well as the allied sovereigns, were not bound by the treaty—especially in so vital and irreparable a matter as human life, and that the life of such a man as Marshal Ney? It is very true, a great example was required; true, Ney's treason was beyond that of any other man; true, the revolutionists required to be shewn that the government could venture to punish: but all that will not justify the breach of a capitulation. The very time when justice requires to interpose is when great interests or state necessity are urgent on the one hand, and an unprotected criminal on the other. To say that Louis the Eighteenth was not bound by the capitulation; that it was made by the English general without his authority; and that no foreign officer could tie up the hands of an independent sovereign, is a quibble unworthy of a generous mind, and which it is the duty of the historian invariably to condemn. This was what Nelson said at Naples, and what Schwartzenberg said at Dresden; and subsequent times have unanimously spoken out against the violation of these two capitulations. Banished from France, with his double treason affixed to his forehead, Ney's character was irrecoverably withered; but to the end of the world his guilt will be forgotten in the tragic interest and noble heroism of his death.

We add one extract more. It gives us a change of scene and of fortune. But if Mr. Alison's information in the story be perfectly correct, it can by no means redound to the credit of the King of the Belgians; for it makes him out to be a worthless wooer, a hungry fortune-hunter, and a most lucky adventurer.

One other circumstance, of domestic interest in its origin but of vast importance in its ultimate results, deserves to be recorded of this eventful period. At Paris, during the stay of the allied monarchs, there was Lord——, who had filled with acknowledged ability a high diplomatic situation at their head-quarters during the latter period of the war. His lady, of high rank, had joined him to partake in the festivities of that brilliant period, and with her a young relative, equally distinguished by her beauty and talents, then appearing in all the freshness of opening youth. A frequent visitor at this period in Lord——'s family was a young officer, then an aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Constantine, a younger brother of an ancient and illustrious family in Germany, but who, like many other scions of nobility, had more blood in his veins than money in his pocket. The young aide-de-camp speedily was captivated by the graces of the English lady; and when the sovereigns were about to set out for England, whither Lord——was to accompany them, he bitterly lamented the scantiness of his finances, which prevented him from following in the train of such attraction. Lord—— good-humouredly told him he should always find a place at his table when he was not otherwise engaged; and that he would put him in the way of seeing all the world in the British metropolis, which he would probably never see to such advantage again. Such an offer, especially when seconded by such influences, proved irresistible, and the young German gladly followed them to London. He was there speedily introduced to and ere long distinguished by the Princess Charlotte, whose projected alliance with the Prince of Orange had recently before been broken off. Though the Princess remarked him, however, it was nothing more at that time than a passing regard; for her thoughts were then more seriously occupied by another. Having received at the same time what he deemed some encouragement, the young soldier proposed to the Princess, and was refused; and consequently went to Vienna during the sitting of the Congress at that place, where his susceptible heart was speedily engrossed in another tender affair. Invincible obstacles, however, presented themselves to the realization of the Princess Charlotte's views, which had led to her first rejection of the gallant German. He received a friendly hint from London to make his attentions to the fair Austrian less remarkable: he returned to the English capital, affair proposed to the English Princess, and was accepted. It was Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; and his subsequent destiny and that of his Family exceeds all that romance has figured of the marvellous. He married the heiress of England, after her lamented end he espoused a daughter of France, he was offered the throne of Greece, he accepted the crown of Belgium. In consequence of his elevation, one of his nephews has married the heiress of Portugal, another the queen of England; and the accidental fancy of a young German officer for a beautiful English lady has in its ultimate results given three kingdoms to his family, placed on one of his relatives the crown of the greatest empire that has existed in the world since the fall of Rome, and restored to England, in hazardous times, the inestimable blessing of a direct line of succession to the throne.

ART. XII.—*Lockhart's Illustrated Ancient Spanish Ballads.* New Edition. Murrray.

THERE is in Spanish poetry not merely a characteristic excellence, but much that brings it on a level with the highest flights of genius. Certainly, if the test be the pleasure which it administers, the capture of the fancy, or the strong hold it has upon natural affection, it stands among the foremost ranks.

The Spanish language itself, being a union of the Latin with the vernacular Iberian, and which after the process of their fusions, continued still to receive enrichments from the Visigoths and Arabs, now gaining something in sweetness, now stateliness and strength, has like the Italian, an inherent charm which has been happily termed the poetry of speech. When we cast an eye upon its written character, we find that the accession of oriental words which it acquired from the sources last mentioned, gives it a physiognomy little less poetical. The distinctive genius of many of its poets, who dealt alike in strains of touching simplicity and periods of ambitious decoration, offers also great claims to our consideration, and undoubtedly imparts a character to their poetry as captivating as it is peculiar.

From a very ancient period, the natives of Spain, under the languor inspired by their delicious climate, seem to have been devoted to the melodies of song. Roman writers bear a testimony to this effect; indeed, after the invasion of these conquerors, Spain became naturally the parent of poets, if not always the country of their residence; as may be traced through a number of well-known names down to the close of the fourth century, and to the era when they give us notices of the Christian church.

The fifth century was marked by the eruption of the Goths in Spain. Barbarous as were these visitors, we are not to impute to them alone the ignorance which then became so prevalent, or the entire destruction of that taste which the Romans had introduced. Superstition concurred with Vandalism to destroy the influence of letters and increase the intellectual darkness. The means of study and instruction became more difficult of attaiment to the Christian poets; oppression extinguished their enthusiasm; and all the genius they possessed was expended upon hymns, which, from the jealous orthodoxy of their frigid catechumens, are remarkable only for undeviating dulness. Yet in this, as in the following century, there occur many names that might be cited as links in the chain of her poetical history. Under Theodosius the Second, Dracontius composed a poem on the Creation of the Word, and Orensius in the seventh century wrote the "Commonitorium," which has attracted the attention and engaged the pen of two commentators. But to forage in the archives of these

dark ages, and to analyze the heavy works they have produced, would require as much courage as labour, without yielding a suitable recompense. A more brilliant epoch commences with the invasion of Spain by the Saracens in the eighth century, an event which effected a wonderful change in the government of the country and the spirit of the people. With their sciences and arts, the Arabs introduced an elegant genius glowing with the pomp of new imagery. Subjected by force of arms, the southern provinces of Spain received with the Saracenic yoke, their usages and laws. By long possession of the country, the conquerors introduced in it, though not throughout, their language, their literature, and even their religion. The poetic style of the Orientals captivated all fancies; the lavish genius of their compositions obtained an universal influence, and accelerated the fall of Roman poetry in Spain. Alvaro of Cordoba complains of his compatriots, that, in adopting the Arabic language, they had so far forgotten Latin, that amongst a thousand Spaniards it would be difficult to find one who could write a letter in that tongue. Such indeed became their attachment to oriental literature, that the native poets soon wrote Arabic with remarkable purity, and composed Arabic verses with great facility. During their domination in Spain, a period of nearly eight hundred years, its different provinces, divided into several kingdoms, cultivated the eastern style of verse with equal success. The Jews, protected by the Moorish kings, contributed also to the diffusion of taste, by circulating the knowledge which they had received in the colleges of the East, where their fancy was nourished with the same images and scenes. But if they possessed over the Arabs some superiority in science, they were immeasurably behind them in enthusiasm, which naturally develops itself in minds possessed with the double passion of glory and of love. Whilst the warriors of Castile were immortalizing themselves by a constancy faithful unto death, and were pouring forth their blood with a reckless generosity, to preserve in sacred independence some portion of the soil, the Arab muse was celebrating the exploits of Mirza, Malek-Alabez, and Tarif, was consecrating to remembrance the beauty of Fatima, the misfortunes of the Abencerrages, and inspiring a long series of poets, whose names are transmitted to us in the pages of D'Herbolt, and the collection of the Escurial manuscripts, published by Casiri. The power and the practice of song were not, however, monopolized by men; the damsel also claimed a share in the adjudication of poetical renown: several ladies, Andalusians as well as others, were smiled on by the Muses; and the most celebrated of all, Maria Alfaisuli, the Sappho of Seville, was compelled to divide her fame with her rivals—Saphia of the same city, and Aischa of Cordoba.

Up to this period there had been in Spain four distinct people, the Romans and Goths, the Jews and Arabs, whose residence must have

necessarily influenced the national genius and manners. The Spanish character and language were derived from the combination of these various elements. A fifth class of strangers, however, early invited into Spain, brought new modes of expression, and wonderfully improved the rising language. These were the Troubadours, who have formed the taste of modern poetry on both sides of the Pyrenees. A number of celebrated names belonging to this class might be given. But not to enter into detail, the fact recorded by Zurita in his annals may be noticed, that towards the end of the fourteenth century, King Don Juan the Second of Arragon, himself a writer of verses, sent a formal deputation into France, to request of the College of Toulouse suitable directions and laws for the introduction of the *Gay Science* into his states. The monarch's wishes were complied with, and two of the principal minstrels of Toulouse were despatched to Barcelona, and there established a Consistory of Troubadours.

The degree of influence which has been exercised by these various tribes of people upon the character and formation of Spanish poetry and language, would be an interesting subject for investigation. In forming a rude estimate, as regards the language, supposing it to be divided into one hundred parts, sixty have been assigned as derived from the Latin, ten from the Greek, ten from the idiom of the Visigoths, ten from the Arabic and Hebrew ; and from the Teutonic, the Italian, French, and words from the two Indies, a like number altogether. After the disuse of Latin verse, the cultivation of the oriental style of poetry flourished for five hundred years, when the Provençal and Valencian dialects prevailed and continued for a century. A concurrence of happy circumstances then paved the way for the Castilian, which was formed insensibly towards the twelfth century. To the commencement of the thirteenth, may be ascribed the production of the poem of the "Cid," the first rude effort of the Castilian Muse. The period from the construction of this curious old poem, to the more refined productions of Boscan and Garcilaso, constitutes the first marked era of poetical history, and comprises some of those spirited ballads which paint with such simplicity the chivalric middle age of Spain, and in fact form the most popular portion of her poetry. The story of the Cid is familiar to us from the work of Dr. Southey, and the latter from the selected specimens so exquisitely translated by Mr. Lockhart. The injustice of Alphonso the Sixth to the illustrious Rodrigo de Bivar furnished the cause of those exploits which the unknown author of the "Cid" has taken for his theme.

Up to Lydgate and Gower's era in England, the date to which the first period of the poetic art in Spain extends, Spanish poetry may be placed by the side of English poetry without suffering much by the comparison. There had been a considerable number of

poets in the former country during this first stage; and although there be much in their productions which is tiresome in narrative and dull in subject, part of this is to be ascribed to the legendary and monastic spirit of the age; while much of what is inanimate and rude in style, is to be set down to the wildness of an unfixed language, which takes, notwithstanding, as it advances, a tone of greater pomp and compass. Finally, the indulgent critic will overlook the constant want of unity of the longer poems, in the beautiful simplicity, originality, and effect so remarkable in the older ballads, which often carry with them more real pathos and enchantment than are to be met with in the imitative grace and studied ornaments of a later and correcter age.

The second period of poetry in Spain, which presents the Castilian Muse with an aspect altogether new, began with the accession of Charles the Fifth. Garcilaso flourished in this period, and may be regarded as the first Spanish poet who combined, in a very great degree, the two essential qualities of excellence, genius and good taste. It is true that his disposition inclined him rather to Virgil and Petrarch, than to Dante, and his admiration and study of their writings, whilst it led to exquisite imitations of their imagery and harmony, induced him to rely less than he needed on his own resources. But considering him not only as the principal agent by whom the new system of versification, commenced by Boscán, became established, but as the founder of a new school of poetry, it is impossible not to ascribe to him much real genius. His talents excite a yet higher estimation, when we reflect that he died at the age of thirty-three, and that, far from enjoying the quiet leisure of his friend Boscán, he accompanied Charles the Fifth both to Pavia and Tunis, fighting in the field, and during the intervals of battle, writing his verses in the tent. His taste was, notwithstanding, superior to his genius; and as he took the Mantuan for his model, his writings have a classical elegance, purity, and charm, unsurpassed by any succeeding poet.

But it is unfortunate that the successors of Garcilaso should have so servilely followed his steps in their unvaried imitation of the classics. What might be necessary in him as the first great refiner of the poetry and language, was superfluous, or worse than superfluous, in them. His example should have engaged them to give deep attention to their principles of taste and composition, but not so utterly to renounce their self-dependence and innate resources. But the spring-tide of admiration for this class of subjects had set in, and every consideration of what was national in the writings of their earlier predecessors was overborne. Hence, properly speaking, they ceased to be original, and were content to occupy but a secondary place in merit and reputation. The bondage in which they were held by Aristotle, whose philosophy long continued to be

taught in their universities, rivetted their chains more closely. It would have been thought a species of literary heresy if they had dared to introduce anything but what was absolutely accordant with his rescripts and with the practice of Virgil and their Garcilaso. We meet accordingly, in the poets of the time of Charles the Fifth, with little that is purely Spanish, either in subject or in imagery.

In the reign of Philip, however, flourished two admirable poets, who, whilst studying the classics with the greatest assiduity, left behind them some fine odes upon subjects purely Spanish,—Herrera and Fray Luis de Leon. But Gongora arose, whose name, on account of the corrupt taste which he laboured to establish, is become the synonyme for a bad poet. And now, to simple thoughts, natural expressions and true enthusiasm, succeeded the heartless frippery of point, antithesis, flourish, and far-fetched illustration, which being encouraged by the courtiers and popular preachers of the day, mounted to a rage for innovation that was altogether ridiculous. Lope de Vega, however, the poet who of all others formed in his time the delight of his country, and who reigned like a monarch on the Spanish stage, opposed his talent of ridicule to check the progress of the disorder. But of him it is not necessary to say much. Everybody knows the extraordinary fertility of his genius—how his printed verses are reckoned by millions, and how his biographer Montalban relates, that to his knowledge eighteen hundred of his comedies were actually represented, besides four hundred sacred dramas, and that of these more than a hundred were written in a day. His imagination was, says one writer, an exhaustless fountain, or rather a Vesuvius in continual eruption. The quality of the verses, so vomited forth, may be judged of by their quantity. Apart from those comedies where the sprightliness of the dialogue, the choice of characters, and the rapid succession and ingenuity of incident sustain the reader's attention, in despite of his utter disregard of the unities, we think no one could submit to the drudgery of reading any of his longer compositions, written as they generally were without plan or preparation. Followed, flattered, and caressed as Lope was, from the superfluity of his intellectual wealth, admired by monarchs, adored by the people he amused, and mourned at his death as by a nation that had received a deep wound, his title to a high reputation now may be said to lie interred beneath a mighty mass of writings that serve, indeed, as a monument of his universal genius; but from that monument what mortal hand can disinter it? Who will undertake to collect the spirit of fifty or a hundred volumes into one?

There were others, although but few in number, who were but partially tinctured with the corruption and the conceits of which mention has been made; whilst one or two had the virtue altogether to resist the disorder of the day.

But we jump to the third distinctive stage of Spanish poetry, which

commenced with the restoration of good taste under Luzam, and his followers, towards the year 1730; and conclude our bald notice of the eras of Spanish poetry, with a few sentences from M. Maury's sketch of the last period, as found in his introduction to his selected specimens; the history of the art being closely interwoven with the political fortunes of the country. "What has been," he asks, with a sigh, "for the last twenty years, the success of the Iberian muses? Where indeed have they sojourned? Scattered like leaves by the autumnal blast, our men of letters like our statesmen are departed. An universal silence, with the exception of some few publications of trifling consequence, has left without a vestige the very existence of those rivals who promised the most noble strains. The tribune that resounded to the voice of genius is mute. Spain is agonized in every muscle of her frame, and expects relief from time alone. But time, at least, is infallible, and he will replace in that scale of eminence for which Nature designed it, a country in which she puts forth with profusion the germs of every accomplishment."

Since the period when these sentiments were expressed, Spain has enjoyed but little repose; nor has there, we believe, been any such change or revival in the history of the Castilian muse, as to call for notice in our brief sketch.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*France Daguerrotyped: or the War Fever.* BY CAPTAIN CAPSICUM PEPPER.

THIS Anti-Gallic production deals in such exaggerations, gossip, and scandal, as the caricaturists of Paris largely employ in their satires on their public characters. But whether the pictures be true or false in a literal and individual sense, we have no doubt that the spirit of the French factions is given with considerable accuracy; and a strange Daguerrotyped impression it leaves, of hostile parties and most excitable materials; the little-great man Thiers, with his *set*, furnishing subjects for a principal share of the author's spleen, or of those from whom he has borrowed the pictures. We shall first quote what is said in general terms of the construction of recent French Ministries Says Capsicum,—

"Almost every administration that has existed in France since the Revolution of 1830 has contained within itself the germ of dissolution in the internal divisions of its members. Envies, jealousies, unprincipled ambition, all, in short, that can spring from exorbitant vanity—a gas with which the French character is as impregnated as the air they breathe with oxygen—thoroughly pervade every department of public as well as private life, and render it utterly impossible that any set of men can sit together in the same cabinet for a single month without plotting their mutual destruction. A. wants to push out B., because B. is more fluent in the Council. B. is bent upon expelling A., because A.'s long-headed logic is sure to get the better of him at last, and

A., B., C., D., and so on alphabetically down to the last *employé*, have each an immediate aim at the Premiership. I doubt whether any or all the countries in Europe contain a tithe of the unprincipled schemers who are to be found in Paris alone. Indeed the notion of principle as involved in politics is openly sneered at in almost every salon you enter; and so wretched and heartless a game of hollow intrigue, such an utter prostration of all that is honest, upright, and manly, such undermining, overreaching, lying, knavery and swindling, as the whole political system of France exhibits, is not to be paralleled or even conceived, in any other part of the world—China, perhaps, excepted. During the long administration of the Quinze-Avril (as it was called) Mole was in a perpetual state of disagreement with Montalivet, suspecting him constantly of the most sinister designs, and literally set spies to watch his movements, with a view to countermine him and explode his various artifices. In the administration of the Premier-Mars, Thiers and Remusat led an equally cat-and-dog sort of life—the difference being that their hostility was so intense that neither made the slightest show of concealing it. It sufficed for one to say "white," for the other immediately to shout out "black," and it was a common saying that by the side of these two *confrères*, Eteocles and Polynices, Capulet and Montague, were upon the friendly footing of thieves at a fair, or Kings in a coalition. In the present administration MM. Guizot and Duchâtel are strongly opposed, though in their mutual repulsion they do not outrage decency. In France, owing to the deficiency in valuable colonies, there are not three, as amongst us, but two great departments, into which the administration is divided—the departments of Foreign Affairs and of the Interior. With the former usually goes the Premiership. In the present instance M. Duchatel holds the Ministry of the Interior, and Guizot being represented (we will suppose in the phraseology of Lloyd's) by A 1, Duchâtel is A 2 in the Ministry. Each has his train of adherents, and the Cabinet is accordingly more or less divided into two parties, which, unless Duchâtel manifests as much good sense as the other Principal, will unquestionably lead to a *débâcle*. M. Tanneguy-Duchâtel, the Minister of the Interior, a man of ancient descent and considerable abilities, has what the Scotch would call "a strong following" in the Rue de Grenelle, where his hotel is situated. His personal influence causes a species of schism amongst the Doctrinaires, which is rather injurious to the supremacy of M. Guizot, "*le pape de la doctrine*" as he is sometimes called. Count Mole is ready to grasp strongly at power, and is intriguing vigorously for its resumption; while upon the other hand Thiers's exorbitant vanity, wrought upon by the sickening flattery of his faction, and stimulated by the recent renewal of his invitations to the Tuileries, is filled with fresh hopes of being called to the helm of affairs. In this hope Thiers is mistaken. *Unless he be raised to power by a popular commotion*, there are three things which effectually exclude him: first, his proved incapacity to guide and regulate great events—secondly, his faithlessness and treachery to the Sovereign, which can never be forgiven—thirdly, the utterly profligate and unprincipled avowal which he made in the Chamber that he had been endeavouring to jockey the Four Powers, and that his real designs were the direct reverse of what he pretended. Such is the state of the French political world."

The war fever, and the anti-British mania, are undoubtedly strong among the French, and will very probably be more furious than usual at the general elec-

tion of deputies which is about to take place; when parties are in search of professions to win the suffrages of the constituencies. If Guizot and his moderate policy find sufficient support, the peace of Europe will be preserved; but should Thiers triumph, a general conflagration may be lighted up; unless Indeed the safeguard of peace lie in the extreme division of parties. But not to speculate where so much uncertainty exists, let us recur to the period when the *Bastion fever* was at its height, and labourers were invited from Paddyland to forward the fortifications. Says Captain Pepper,—

"The great multiplicity of labourers required the for fortification of Paris, and the comparative scarcity of French labourers as compared with the soil which they have to cultivate, occasioned directions to be some time since transmitted to the French consul at Dublin to ascertain whether any disposable number of Irish labourers could be induced to proceed to Paris, with a certainty of procuring regular employment for a year to come. The result, as may readily be conceived, was that a number of the "finest peasantry" jumped at the offer as nimbly as a salmon-trout at a summer-fly. Under the special superintendence of the consul they were shipped in disorder and ragged condition for Havre, felicitating themselves on the gentility of the excursion, and the unlooked-for opportunity of "makin" the *tower* to France, all as one as the foremost quollity —and that upon *vilvit*, and be paid for their pleasurin' into the bargain? Since the memorable period when the immortal hero of the Gridiron, "bein" in distress in regard of the 'atin'," thought a 'solitary "*Parley voo Fransay*?" a passport to all the mysteries of the French mind, nothing more *bizarre* and provocative of laughter has been witnessed, than the landing of these stray sons of St. Patrick at Havre, and their journey on foot to Paris. It was my lot to meet with one of them in the centre of the Palais Royal at the magnificent Gallerie d'Orleans. There he stood beneath the splendid glass roof, reflected in a hundred mirrors along the walls, stared at by scores of moustached loungers, and giggled at by a dozen *magasin-grisettes* in their exquisitely *soigneuses* toilets, looking like Houris in a Paradise. Paddy had changed in no respect the costume of his native hills. The corduroy smalls were patched and repatched, yet broken at the knees. The buttons enjoyed a sinecure "for convaynience,' the long strings which held the place of knee-buckles fluttered down to the ancle. Like Lord Hamlet, he appeared in the midst of that emporium of fashion.

——"With his doublet all unbraced,
No *hat* upon his head,"

but a very stunted and straw-bound caubeen, with the immemorial short and blackened pipe stuck on the dexter side; and to complete his parallel with

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,"

Pat had

——"His stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down gyved to his ancle."

When to this I add that his hardy and sinewy leg was thickly matted with hair of a dusky hue, and that his face was bespread with some ten days' growth of beard of a foxy-brown colour, that his brogues loosened by the journey were made fast around the instep by hay-ropes, that his coat was of aboriginal blue frieze, and that in his hand he wielded a stout "alpeen" which had been his

firm support for many a rood, I need scarcely wind up his resemblance to the Danish prince by saying that he was

"The observed of all observers!"

When I first espied him in that attitude of upward gazing, which according to philosophers distinguishes man from the beast (a distinguishing characteristic which is sometimes very requisite), I drew closer to him, impelled by an irresistible curiosity, and was no little astonished at hearing him ejaculate, "Holy Virgin, if that disn't bang Banagher. Eh, then, it's with glass they thatches their houses in Paris.

ART. XIV.—*The Book of Thought: with an Index.*

"THE Book of Thought; or Observations and Passages relating to Religion, Morals, Manners, and Characters; selected from various writers." The volume therefore contains a collection o such passages as particularly struck the compiler's mind in the course of his miscellaneous reading, there being a few poetical extracts. The value of such a collection must depend first, on the range of the compiler's reading, and secondly, on the judgment and taste he has exercised in selection,—the question being rather, what to leave out, than what to insert. We think that in both respects the volume is really what it is called, a "Book of Thought," and also of sound and profitable thought, well calculated for the exercise and the improvement of an elegant mind.

ART. XV.—*Hoel the Hostage, and other Poems.* BY M. E. JEFFREYS.

WE have in these Poems sweet, often vigorous thoughts, expressed flowingly and harmoniously. The author sometimes makes too much of his subject, or does not know when to have done, when he should be condensing. Some thirty years ago his volume would have been talked of, and flatteringly. But it is difficult now, even for a person possessed of genius and an originalist in manner, to command that attention on a first appearance that will encourage to perseveranee.

ART XVI.—*Bees: their Natural History and General Management.* By ROBERT HUISH, F.L.S.

THIS handsome and beautifully illustrated volume comprises "a full and experimental examination of the various systems of native and foreign apiarians; with an analytical exposition of the errors of the theory of Huber; containing also the latest discoveries and improvements in every department of the apiary, with a description of the most approved hives now in use." Parts of the volume, it would appear, have previously been given to the world, Mr. Huish being manifestly an enthusiast both practically and theoretically regarding the busy bee. He writes in a colloquial and very free style, and will no doubt carry along with him even the novice who consults the book; so curious and yet so feasible are his views as well as alleged facts. One of the most interesting portions of the book is that in which our apiarian purposes to carry out with him colonies of the honey-makers to New Zealand, which he confidently hopes to establish as thriving settlers in that temperate and fertile country.

ART. XVII.—*The Life and Labours of Adam Clarke, L.L.D. 2nd Edition.*

THIS edition differs from the former, in that it has received many retrenchments and many additions. The narrative, we are told, has been divested of the somewhat controversial aspect which in several parts it bore; while numerous transpositions, with a view to stricter chronological arrangement, have been made. The fresh matter has been derived principally from letters and other documents published since the appearance of the first edition. The work, it is said, "now contains nothing that need give offence to the most sensitive partisan of any class of opinions." This is a broad saying; and perhaps, is not perfectly safe, seeing that several instances of the special interference of Heaven are mentioned.

ART. XVIII.—*Thoughts at Whitsuntide, and other Poems.* BY LORD LEIGH.

Lord Leigh has a classical, gentlemanly, subdued tone in his poems, which, we suppose, is held in esteem in high-bred aristocratical circles. He does not patronize the ecstatic vein; and yet is much less common-place than the decorous style of his verse may induce the reader at first sight to imagine. These pieces may be termed, elegant essays on a variety of subjects, framed according to a poetic model.

ART. XIX.—*The Cottage Farmer's Assistant.* By C. W. JOHNSON, ESQ., F.R.S.

"THE Cottage Farmer's Assistant in the Cultivation of his Land, and Book of the Household," is one of a number of works which have been written by Mr. Johnson in order to furnish useful and the latest information in regard to rural economy. This small publication is particularly calculated to instruct and interest persons who fall within the allotment system, the tenants of "the Cottage Homes" of this country. Besides directions as to the improvement of the cottager's land, which will generally be cultivated by the spade, advice about the rotation of crops, a calendar, &c., there are receipts for every-day articles for eating and drinking, and a few remedies for common accidents. The cheap but neat pamphlet should be in the hands of every person whose dwelling has attached to it a morsel of ground.

ART. XX.—*The Marchioness: a Strange, but True Tale.* BY MRS. THORNTON.

THIS tale is said to be founded on a fact which occurred in France in the seventeenth century,—the abduction of the Countess St. Germ's child, at the moment of his birth, by the sister of the husband, in order that her own daughter might inherit the estate. From this starting incident, Mrs. Thornton is readily enabled to introduce a variety of striking vicissitudes in the life, not only of the heir who has been abandoned, but of her who has been substituted in his place, as well as the authoress of the abduction, who naturally gets more deeply steeped in crime to prevent discovery. The story is managed with skill, simplicity, and earnestness, and will rivet the attention of every one who makes but a dip into one of its pages; a result which does not often occur, when fictions are said to be founded on fact.

ART. XXI.—*Belgium since the Revolution of* 1830. By the REV. W. TROLLOPE, M.A.

MR. TROLLOPE professes to furnish "a Topographical and Antiquarian description of the Country, and a Review of its Political, Commercial, Literary, Religious and Social Relations, as affecting its present condition and future prospects." The work therefore contains much that is of a statistical nature, as well as what may be regarded to be a guide to travellers; the author having gathered many of the descriptions, as well as notices of manners and character, from his own observation. The productions of the soil, the manufactures, the political and economical features of the country, are treated of at due length; there being, however, such a jumble of the whole, and such a constant running from one thing to another, as to distract, if not to perplex the reader, who is not in search of any particular branch of information.

In so far as the intelligence and opinions of the author are concerned, the work is not of a high order. At least he does not appear to have a penetrating mind, or to have cultivated such habits as would prevent him from coming to hasty and harsh conclusions. His prejudices indeed are characteristic of John Bull; and accordingly he is apt to measure things in the lump and with a sweep. He does not like the Belgians;—at least, his picture of them is repulsive. Take, for example, his wholesale accusations against a particular class, that must be numerous,—we mean domestic servants. He says,—

"With the principle of dishonesty so deeply rooted in the national character, it cannot be surprising that there is not a domestic servant in the country who is worthy of trust and confidence. From the greater facility with which they can impose upon the English, they are peculiarly anxious to get into their service; and cooks especially, through the connivance of the tradespeople, who share in the profits, contrive to fleece their employers to an incredible extent. So well aware are the Belgians of the pilfering propensities of the whole tribe, that a servant is never allowed to enter a room alone, even to clean it. In the genteelest families, the mistress rises at the same time with her maids, and remains in each chamber during the necessary operations of the broom and the scrubbing-brush; after the completion of which she puts the keys in her pocket, and returns to her dressing-room. Without this precaution, every workbox would be rummaged, and the chimney-ornaments examined and probably broken; nor would a lady's-maid hesitate for a moment, during the absence of her mistress, to fit on every one of her dresses, as well as to appropriate any piece of finery which might be less likely to be immediately missed."

Surely there must be exceptions; there must be exaggeration in this account. We pass to another topic, viz. that of religion, upon which Mr. Trollope, of course, bestows particular attention; while, no doubt, he has his strong leanings to the church of which he is a minister. Therefore our readers will take the following account of the Belgian Romanists, and the particulars of the alleged schism, with more or less reserve:—

"The most important Protestant communion in Belgium, and one to

which considerable interest attaches, originated in the secession of the Abbé Helsen, a few years since, from the Romish communion. Without entering at large into the immediate causes of his secession, it will suffice to enumerate the chief particulars of the *culte reformée*, which it is his object to introduce. His grand attack is directed against the scandalous immoralities of the clergy; and, with a view to strike at the root of the evil, he would do away with the necessity of clerical celibacy, and, giving still the preference to a single state, allow to the priesthood the option of marriage. He would abolish the supremacy of the Papal see, scouting the idea of its assumed infallibility; and, in the hope of restoring religion to its primitive purity, he would interdict the worship of relics and the invocation of saints; he would make fasting and confession not obligatory, but discretionary; and he would restrain the Romish clergy in their shameless prostitution of the altar, and in their power of exacting the most outrageous fees for the performances of masses, and the other exercises of their ministerial functions. A point upon which he also lays considerable stress, is the importance of an educated priesthood: and truly he has reason to complain, not only of the low acquirements of the generality of the Belgian clergy, but of the ordinary character of the instructions which they deliver from the pulpit. Seldom, if ever, are the great doctrines of Christianity brought into view; and even if the preacher ventures upon some precept of his own jejune morality, it sinks into nothing before the supreme momentousness of the external ceremonies of the church. The sacrifice of the mass, the duty and efficacy of fasting, the absolute necessity of auricular confession, the observance of the set festivals, the merit of pilgrimages, the delights of paradise, and the horrors of purgatory, intermingled with denunciations of eternal vengeance against those who presume to dispute the authority of Mother Church, form the staple material of nine-tenths of the discourses, which are thundered forth, with all the vehemence of fanatical frenzy, against the ignorant listeners, whom it is the interest of their pastors to delude and to terrify. On the other hand, the fundamental doctrines of faith and repentance, the necessity of Divine grace, the all-sufficiency of the atonement, and the great rule of love to God and Christian charity towards one another, seem to be included in a sort of *index expurgatorius* of pastoral instruction.

"It is gratifying to know that the exertions of the Abbé in the cause of genuine Christianity have been attended with a degree of success which could scarcely have been anticipated under the peculiar difficulties with which he has had to contend. Universally intolerant as the Romish Church is, and ever will be, by its very nature and constitution, the Belgian portion of it is, with the single exception, perhaps, of the Papal States themselves, most pre-eminently so; and, notwithstanding the chartered promise of tolerance of all sects and denominations whatsoever, no means have been spared, no threats withheld, no devices untried, to thwart the endeavours of this conscientious and indefatigable reformer. Yet, in the midst of the severest trials and persecutions, he has maintained his stand with courage and decision, and more than ten thousand have already embraced the reformed worship which he has introduced. In its main features, his institution does not materially differ from that of the Abbé

Châtel, which was established at Paris about fifteen years ago. Both reformers have united themselves with the revived Order of the Templars; and both have received consecration, as Primate of Gaul and Belgium respectively, at the hands of Palaprat, Grand Master of the order at Paris. It should be observed, however, that some of the errors of the Romish Church the Abbé retains or simply modifies. For instance, he utterly rejects penance from a place among the sacraments; but then he substitutes penitence in its stead; whereas the one, in the Protestant acceptation of the term, is as little of a sacrament as the other."

ART. XXII.—*English Surnames.* By M. A. LOWER.

"ENGLISH Surnames: Essays on Family Nomenclature, Historical, Etymological, and Humorous; with chapters on Rebusses and Canting Arms, the Roll of Battle Abbey, a List of Latinized Surnames," &c. is a curious and entertaining book. Mr. Lower displays knowledge on the subjects mentioned in the title, although he has been much indebted to previous authors, Camden in particular. The work contains not only a general history of the use of surnames in England, but chapters on the different way in which particular names have originated, from those of places, occupations, dignities, offices, personal and mental qualities, &c. The book will be the more acceptable because of the author having taken good care not to exaggerate the importance of his particular pursuit; or to treat his subjects with a great show of learning. In fact, he rather seeks to raise a laugh than to be technical, and to show how he may amuse whilst he gives information; even although this mode of treatment should expose a branch of heraldry to ridicule.

Take first an account of the meaning of "Surname," or "Sirename:"—

"SIRNAME differed originally from SURNAME. *Mac-Allen*, *Fitz-Harding*, *Ap Tudor*, and *Stephenson*, are properly SIR- or SIRE-names, and are equivalent to the son of Allan, of Harding, of Tudor, of Stephen. Of SURNAMES, Du Cange says, 'they were at first written, *not* in a direct line *after* the Christian name, but *above* it, *between* the lines;' and hence they were called in Latin SUPRANOMINA, in Italian SUPRANOME, and in French SUR-NOMS, from which, I suppose, the English term is derived. A SURname is therefore a name superadded to the first or Christian name, to indicate the family to which the individual bearing it belongs, as Edmund *Spenser*, John *Milton*, Alexander *Pope*. Hence it is evident that, although every SIRNAME is a SURNAME, every SURNAME is not a SIRNAME; a distinction which is now scarcely recognized, and the two words are used indiscriminately by our best writers."

The following passage gives the meaning of sundry names; some of them now uncommon, except in books; others to be seen on signs in every street:—

"*Sutor* is the Latin and Old English for shoemaker; *Latimer*, a writer of Latin, or, as Camden has it, 'an interpretour.' *Chaucer* is also said to signify a member of the gentle craft. *Leech*, the Saxon for physician, is

still partially retained in some parts of the country. *Thwaytes* signifies a feller of wood, and *Barker* is synonymous with tanner.—*Jenner* is an old form of joiner; *Webbe*, and *Webster*, of weaver; and *Banister*, of Balneator, the keeper of a bath. A *Shearman* is one who shears worsteds, fustians, &c., an employment known at Norwich by the designation of shermancraft. A *Lorimer* is a maker of bits for bridles, spurs, &c. There is or was a 'Lorimers' Company' in London. A *Pilcher* was a maker of pilches, a warm kind of upper garment, the 'great-coat' of the fourteenth century. Hence Chaucer:

> 'After gret hete cometh cold,
> No man cast his *pylch* away.'

Sanger and *Sangster* mean singer. An *Arkwright* was in old times a maker of meal-chests, an article of furniture in every house when families dressed their own flour. A *Coker* was a maker of charcoal, and a *Pargiter* a maker of parchment.—*Kidder* is an obsolete word for huxter, *Lavender* for laundress (Chaucer), *Furner* for baker, *Hellier* for tyler, and *Crowther* for a player on the crowd, a species of violin. *Monger* (q. d. a man-of-gere) is equivalent to merchant, whence cheese-monger, iron-monger, &c."

Many of our readers may still be as ignorant of the customs of colliers with regard to names, as they were lately in respect of the kind of labour performed by women and children in the mining districts of the country. The colliers, says our author, have often a double set of appellations:—

"But this is nothing to the practice of bearing a double set of names, which, we are assured, prevails among these colliers. Thus a man may at the same time bear the names of John Smith and Thomas Jones, without any intention of concealment; but it must not be imagined that such regular names are in common use. They are a kind of *best* names, which, like their Sunday clothes, they only use on high days and holidays, as at christenings and marriages. For every-day purposes they use no appellative, except a nick-name, as *Nosey*, *Soiden-mouth*, *Soaker*, or some such elegant designation; and this is employed not by their neighbours alone, but by their wives and children, and even by themselves."

Clergymen, we are informed, have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride or bridegroom a sound by way of name which any known alphabet had the power of committing to paper.

"A story is told," says Mr. Lower, "of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of these oddly named gentry, whose real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labours, kindly volunteered to assist him. 'Oy say, *Bollged*,' cried she, to the first person they met, 'does thee know a mon neamed Adam Green?' The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. '*Loy-a-bed*, dost thou?' Lie-a-bed's opportunities of making acquaintance

had been rather limited, and she could not resolve the difficulty. *Stumpy* (a man with a wooden leg), *Cowskin*, *Spindleshanks*, *Cockeye*, and *Pigtail*, were severally invoked, but in vain; and the querist fell into a brown study, in which she remained for some time. At length, however, her eyes suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her companions on the shoulder, she exclaimed triumphantly, 'Dash my wig! whoy he means moy feather!' and then turning to the gentleman, she added, 'Yo should'n ax'd for *Ode Blackbird!*' "

ART. XXIII.—*Autobiography, Reminiscences, and Letters of John Trumbull.* New York.

JOHN TRUMBULL not only figured in America during the war of Independence, but composed and produced its history in an unique form: for he was its pencil-painter. And yet the memoir gives us but little of the gossip or the fancies which are naturally expected in the lives and habits of artists. The hero of the book, however, was a subject far from being devoid of claims upon our attention. His history brings before the reader political points of deep interest; while it suggests others which admit of important speculation with regard to the future. We not only find in the work the striking passages and different conditions of America during the autobiographer's career, but have our eyes directed to the aspect which the Union at present offers to view, as compared with the state of the country prior to its independence, and also to the probable or possible destinies of the nation hereafter. Trumbull's personal fortunes, again, offer materials for serious consideration. He had great difficulties to struggle against; he was miserably remunerated; and from the very first he took an active and enthusiastic share in the war with the mother-country. He was only nineteen years of age when the conflict commenced; and he at once joined the republican army, with the consent, and patriotic heartening too, which a doating and high-minded parent helped to inspire. "When my mother," he says, "was preparing and packing up my linen and clothes for this campaign, she said to me, 'My son, when I recollect the sufferings of your infancy, with your present feebleness of constitution, and anticipate the hardships and dangers to which yon are about to be exposed, I hardly dare to hope that we shall ever meet again; however, in all events, my dear son, I charge you so to conduct yourself, that if ever I do see you again, it may be with the pride and delight of a mother.' "

After serving in the army for two years, he threw up his commission on a punctilious point, and devoted himself to the pencil. He visited England, and studied under West; but was at length obliged to leave this country through the intrigues of certain American loyalists. At the termination of the war, and after having been in some measure concerned in army contracts, he stuck to his art, but with continual disappointments and pecuniary embarrassment, the particulars of which cannot be attended to in this short notice. We find, however, some passages in the autobiography which have more than a personal interest, and that are available as extracts. Trumbull made several journeys to France. He was there

during the Reign of Terror, and even fell under the suspicion of the government. His business was not limited to art, but extended to financial and commercial transactions; and therefore he was more exposed than a retired painter would have been. Having applied at the police for a passport to leave Paris and France, he met with delays. He was referred from day to day, and from office to office, until he began to grow alarmed. At length he resolved on trying the influence of M. Talleyrand:—

"I went at once to his office—he was there—and I was immediately admitted to a *tête-à-tête* interview in his private bureau. He received me with great politeness, and immediately began to talk of the American negotiation, as if I was intimately connected with it. This I denied, assuring him that I had no manner of connexion with it, nor any other knowledge of its progress or state than was common to the public. He next alluded very distinctly to the necessity of *the employment of money*, to which I replied, 'Sir, you have been in America, and know the constitution of the United States, probably better than I do. You must know, that the ministers can take no important step that is not prescribed by their instructions, and I can hardly imagine that the government of the United States could have anticipated the necessity of employing money to facilitate this negotiation.' The minister listened to this answer with evident impatience, and exclaimed, (striking the table violently at the same time,) '*Mais, il le faut, Monsieur.*' (But they must, sir.) I endeavoured to keep my countenance, and replied with a smile, 'That is their affair; I am happy to repeat, that it is no concern of mine.'"

His difficulties and alarm still increasing, he resolved at last to invoke the aid and interest of the celebrated David:—

"The name of David flashed upon my mind. His intimate connexion with Robespierre, in the most horrid period of the Revolution, had hitherto deterred me from making any attempt to renew my former acquaintance with him; but now my situation appeared to be desperate, and he the only person of my acquaintance in France from whom I could flatter myself with any hope of assistance. I therefore went to his apartments in the Louvre, found him at home, was instantly recognized, and very cordially received, although many years had elapsed since we had met. He immediately inquired about my picture of Bunker's Hill, Mr. Müller, and the engraving. I told him that I had been at Stutgard, that the plate was finished to my entire satisfaction, that I had both plate and painting with me, and was on my way to London for the purpose of printing and publication, but found very unexpected difficulty in obtaining a passport to proceed, and asked him if he knew the minister of police, and could give me any assistance. He replied that he did not know the present minister —'but I know his secretary, and that may do as well. Go to your hotel, my friend, get the picture, and return with it. In the meantime, I will change my dress and go with you to the police, *et nous verrons, ce tableau-là vaut bien des passeports,*' (and we will see—that picture is worth a multitude of passports.) I did so, returned, and he entered the carriage with me. In our short drive to the office of the police, the conversation turned naturally upon the strange events which had occurred in Paris since our

first acquaintance. 'True,' said he, 'much blood has been shed, but it would have been well for the republic if five hundred thousand more heads had passed under the guillotine.' I shuddered—and this, thought I, is the only man on earth to whom I can now look for assistance in a case which involves the question of imprisonment or death. We arrived at the police, and, anxious as I was, I could not but be struck with the ludicrous effect produced upon the crowd of clerks, (to whom I was by this time well known,) when they saw me again enter, the Bon Citoyen David leaning familiarly upon my arm—he had broken the *tendo Achilles*, and was lame of one leg. He asked, in a tone of a master, for the secretary's room; we were shown in, and he immediately entered upon my cause. 'I have known Mr. Trumbull these ten years—I know him to be an American, and opposed to the English in their war. *Je vous en réponds; il est bon revolutionnaire tout comme nous autres*'—(I answer for him; he is as good a revolutionist as we are,)—horrid encomium from such lips. 'He saw the battle of Bunker's Hill, and has painted a fine picture of it—here it is. *Il est grand artiste, et on fait mal de le retenir dans ses occupations actuellement paisibles des arts.*' He is a great artist, and it is wrong to interrupt him in his present peaceful occupations of the arts.) This plea from the Sieur David was irresistible; the secretary looked at the painting—admired it—regretted that my character had been so misrepresented and misunderstood—I should have a passport immediately. 'But, sir, I must first present you to the minister; he will be pleased to be undeceived—to see you and your picture.' We were shown into the minister's room, and presented to him. The same eulogy from David, the same approbation of the painting, and an immediate order for the passport—the minister adding, with a most courteous smile, 'I am half disposed, however, to use the power which I possess, and to retain in the service of the republic, *un artiste de tant de talent*,' (an artist of so much talent.) The passport was immediately prepared, and I left the office of police in triumph, returned the most sincere thanks to my friend David, took leave of him and his family, ordered post-horses, and was instantly upon the road for London."

But Mr. Trumbull's alarms were not yet over; every spot and citizen of France being affected by the whirlwind of revolution:—

"At St. Denis, the first stage from Paris, I stopped to change horses, and as I drove up to the post-house, I observed that the yard was unusually crowded; and among others, a tall, gaunt, Don Quixotte looking man, in cavalry uniform, with a sabre proportioned to himself, whose glittering steel scabbard clanked upon the pavement, as he stalked up to my carriage, and leaning his arm familiarly upon the door, (the glass was down,) he looked in and said, *Le citoyen est seul*,—(citizen, you are alone,)—in the quaint laconic language of the day. *Comme vous voyez, citoyen*,—(as you see, sir,)—was the equally concise reply, while my fears, not fully lulled from the late scenes, whispered to me,—here is a new trap; this man is posted here to intercept me, and examine my papers, in the hope of finding some important communications relative to the negotiation, from the American ministers to Mr. King in London, or to the government in America.

"'Are you going to Chantilly?' was the next question of my spectre neighbour.

"'Yes.'

"'Will you give me the vacant seat in your carriage?'

"I glanced my eye at the irresistible sabre, and answered, 'Willingly, sir.'

"As he opened the door to enter, he said, 'I have been too abrupt, I should have given the reason for my request. I command a detachment of cavalry, which is stationed at Chantilly, for the protection of public carriages, and of travellers generally, from a banditti who infest the forest, and have lately committed several atrocious robberies. I have been into Paris this morning, on business, and have lamed my favourite horse, which will be ruined if I ride him any further. I must not be absent from my post a night, and had been watching some time for the arrival of some traveller, from whom I might ask a ride, when you drove up, and I thank you for your kindness.'

"I breathed more freely. He took his seat, and appeared a plain blunt soldier.

"'You will stop at Chantilly?' said he.

"'It is not my intention; I am in haste, and mean to travel post, night and day.'

"'You are going to Calais?'

"'Yes.'

"'You are an Englishman?'

"'No, an American of the United States.'

"'But your carriage is English; you are going to London?'

"'True, and impatient to get on.'

"'You cannot go on to-night: you must stop at Chantilly, and sup with me, for the forest is dangerous, and my men are harassed, so that I cannot give you an escort until morning.'

"Again my heart beat quick. I was completely in the power of this man—there was no possibility of escape—he would execute his commission at his leisure, and search me in his own quarters, surrounded by his troops. We drove on, and after a short silence he abruptly asked, 'Do you know the Prince de Poix in London?'

"'I have seen him.'

"'He is a great fool,' exclaimed he. 'He commanded a company of the royal guard, in which I was a private soldier; he emigrated, and I command in his place. Was not that folly?'

"Again I began to be reassured, and to believe that he was indeed an honest, blunt, heels-over-head soldier."

After a continuance of alternate excitement and allayment of fears, the American was allowed to embark for London. Mr. Trumbull died at a very advanced age.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

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Frithiof's Saga, or the Legend of Frithiof. By ESAIAS TEGNER.

THE dearth of new publications which we at present experience shows that the book-trade is participating in the depression of the times; and therefore we may be excused for travelling back in order to throw together some observations upon a subject, which while in a great measure having an antiquarian character, can never become so old as to be deprived of a deep interest. Indeed, the frequency with which Tegner's Legend of Frithiof has been translated, proves that Scandinavian literature and story have a strong hold on the European mind, and that works, written in any of the kindred dialects distinguished by the name, whether these be ancient or modern, are deserving of repeated attention.

It has been remarked by an eloquent writer, that the soul of the modern Skald has been baptized with the same baptism that consecrated the ancient poets of the North. He dwells in that land, where the sound of the sea and the midnight storm are voices of tradition, and the great forests beckon to him, and in mournful accents seem to say, "Why hast thou tarried so long?" These ancestral voices have not spoken in vain; for in this spirit do the Scandinavian sons of song contrive still to smite the strings of their harps.

Almost primeval simplicity reigns over the Northern land,—almost primeval solitude and stillness. And yet there are relics in which the gods of the old mythology were worshipped. In every mysterious sound that fills the air, the peasant too still hears the trampling of Odin's steed, which many a century ago took fright at the sound of a church bell. But we shall first speak of the poetry, the Scandinavian bards having possessed no less than one hundred and thirty-six different forms of verse for their songs; most of them highly artificial. We need, however, hardly mention, that the real value of that poetry is entirely independent of the strange *ars poetica* in its structure. Its fables and legends are spread over all the Teutonic north; nay, its flowers have unfolded themselves in various forms, and through

different centuries, in all the regions where the Northmen carried their victorious arms. There is also no doubt that previously and contemporary with the artificial compositions of the initiated bards, popular songs existed in the Scandinavian language, which were partly devoted to the same subjects. Some are preserved in the Edda; some, although in an altered form, in the ancient Swedish and Danish ballads. They passed into these two languages gradually as these latter formed themselves from their mother-tongue; while with the grandeur and the glory of the Icelanders, the only nation who remained in possession of the original idiom, they gradually perished in their original shape. In Iceland, no trace is any longer to be found of them, with the exception of the portion contained in the ancient written Sagas.

How much these venerable relics of antiquity are respected and loved by the present Icelandic peasantry is generally known. Their usual evening reading during the long nights of their almost everlasting winters, consists of some old saga, or such other histories as are to be obtained on this island. Dr. Henderson, in his valuable work on Iceland, gives a most delightful description of such an Icelandic winter evening, when the great lamp is lighted, and all the family assemble to sit down to some useful work; and the head of the house or an intelligent member, advances to the seat near the lamp and commences the reading, which is frequently interrupted by remarks and explanations for the benefit of the children and servants. "In some houses," this writer adds, "the sagas are repeated by such as have got them by heart; and instances are not uncommon of itinerating historians, who gain a livelihood during the winter by staying at different farms, till they have exhausted their stock of literary knowledge." The custom just described appears to have existed among the Scandinavians from time immemorial.

With regard to popular poetry, it is throughout Denmark and Sweden pretty nearly alike in body and in spirit. More than two-thirds of the ballads of these two nations, are said to be possessed by them in common; often with very few deviations; and to ascertain which is the original would be impossible. The Swedes have been particularly rich in popular productions in every age; these exhibiting more variety and completeness in their measures than what characterize the Danish effusions. And then there is no lack of Swedish bards distinguished in the ranks of learning, and who build the lofty rhyme. Esaias Tegner is an example, having been born in 1782. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund, and in 1812, was appointed professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he was made a bishop. As a poet he possesses a grand and gorgeous imagination, and genius of a high order. And here, at least, the prophet is not without honour in his own country. It may be urged against him, with some show of truth, that he is too profuse and elaborate in his

use of figurative language; and that the same figures are sometimes repeated with little variation. But the reader must bear in mind, that the legend named at the top of our paper is written in the spirit of the past; in the vein of that old poetry of the North, in which the same images and expressions often recur, and when the age was credulous,—when demons rode the ocean like a weary steed, and the gigantic pines flapped their sounding wings to smite the spirit of the storm.

Stagnelius was another truly poetic being. He is remarkable for a strain of deep melancholy, a profound mystical intuition of life and nature, and a longing for the moment when the imprisoned soul might burst the earthly tenement. He wrote epics, dramas, and didactic poems, together with a great number of elegies, idyls, sonnets, religious lyrics, translations, &c. We shall quote a specimen from one of his tragedies, "The Martyrs," and which the author himself designated a romantic poem. In this piece, religious enthusiasm, Christian fortitude, and unsullied poetic sentiment are expressed in language suited to the subject, which is throughout sublime and pure. It abounds in flowery yet simple beauty of style. The heroine is Perpetua, a noble Roman lady, who, according to the legend, was put to death by the satellites of a pagan emperor, for her inflexible adherence to Christianity, which was proof against the allurements of her kindred, as well as the threatenings and intrigues of the pro-consul. Our specimen contains a well-known story, related by one of the Christian presbyters to his audience.

Marcion. In the vale of Tiber,
Near to the gates of high and awful Rome,
There dwelt a Saint. The humble hut still stands,
Cover'd with weeds and shaded by tall pines,
In which she spent her earthly life: alone
Her earthly life; for, soaring far above
The chrystal vault of stars, that purer flame
Of life, which Earth could not retain, was borne
Unto the Tabernacle's kindred rays!
A Maid she was as daylight chaste and fair,
Pure as the jewel in the kingly crown,
Spotless and beautiful as is the lily!
Her name was Theodora. Blest within
That humble hut's obscurity, the care
Of Christian parents watch'd her infant steps,
And train'd her for the heritage of light.
The sun of all creation's systems gave
To her a glorious growth, and yet in Spring,
The plant bore golden fruits, purpureal blooms!
For God alone the maiden's bosom burn'd:
And ever, when upon the eastern hills
Aurora rais'd the flag of day, or when

The ev'ning star-lamp trembled in the west,
The lovely maiden prostrate pray'd in tears
Before the sacred cross, nor thought upon
That cruel world of darkness and of crime,
So near the shelter of her blooming groves.

A Voice. O blissful knowledge! knowing nothing more!
Beyond the Saviour's wounds, and heav'nly love;
Dissolving in a tearful stream, to glide
In Love's wide ocean, heedless of the world!

Mar. Thus life flow'd on—no change its course disturb'd—
Until one eve, returning from the chase,
The Emperor beheld her steal along
The valley's path with timid steps, to seek
The cave of congregation. And a beam
Celestial from her pure blue eyes inflam'd
The tyrant's tiger-breast, and kindled there
Wild passion's lawless fire. For natures vile
Forget how far above them shine the pure,
(As children vainly wish to play with stars:)
To the imperial halls the weeping maid
Was forced to follow in the tyrant's train.

A Voice. Who was this Emperor? He who governs now?

Mar. My friends, what boots it if his name we know?
Not ours is it to judge, or hate, or curse.
Yet duty bids me tell you all. Know, then,
'Twas cruel Commodus, Aurelius' son,
He, who, all-clothed like Hercules, was seen
To drench the sand of amphitheatres
With streams of blood from elephants and slaves.

Several Voices. Speak! Speak! Our eager bosoms beat to learn
The triumph of a Christian's piety.

Mar. Two sceptres have the lords of earth, wherewith
Their slaves to sway—with promises and threats;
With promises the Cæsar long besieged
The heart of Theodora. All that most
On earth is praised by man's inebriate mind—
Gold, songs of lutes, and soft voluptuousness,
Were held before the captive maiden's gaze,
In long perspective of delight. But vain,
My friends, are life's allurements, weak
Their spell, against a Christian breast, inspir'd
And penetrated by celestial love!
Then furiously the tyrant turn'd to threats.
O wrath most impotent! The heart whose strength
Is proof 'gainst Pleasure's overpowering smiles,
Can ne'er be conquer'd by the throb of pain;
For, manacled with heavy chains, within
The dungeon's depth was Theodora plung'd.

Eubulus. All hail! all hail! ye dungeons, bonds, and death!

O sons of darkness! you, yourselves, thus lead
The longing martyr to the gates of heav'n;
Your murky cells present a boon to him—
A sweet asylum from a world of woe!
There love divine in secret breathes, and there
Calm Contemplation lights her golden flame;
And Silence, o'er the germ of inward life,
Spreads the warm shelter of a mother's wings!
'Mid dreariest darkness true light beams and smiles,
To bless the soul's fond gaze! And when the frame
With iron bonds is rudely bound, oh, then
The mind shakes off its chains with joy! But say,
How suffered, and how died the Christian maid?

Mar. Hunger, and cold, and darkness, now combin'd
In vain to bend her lofty heart to crime.
Fierce serpents hiss'd within the prison-walls,
And there did loathsome lizards dwell, and there
The toads crawl'd forth upon the clammy earth,
While from the roof monotonously fell
The chilly ceaseless drops. No sunbeam came
That gloom to cheer. But as among
The mould'ring tombs a lonely lily rears
Its balmy crest, so bloom'd that pious maid,
And sweetly smil'd amidst surrounding gloom!
Calm was her soul—for, when celestial love
Is burning on the altar of the heart,
We heed not outward things; and while illum'd
By beams from the unclouded Sun, what cares
The body if its earthward shadow be
Of morning or of eve? The tyrant, thus
Beholding Theodora's heart unmov'd
Alike by pain and pleasure, gave revenge
The place of hot desire, and doom'd her death.
He sent a chosen freedman, with a slave,
To execute his fierce and murd'rous will,
Who, when they reach'd the dungeon cave, behelc
Amid the darkness, like an angel's look,
The beaming light of Theodora's smiles!
She heard the word with joy, and calmly clasp'd
Her hands in pray'r, then, with enraptur'd thought,
Exclaim'd, "All hail, blest isles of paradise!
Ev'n now the breath of roses from your bow'rs
Is wafted towards me!" And the freedman smil'd
In scorn, and, jesting, said, "Send me, fair maid,
From those celestial groves, for which you leave
Our sinful world, some wreath of purple blooms."
Then Theodora bound her flowing hair,
And, gently blushing, bar'd her iv'ry neck;—
One cruel blow—and down that fair head fell—

Its golden locks ensanguin'd, but the smile
In death unalter'd still! The sand drank in
The crimson tide of life. An earthquake shook
The vault, the torch extinguish'd, and around
Impenetrable darkness spread—when lo!
A light, like spring-time's golden eves, illum'd
The cave, and show'd a lovely, beaming boy,
Whose snow-bright robe a starry girdle bound.
A basket on his lily arm he bore,
With flow'rets of the rainbow's thousand hues;
And, calling on the freedman by his name,
In tones, whose sound was musically sweet
As bridal songs, the heav'nly envoy said,
"Behold, how Theodora sends you flowers
From Paradise; then come, oh! come and choose."
Senseless to earth the freedman fell—and lay
Till waken'd by a mighty earthquake's voice.
The vision then had fled—but day-beams through
The shatter'd cavern shone, and lit their steps,
'Mid crumbling ruins from the awful scene.

Now for the Lyrics,—"The Birds of Passage."

Behold! the birds fly
From the Gauthiod's strand,
And seek with a sigh
Some far foreign land.
The sounds of their woe
With hollow winds blend;
"Where now must we go?
Our flight whither tend?'
'Tis thus unto heaven that their wailings ascend.

"The Scandian shore
We leave in despair,
Our days glided o'er
So blissfully there!
We there built our nest
Among bright blooming trees;
There rock'd us to rest
The balm-bearing breeze:—
But now to far lands we must traverse the seas.

With rose-crown all bright
On tresses of gold,
The Midsummer night
It was sweet to behold!
The calm was so deep,
So lovely the ray,
We could not then sleep,
But were tranced on the spray,
Till waken'd by beams from the bright car of Day.

The trees gently bent
O'er the plains in repose;
With dew-drops besprent
Was the tremulous rose!
The oaks *now* are bare,
The rose is no more;
The zephyr's light air
Is exchang'd for the roar
Of storms, and the May fields have mantles of hoar,

Then why do we stay
In the North, where the sun
More dimly each day
His brief course will run?
And why need we sigh?
We leave but a grave—
To cleave thro' the sky
On the wings which God gave;—
Then, Ocean, be welcome the roar of thy wave!

Of rest thus bereav'd,
They soar in the air,
But soon are receiv'd
Into regions more fair;
Where elms gently shake
In the zephyr's light play,
Where rivulets take
Among myrtles their way,
And the groves are resounding with Hope's happy lay.

When earth's joys are o'er,
And the days darkly roll,
When autumn winds roar,—
Weep not, O my soul!
Fair lands o'er the sea
For the birds brightly bloom;
A land smiles for thee,
Beyond the dark tomb,
Where beams never fading its beauties illume!

AMANDA.

Where sun and flow'r are beaming
Amanda's charms appear;
Her beauty's rays are streaming
Round all this earthly sphere!
The breeze when gently blowing—
The rose that scents the grove—
The vine, when brightly glowing—
All tell of her I love!

I hear her song's sweet numbers,
When Zephyr's breezy wings
Sweep o'er the gold harp's slumbers,
And wake its tuneful strings.
All—all the charms of nature
Amanda's beauty bear;
And show, in ev'ry feature,
Her godhead imag'd there!

The spirits of the dying
Must quit this clay's control;
But they to rest are flying
In regions of the soul!
The floods, now onward striding,
Are foaming, fierce, and free;—
Yet soon their waves, subsiding,
Will slumber in the sea.

But *I* must vainly languish
For joys I ne'er can know,
And wear a cureless anguish
In loneliness and woe!
Fair goddess! I shall ever
Behold thy beauty shine
Like stars above—but never
Can hope to call thee mine!

The connexion between the Teutonic nations is strikingly proved by their common superstitions, as well as common poetry and legendary lore. In the "Records of Sweden," by E. G. Geijer, there is given one of the ablest narratives bearing upon Northern history and mythology that has yet been written; and which removes much of the dark veil that had previously hung over such ancient treasures. It must occupy us for a few seconds.

"Iceland, the best land that the sun shines upon," (so says the ancient proverb), is the depository of northern history. As the miser hides his treasures in the gloomy earth, so it would seem that the historic muse had chosen this cheerless isle wherein to conceal her northern stores. Without Iceland, we should know nothing of northern history or mythology. This island was discovered by Norwegian adventures in the latter half of the ninth century; and Ingolf was the first Norwegian who settled there, in 875. Harald Harfager, resolving the destruction of the petty Norwegian kings, resolutely effected this purpose; but, at the same time, deprived his kingdom of many distinguished men of rank, and some of royal descent, who, with their families, fled to Iceland; where, as it is said in the ancient Icelandic Saga, "they lived free from the oppression of kings and tyrants." Sixty years afterwards, Iceland was, according to Are Frode (Are the Wise,) more populous and cultivated

than it ever has been before or since that period. Not only Norwegians, but also Swedes, of rank and wealth, settled in Iceland; and it may be generally observed, that they were for the most part men of considerable property who undertook so distant a voyage. They took with them their household deities, furniture, portable goods and cattle. Iceland thus became a second Scandinavia, enjoying perfect freedom under a republican form of government, till the thirteenth century, when it submitted to Norway.

The origin of the Icelandic poetry, which had been formed during one hundred and twenty years of uninterrupted idolatry, could not be concealed, even after the establishment of the Christian religion. The sorrowful tones of the Skalds long continued to be heard, in lamenting the vanished glory of their gods and the pleasures of Valhalla. Halfred Vandrada Skald, when forced to baptism by the Norwegian king, Olof Tryggvason, thus complains: "The race of Odin," he says, "has formed songs for the delight of all, and well do I remember the custom of our fathers. Now I am forced (for much did the Skald love the rule of Odin) to hate the Man of Frigga (Odin), because we serve Christ." The constant intercourse, which always subsisted between Iceland and the mother-country, gave opportunity to the Skalds of visiting the Northern courts, which they frequently did, and returned laden with honour and rewards; for, when the first sanguinary zeal for the propagation of Christianity had subsided, the Northern Kings and Jarls listened with delight to the olden tales, which recalled their high descent and ancestral glories. Geijer attributes the pure and unadulterated state of the Icelandic language to the poetry, which is a legacy from the Pagan times. At the close of the eleventh and commencement of the twelfth century, the Icelanders first began to collect and transcribe their tales and traditions.

The relics of Icelandic literature may be divided into mythological songs, historical songs and sagas, and romantic songs and sagas. The mythological songs are contained in the Sämund's Edda, called also the poetical, or elder Edda, collected by the priest Sämund, surnamed the Wise, who studied at Paris towards the close of the eleventh century, and died in 1133. The mythological sagas or tales are contained in the younger, or prose Edda, commonly attributed to Snorre Sturleson; but Geijer believes him to have merely assisted in its composition, contending that it gradually acquired its present form in the fourteenth century. Of the "historical songs and sagas," we may particularly notice the "Heims Kringla" of Snorree Sturleson, which, for the most part, treats of the Norwegian kings descended from Odin; the "Knytlinga Saga," probably written by Olof Thordson, called Hvita Skald, and nephew of Snorre Sturleson, treating of the "Danish History;" and "Sturlunga Saga," a History of Iceland, the principal part of which is ascribed to Sturlé

Thordson, brother of Olof. The golden age of Icelandic literature thus commences with the twelfth, and concludes with the fourteenth century; for, at the latter period, the Icelanders began to write their romantic sagas and songs after the model of the chivalric songs of Germany, of which the Icelandic were, for the greater part, direct imitations; as, for instance, the "Wilkina Saga." When the connection between poetry and history was thus dissolved, the latter degenerated into dry chronological annals till the end of the eighteenth century, when, by the exertions of Vidalin and Espolin, Icelandic literature was revived; and our own times have produced distinguished literary labourers in the land of ancient lore,—a Thorlasson, Petersson, and a Finn Magnusson, who have successfully endeavoured to bring back the Icelandic language and poetry to their original simplicity, purity, and strength.

It now remains for us to afford a view of the Northern Mythology; and we think we cannot do better than to follow Geijer, in the compressed form in which he has compiled it from the two Eddas, and particularly from that prophecy of the Vala, which is called Völuspa, and contained in the elder Edda.

In the beginning of time, Ymer was, when neither the heaven nor the earth were, but only the bottomless abyss of Ginnungagap. And Nifelheim and Muspelheim were before the earth; and in Muspelheim, the region of flames, reigned Surtur, who shall destroy the world by fire. From the well Hvergelmer, in Nifelheim, twelve floods went forth, which were called Ellivagar, and ice was generated from the poison contained in the twelve floods; and by the mingling of ice and dew the hoar was formed. The hoar banks in Ginnungagap accumulated exceedingly; so that from the part towards Nifelheim, the snow and the wind, and the rain, flew forth. But the South was kindled by sparks from Muspelheim. From the connection of heat and hoar, proceeded drops, which were animated by Him who sends forth the heat, and thus the form of a man arose, who was Ymer. Ymer was not God, but an evil one; both he and all his race, the Rimthursar—the giants—were evil. The cow, Audhumbla, was created after Ymer, whom she nourished with her four milk-streams; but she herself was fed by licking the stones, covered with hoar; when, three days after, a man was mysteriously born, who was beautiful, and his name was Bure. His son was Börr, who married a giantess, and begot three sons, Odin, Vile, and Ve, by whom the heaven and the earth were governed. Odin is called Allfader, the father of all the Gods. The Earth is his daughter, and wife, and mother of his first-born Asa-Thor, the invincible. There are twelve divine Asen, a race beautiful, and fair, and light. The son of Börr slew the giant Ymer, whose blood caused a deluge that drowned all the Rimthursar, except Bergelmer, from whom all other giants are descended. But from the body of Ymer the gods created

the world. Thus, says the Völuspa: from Ymer's flesh the earth was formed, and from his blood the sea, and from his bones the rocks, and from his hair the trees, and from his skull the heaven. From his brows the kind gods created Midgard (the abode of men), but of his brain they formed the heavy clouds. The sparks from Muspelheim, that flew about in Ginnungagap, were fixed as stars in the new heaven, by the gods, who sat in council, and fixed the names of the times of the day. Natt (the night), of the giant race, is dark and gloomy, and Earth is her daughter. Thrice hath Natt been wedded; the last time to Delling of the Asa race, and their son Dag (day) was born beautiful, like his father. Then Allfader gave two waggons and horses to Day and Night, one to each, wherewith to travel round the earth in four-and-twenty hours. And the horse of Night is named Rimfaxe, the foam of whose bitt causes the dew; but both air and earth are illumined by the mane of Skinfaxe, the horse of Day; and it is given to the two children of Mundilför, to direct the course of the sun and moon. The Heaven arches over the Earth, which is flat and round; and in the four corners thereof the gods have placed the four dwarfs, East, West, North, and South; and at the North the giant Hräsvelg sits, and devours the dead. He hath the form of an eagle, and, when he moves his wings, the winds arise. The earth is encompassed by a deep sea, on the extreme shore of which is Utgard, also called Iotunheim, where dwell the giants, against whom a wall was built, separating them from Midgard, the abode of gods and men. In Utgard, under the root of the tree of the World, is the abode of Sleep, who rises every night to rule mankind; and there also the dwarfs and elves abide. The prophetic giantesses, Gygior and Volor, live with Hel, in the Netherworld, whence they may be conjured up by spells. But the light elves inhabit the high heaven, where is found the palace Gimle, beyond the power of Surtur. There are nine heavens, and nine earths, and in the deepest below dwells Hel, the Goddess of the Netherworld.

No human being had been yet created, when three of the Asen undertook the task; and, having found Ask and Embla, both lifeless and shapeless, Odin gave the breath of life; Loder, blood, and beauty of countenance; and Hæner, intellect—and thus the human race arose.

The ash-tree Ygdrasil is the tallest and most beautiful of all trees, and also evergreen, being watered by the Nornor. Its boughs overspread the earth, and reach to heaven. Yet the sacred tree suffers much, for an eagle sits in the branches thereof, and between the eagle's eyes a hawk is perched: four stags feed upon the buds; while a squirrel leaps up and down, to sow discord between the eagle and the serpent (Midgardsormen), who lies in the abyss. Of the roots of Ygdrasil, one stretches to Nifelheim, where Nidhögg sits, and gnaws it in the well Hvergelmer; another to the Rimthursar, and

under it is the well of Mimer, the source of wisdom, where Odin left his eye in surety; but the third root reaches to the Asen, and the human world, and beneath it is the holy well of Urd, in which two swans are nursed. Ygdrasil is watered by the Nornor, in order that it may not wither. The Nornor are of several kinds, good and bad, but the well under the third root of the sacred ash belongs to the good, who are Urd (the past); Verdande (the present); and Skuld (the future.) These three live in a large hall, beneath the well, secure from the power of the gods, to whom they often proved hostile, having been nourished by the giants. The gods sit in judgment at the well of Urd, whither they ride daily over the Asa bridge, Bäfröst, the Rainbow, on which the giants dare not tread; but it will finally be broken by the sons of Muspelheim. In the beginning the gods dwelt on the earth, in the midst of which they built Asgard det Fordna (the ancient), and Allfader placed there the rulers, who, with him, should sway the destinies of men. There, also, the gods built a temple, with a throne and twelve seats, and called the habitation Gladsheim; and there the large gold-beaming Valhalla was founded. Another beautiful saloon was afterwards erected for the goddesses, and called Vingolf, the Hall of Friendship.

In Asgard the gods lived joyfully, and played with their golden tablets, till the arrival of the giant-maids, whom they married; and thus peace was concluded with the race of the giants—but it lasted not long. An alliance was early formed between Odin and Loke, after which the giants disturbed the peace of the gods by their evil auguries and prophecies, when the gods, in their anger, killed Angurboda, one of these prophetesses of ill. The first war arose by Odin throwing his lance upon the earth; a war with the Vaner, a mystic race distinguished from men by their wisdom, whence they are still called the Wise Vaner. This war between the Asen and the Vaner was concluded by agreement, Nord, one of the Vaner, being with his children Frey and Freya received among the gods; and from this time no more is heard of Vile, Ve, and Loder, the last of whom assisted Odin in the creation of men. Meanwhile, the power and pride of the giants increased. Loke (the bad) married a giantess, by whom he had Hel, the serpent Midgard, and the Fenriswolf. Hel was hurled by Odin into Nifelheim, who also cast Midgard into the sea, where it lies in the depths and gnaws its tail; and the Fenriswolf was bound down by the gods with a mysterious chain. Besides these, the dangerous alliance of Loke produced two other wolves, who persecuted the sun and moon, because the giants wished for them and the fair Freya. At length the giants secured another goddess, Iduna, who possessed the apples that give eternal youth to the gods; who, finding that they grew old, mourned exceedingly, and prevailed with Loke (who had assisted the giants in carrying away Iduna) to release her from their power. This was accordingly done;

but the giants then endeavoured to sink Asgard, wishing to transport Valhalla into Iotunheim, and to destroy all the gods. Then they filled the air with blood and poison; but Thor, with his mighty hammer Mjölner, fought and defeated the eternal foes of gods and men; but the struggle was afterwards continued by the earthly heroes who were descended from the gods.

The heavenly empire was secure during the life of Balder, the guardian of Valhalla. He was the son of Odin and Frigga, and of such exceeding beauty that all things were illumined when he looked on them. He had all power among the Asen by his wisdom and his mildness; and the decrees which he had once passed were irrevocable. On account of his cruel fate, he is called the God of Blood, and the God of Tears; but, by reason of his shining purity, he is also called the White God. Heavy dreams announced to him his dreadful destiny; and Odin, having conjured one of the Völar from her infernal abode, learned from her that Balder must shortly die. Then Frigga called on all beings animate or inanimate to take an oath that they would spare the life of Balder; but one mistletoe was overlooked, which became the instrument of death, as follows. When the gods, in their pastime, cast their weapons at Balder to try his invulnerable charm, the malicious Loke presented a sprig of the fatal mistletoe to his brother the blind god Höder, and directed him to throw it at Balder. This Höder did, and Balder fell wounded to the earth, while the gods let fall their hands in speechless wonder. The death of Balder was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the gods; yet no one dared to avenge him, for the place wherein their festival was held was sacred. All burst into tears, when Frigga, the mother of Balder, called on some one of the gods to hasten down to the abode of Hel, and offer ransom for the release of Balder; and Hermöd (the swift) undertook the charge. Then the Asen carried the corpse of Balder to the sea-shore, that it might be burnt on a ship; but, being unable to launch the ship, they called a strong giantess from Iotunheim, who pushed it from land so violently that it flashed fire, and the whole earth trembled. Balder's corpse was then placed on the ship and burnt, together with that of Nanna, his lovely bride, who had perished from a broken heart. His horse, its harness, and the ring of Odin were burnt at the same time; and, before the pile was fired, Thor consecrated it with a hammer. In the mean time Hermöd returned from Hel, with a promise that Balder should be restored to the gods if everything on earth were found to weep for him. Then the Asen sent over the whole earth, and ordered all things to weep for Balder's death, that thus he might be rescued from the power of Hel. Only one being refused to weep for him—this was a giantess, whom the messengers, returning, found on a rock. "Let Hel keep his prize," was her curse. When the Asen heard this, they thought the seeming giantess had been Loke

in disguise; but he ventured to appear among the gods at the feast of Aeger, god of the sea, and, trusting to the sacred peace of the festival time, loaded them with ignominious reproaches, as is related in a song of the old Edda, called Aeger's drecka. He afterwards fled from the anger of the Asen, and took refuge in a house with four doors, built by himself, from which he often went out, and, in the shape of a salmon, sported in the streams, till at length the Asen caught him in Franangar's fors (Franangar's stream), and took him to a rocky cavern, where his punishment is as terrible as his crime. With the entrails of his son he is bound to the rock, and a serpent above him drops poison on his face, which his wife Sigyn is employed in gathering into a bowl; but when she would empty the bowl, the poison falls on the face of Loke, who then struggles strongly in his rage, and this causes earthquakes. There he lies bound till the Ragnarök, the last day for gods and men, shall approach. To Fimbulvetr, the long winter, formed by three winters without a summer, perpetual war and bloodshed will succeed. The Ax-age, the Storm-age, the Sword-age, and the Wolf-age will distress the plains of the earth. All the cocks will crow,—the Fire-Red with the giants; the Gold-Yellow with Odin, and the soot-coloured with Hel. The Fenriswolf will howl and burst her bonds, for all ties shall then be loosened. Then the giants will scoff, the earth tremble, and the dwarfs sigh at the doors of the rocks, while Loke breaks loose and regains his freedom. The ash-tree Ygdrasil will crack and bend,—the sea will roar and overswell its coasts, for the Midgard serpent will go mad, and strive to come on land. While all nature is thus moved, the Ase Heimdal, guardian of the bridge Bäfröst, will wind the Gjallar horn, so that it shall resound throughout the world, calling the gods to battle. In vain will Odin seek advice at the well of Mimer,—the eagle will shriek and tear the bodies of the dead. The swelling waves will rush and roar, and the ship *Nagelfur*, guided by the giant Hrymer, shall drive on the open sea. Heaven shall burst asunder, and the sons of Muspelheim ride forth, led by the world's destroyer, the gloomy Surtur, surrounded by flames, and bearing a sword brighter than the sun. Bäfröst, the bridge connecting heaven and earth, shall crush beneath the feet of the fiery crowds. Then the giants will break loose, led by Rhymer and the liberated Loke; and the gods will arm themselves for the strife, joined by all Einheriars, the heroes of Valhalla, and led by Allfader Odin to the plain of Vigrid. The Fenriswolf will swallow Odin, and, after him, the sun and moon, but shall fall, at length, by the hand of Vidur, the silent Ase. Heimdal and Loke shall perish in single combat, and Fray be slain by Surtur. Thor will slay the Midgard serpent, but its poison shall stifle him; and after the gods have been destroyed, Surtur will consume the world by fire—

The sun all black shall be,
The earth sink in the sea,
And ev'ry starry ray
From heav'n fade away;
While vapours hot shall fill
The air round Ygdrasil,
And, flaming as they rise,
Play towering to the skies.

Thus sings the Vala: but in the destruction of gods and men, not all the heavens shall be destroyed; and, it is promised that, either in one world or the other, every man shall have eternal life. The best heaven is Gimle; and Brimer and Sindre are also celestial regions, where the blest reside. But perjurers, seducers, and murderers, shall go to Likstranden (the strand of corpses), and dwell in the hole of serpents, wading among streams of poison. Then a new heaven and a new earth shall rise, and the Daughter of the Sun, that was swallowed by the Fenriswolf, will tread the bright path of her mother. Two men will also escape the general conflagration, and nourished by the dew of morning, will produce a new generation. Nor will Vidur and Vale, the sons of Odin, perish, but live on the Ida plain, where Asgard stood; and the sons of Thor will save themselves by their mighty hammer. Then Balder and Höder will return from Hel, and live in the triumphant saloon of Odin in Gimle, preserving the ancient magnificence of the gods, and the divine Runics and the golden tablets, with which the Asen played in Asgard. This will be the blessed life for heaven and for earth; but the shadow of death will also come over this happy time. The dark dragon Nidhögg will fly above the plains, carrying corpses. Vala, the prophetess, conjured by Odin from the abode of Hel, after having thus prophesied, sinks into the abyss.

"Thus," says Geijer, "sounds the voice of the northern prophetess, the Va'a, to us obscure and indistinct through the darkness of ages. It speaks of other times, of other men and ideas, fettered, indeed, by the bonds of superstition, but longing after eternal light, and, however imperfectly, expressing that longing. In this doctrine we may also recognize some of those 'mighty sounds,' of which the Greek poet, Pindar, while fixing attention to the remembrance of noble deeds, sings 'that they wander eternally over earth and sea.' Such are the voices with which heaven and earth announce an Eternal Being and their own mortality; which no paganism has expressed more strongly than the northern. It also alludes thereby (however darkly) to the Mighty One on High who is above those gods who were strengthened by the powers of the earth, the cooling of the sea, and by the mead of the Skalds; to one mightier than the mighty, whom they dare not name, to the unknown God, whom the Pagans also worshipped, according to St. Paul."

We regret that we cannot afford space for the elaborate and judicious view which Geijer has taken of this mysterious assemblage of

mythological ideas, whose origin he traces to Asia, the source of all religions. He is undoubtedly correct when he says, that the two Eddas are the principal means by which northern mythology can be explained, and that, so far from creating a mythology, they evidently suppose one previously existing. The mystic songs of the poetic Edda speak in mysterious tones of the cosmogony, and always seem to allude to Esoteric doctrines. This Edda would be utterly unintelligible, and not to be decyphered, were not the other Icelandic sources, with elucidations from various authors, employed as comments on its contents, which, notwithstanding this assistance, remain, for the most part, clothed in mystery. The younger Edda appears to be rather a compendium of mythology for the use of the Skalds, than a religious code, an idea which is strengthened by the Skalds, to which is annexed an essay on Icelandic versification. It abounds in allusions to doctrines, sagas, and songs, which it supposes generally known.

Geijer has successfully combated the scepticism of Ruhs, and others who held the whole system of ancient mythology to be a monkish invention, and an imitation of the Greeks and Romans. After such convincing arguments as those enforced by the author, it is difficult to conceive how the Heidelberger Jahr Bucher, which briefly notices the work before us, can contend that the point is still undecided.

The author has endeavoured to explain the mythology which we have briefly sketched, and in which he traces a history of the epochs of nature, of the human race generally, and of their religion. The religion of the old inhabitants of the north was a religion of nature, allegorically and symbolically representing the elements of cosmogony. We will here quote the author's explanation of the beautiful mythos of Balder.

> This beautiful mythos is undoubtedly an image of the life of the Seasons, destroyed by Winter, and of the subsequent re-awakening of nature by the Spring. But at the same time it carries with it another, and more remote signification—being a symbol of all time, of the changes of the great year of the world, and in this sense it implies a higher meaning, as it represents the general dissolution as a consequence of the first death of the god (Gudadöd)—the death of goodness and justice in the world. Balder returns, followed by reward and punishment, by a new heaven and a new earth. Through this, and at the same time the inviolable sanctity which the northern mythology attaches to an oath, it rises above nature, and acquires a moral value for mankind.

Thus far the fabulous and mythological system of Northern cosmogony, as developed and explained by Geijer. That portion of his work which is more exclusively historical, would carry us beyond the particular object which we have had on the present occasion in view, viz. the character and fortunes of Scandinavian literature, and which our readers will have by this time perceived, is not only extremely curious but rich.

ART. II.—*The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times.* By R. R. MADDEN, M.D. 2 vols. Madden and Co.

THE rashness and ill-contrivance of Irishmen were never so grossly exhibited as in the rebellion of the United in 1798; nor indeed has the history of Ireland or of any country, before or since, given such revolting proofs of folly, perfidy, and bloodthirstiness, and which may be said in a great measure to have warranted the atrocities and the system of espionage practised by the government. Indeed, had not society been corrupted to the core, and had not the most shameful profligacy been common throughout the island, no ministry or magistracy could have found such ready tools of treachery and regardlessness of life and the rights of property, as marked the movement of the period in question.

We have alluded to the ill-contrived measures of the United Irishmen, and their heedless and preposterous procedure. Why, there seems not to have been the most ordinary sort of pains taken to disguise their plans, or to keep the society pure from secret enenies, or even such as used little care to conceal their subserviency to the government. The hot-headed and enthusiastic leaders frequently acted and spoke as boasters of their purposes, and as if they believed there was no power equal to put down the discovered treason, and no perfidious sons of Erin to clutch at the informer's reward. Just look at the incongruous composition of the society, as seen in the constituent members of the Irish Volunteers, out of whom the United Men arose.

It is not inconsistent with truth, though it may be with the military glory of this institution of the Volunteers, to say that it combined, in one great national phalanx, the talent, the intolerance, the chivalry, the extravagance, the prodigality, the embarrassment, the republicanism, the patriotism, for one brief epoch, of all ranks and classes. Here we find the ill-assorted names of the Earl of Charlemont and the Right Hon. Robert Stewart—of John Claudius Beresford and Henry Grattan—of Toler and Ponsonby—of Saurin and Flood—of Colonel Rowley and Major Sandys—of Ireland's only Duke and Sir Capel Molyneux—of the rabid zealot, Dr. Patrick Duigenan, and the Right Rev. ultra-liberal, the Bishop of Derry—of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, and Jack Giffard—of the red-hot patriot, James Napper Tandy, and the facetious knight and slippery politician, Sir Jonah Barrington—and last, not least in celebrity, of George Robert Fitzgerald, of fighting notoriety, and Mr. Joseph Pollock, the great advocate of peace and order. These incongruous names are found jumbled together in the pages of the history of the volunteer association. The world never saw an army of such heterogeneous materials collected, from all conflicting parties, for a patriotic purpose.

Was it strange, that out of a society whose germ presented such diversified elements as these, there should arise treachery and the darkest animosities? The members could at best hang but loosely

together; secrecies were sure to be violated, and opposite councils recklessly adopted. But even such incongruities did not half equal the monstrous displays which were with systematic effrontery made by some of the professed brothers, to hunt down those who put their trust in them. Just look for a moment to the character and practices of the informers.

The extraordinary openness of perfidy, and even wantonness of treachery, which marked the proceedings of an agency however useful in its consequences, yet infamous in its character, has perhaps been equalled in other countries in the frenzy of civil strife, but it certainly never was surpassed.

Other informers, however, when they have once wormed themselves into the confidence of their victims, and have possessed themselves sufficiently of their secrets to bring them to the scaffold, rest from their labours, and spare themselves the unnecessary annoyance, perhaps a feeling of remorse, at beholding the unfortunate wretches they have deceived, when they are fairly in their toils and delivered over to the proper authorities. In Ireland there is no such squeamishness in the breasts of our informers. No sooner was the younger Sheares safely lodged in the Castle guard-room, than he received a visit of condolence from Captain Armstrong (the betrayer), on the very morning of his arrest. He was asked by the prisoner, if his brother was taken? and Captain Armstrong answered, "*I do not know.*" The unfortunate young man then asked him, if *his* papers had been seized; Captain Armstrong replied, "*I do not know.*" John Sheares then said, he hoped not, for there was one paper among them that "would *commit him*" (John Sheares.) The latter words were deserving of more attention on the trial than, unfortunately for his brother, was paid to them; for it plainly showed the paper to have been in his possession, and not his brother's; and his own impression to have been, that he, John Sheares, only could be injured by its discovery.

His opening his mind at all on the subject proves that when he made these inquiries he had no suspicion that he had been betrayed by Armstrong.

The same strong delusion continued to screen Reynold's treachery from the generous mind of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He continued to receive the visits of the informer after the arrest of his associates; and his poor lady was not even exempt from the infliction of his presence. This mode of recreating his feelings, for these visits were not essential to the objects of his employers, was a customary indulgence.

The day before the arrests at Bond's, one of the persons apprehended there, and shortly after convicted on Reynold's testimony, and executed—the unfortunate M'Cann—breakfasted, by special invitation, with Mr. Reynolds; and a few days subsequently to those arrests, we find the politeness of Mr. Reynolds carrying him even to the house where these arrests took place, to pay a visit of condolence to the wife of Bond, who in the course of a few days was likewise condemned to death on his testimony.

We learn from Dr. Madden that his motive for publishing the present work, has not been any fondness for picturing a dark period in our annals, or reviving memories that humanity would consign to oblivion from sheer shame-facedness. His purpose, on the other

hand, is to hold up for the teaching of posterity follies of the wildest character, events and personages, in order that the like may be for ever shunned and guarded against. In pursuance of his object he has exhibited a most laudable industry in collecting facts, and considerable novelty of views; while his sentiments are manly and free-spoken. We however could have wished for fewer words and less partisan feeling; nor do we think that he has brought out the philosophy of the drama with a force equal to the labour he has bestowed on it. Nor has the doctor been the only contributor to these volumes; for a friend has supplied a rapid introduction, giving a review of Irish history and parties prior to the period of the United men. This period and the principal actors and sufferers in the movement next fall to the hands of our author, completing the first volume; while the second is for the most part occupied with the case of the brothers—Henry and John Sheares,—the lady to whom the younger brother was engaged having recently left many extracts from her private correspondence, and sundry recollections, of which the doctor has been enabled to avail himself. The biographical matter in this part of the work will excite a deep interest. These few observations may serve to introduce the remainder of our extracts. We return to one or two of the perfidious performers in the rebellion, beginning with some notices of the notorious Reynolds, of whom a son gave a white-washing life a few years ago. Dr. Madden thus writes:

There are three proofs given by Mr. Reynolds, junior, of the friendship of his father for Lord Edward. Two days after the arrest at Bond's, on his information—(Lord Edward having so far fortunately escaped that peril by the accidental circumstance of seeing Major Swan's party enter the house, when he, Lord Edward, was on his way there, at the corner of Bridge-street) Reynolds visited Lord Edward at his place of concealment, at Dr. Kennedy's, in Aungier-street, and discussed with his lordship his future plans as to his concealment, &c. Mr. Reynolds discovered "he had no arms of any sort except a small dagger, and he was quite unprovided with cash, which was then scarce, as the banks had stopped all issue of gold. My father called on him again, on the evening of the 15th, and brought him fifty guineas in gold, and a case of good-sized pistols, with ammunition, and a mould for casting bullets. He took the pistols, threw a cloak over his shoulders, and left the house accompanied by Mr. Lawless. My father never saw him more." Poor Lord Edward little imagined from what source that money had been derived, or that he and his companions had been betrayed by the very man who had been so recently in his company, and who had already drawn on the agent of Government for the first portion of that stipulated sum which was the reward of his disclosures, and placed a part of the price of his friend's blood in his hands, under the semblance of an act of kindness.

The present of the pistols, with the powder and bullet-mould, for the protection of a man, whose peril, he well knew, was the consequence of his own treachery to him and his associates, was worthy of Reynolds; villainy less ac-

complished would hardly have devised so refined an act of specious perfidy. It was a particular feature of Reynolds's infamy, that he seems to have felt a gratification in witnessing the effects of his proceedings on the unfortunate families of his victims. A few days after the arrests at Bond's, he paid a visit of condolence to Mrs. Bond, and even caressed the child she was holding in her arms. He paid a similar visit of simulated friendship to the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald on the 16th of March. Mr. Reynold's son must tell the particulars of this interview; "She (Lady Fitzgerald) also complained of a want of gold; my father told her he had given Lord Edward fifty guineas the preceding night, and would have sent her fifty more in the course of that day, which promise he performed. Neither of these sums were ever repaid. In the course of their conversation, my father mentioned his intention of leaving Ireland for a time; on which she took a ring from her finger and gave it to him, saying she hoped to hear from him if he should have anything of importance to communicate, and that she would not attend to any letter purporting to come from him, unless it were sealed with that ring, which was a small red cornelian, engraved with the figure of a dancing satyr."

Mr. Reynolds having deprived himself of his pistols, on the 15th of March, the act was considered by him, and at a later period, it would seem, was recognized by Government, as one done for the public service, for these pistols were replaced by Major Sirr, and the bill for the case purchased on this occasion, by the Major for his friend, was duly presented to Mr. Cooke, and the subsequent payment of it was not forgotten.

	£.	s.	d.
1789, July 26, Major Sirr, for pistols for Mr. Reynolds . . .	9	2	0

So much for the friendship's offerings of Mr. Thomas Reynolds.

Again, and furnishing the initials of the person who discovered and gave up Lord Edward:—

The son of Mr. Reynolds has very industriously endeavoured to impress the readers of his book with the opinion that there were a variety of circumstances, so suspicious in their nature, in the conduct of Murphy on the occasion of the arrest of Lord Edward, as to be totally inexplicable. In short, he plainly insinuates, though he does not say it in express terms, that Murphy was privy to the door being left open, by which Sirr and his party gained admission, and as he was standing at the window when they entered that he must have seen the party in the street on their arrival at the house.

If Mr. Reynold's father had been living, he could probably have informed him that there was not the slightest ground for these insinuations; though the disclosure of Lord Edward's place of concealment was not made by him, from his subsequent intimacy with the agents of Government he could hardly have been mistaken as to the quarter from which it did come. The person who gave that information was amply rewarded for it—he received 1,000*l.* and the initials of his name were not those of Nicholas Murphy. Nor was Murphy at large when the payment was made. The following date, letters, service, and sum paid for it, show the groundlessness of the suspicions entertained by Mr. Reynolds:—"June 20th, 1798. F. H. Discovery of L. E. F., 1,000*l.*"

Lord Edward's death, with sundry minute particulars not generally known, is the subject of our next extract.

Two surgeons attended daily on Lord Edward Fitzgerald. It was supposed, the evening of the day before he died, he was delirious, as we could hear him with a very strong voice crying out, "Come on! come on! d—n you, come on!" He spoke so loud, that the people in the street gathered to listen to it. He died the next day early in the morning, on the 3rd of June. The surgeons attended and opened the body: then he was seen for the first time by the prisoners. The bowels were opened, and whatever was found there was thrown under the grate, and then the part opened was sewn up. He had about his neck a gold chain, suspending a locket with hair in it.

Thus died one of the bravest of men, from a conviction, I believe, that his projects would ameliorate the condition of his country. I shall endeavour to describe his person: he was, I believe, about five feet seven inches in height, and a very interesting countenance; beautiful arched eyebrows, fine grey eyes, handsome nose, and high forehead—thick, dark-coloured hair, brown, or inclining to black. I think he was very like the late Lady Louisa Conolly about the nose and eyes. Any person he addressed must have admired his manner,—it was so candid, so good-natured, and so impregnated with good feeling;—as playful and humble as a child—as mild and timid as a lady—and, when necessary, as brave as a lion. He was altogether a very fine, elegantly formed man. Peace to his name!

Something more than already quoted relative to the infamous Captain Armstrong and his bearing to the Sheareses:—

Captain Armstrong did not think it necessary to state, that at his Sunday's interview he shared the hospitality of his victims; that he dined with them, sat in the company of their aged mother and affectionate sister, enjoyed the society of the accomplished wife of one of them, caressed his infant children; and on another occasion (referred to by Miss Steele) was entertained with music—the wife of the unfortunate man, whose children he was to leave in a few days fatherless, playing on the harp for his entertainment!

Dr. Madden's volumes do not abound with passages which can be very readily made available as extracts; but we have helped ourselves to several that have been chosen by fellow contributors to the periodical press. There is another, giving a last appeal by the younger Sheares to the court on his trial; but which was answered by the Attorney General, craving an execution on both brothers the very next morning:—

"My Lords, I have no favour to ask of the court: my country had decided that I am guilty, and the law says that I shall suffer: it sees that I am ready to suffer.

"But, my lords, I have a favour to request of the court that does not relate to myself. My lords, I have a brother, whom I have ever loved dearer than myself; but it is not from any affection for him alone that I am induced to make the request. He is a man, and therefore, I would hope, prepared to die, if he stood as I do, though I do not stand unconnected; but he stands more dearly connected. In short, my lords, to spare your feelings and my own, I do not pray that I should not die—but that the husband, the father, the brother and the son, all comprised in one person, holding these relations, dearer in

life to him than any other man I know;—for such a man, I do not pray a pardon, for that is not in the power of the court; but I pray a respite—for such time as the court, in its humanity and discretion, shall think proper. You have heard, my lords, that his private affairs require arrangement. I have farther room for asking it: if immediately both of us be taken off, an aged and revered mother, a dear sister, and the most affectionate wife that ever lived, and six children, will be left without protection, or provision of any kind. When I address myself to your lordships, it is with the knowledge you will have, of all the sons of our aged mother being gone. Two have perished in the service of the king; one very recently. I only request that, disposing of me with what swiftness, either the public mind or justice requires, a respite may be given to my brother, and that the family may acquire strength to bear it all. That is all I wish—I shall remember it to my last breath, and I will offer up my prayers for you to that Being, who has endued us all with sensibility to feel. That is all I ask. I have nothing more to say."

The rebellion of the United Irishmen, strange to say, was characterised by more loss of life in cold blood, than in battle.

Throughout the country, the total loss on both sides, in this rebellion, is estimated by Plowden, Moore, Curran, and Barrington, at about 70,000; 20,000 on the side of the Government, and 50,000 on that of the insurgents. It is generally admitted by all, but more especially by the Rev. Mr Gordon, that very many more were put to death in cold blood, than perished in the field of battle. The number of deaths arising from torture, or massacre, where no resistance was offered, during the year 1798, forms the far greater portion of the total number of slain in the contest. The words of Mr. Gordon are, "I have reason to think, more men than fell in battle, were slain in cold blood. No quarter was given to persons taken prisoners as rebels, with or without arms."

Now for a good anecdote:—

One of the most eminent physicians of New York, pointed out to me, in a public assemblage in that city, in 1835, a gentleman of a grave and respectable appearance, and seemingly of retired and unassuming manners. "You see that middle-aged man in black?" said the American physician; "I guess you were very anxious to have him hanged in the old country a few years ago. His name is Watson; he managed to get over here, and he has lived amongst us some years. He has turned out here a very quiet inoffensive, industrious man. He follows his profession, and has had the good sense to take no part whatever in our politics. I reckon," continued my informant, "that society goes on in the old country pretty much as well as it did since he left it. He is here attending to his business, which, perhaps, he did not do at home, and gaining his livelihood in a creditable manner. I have a notion, the very worst way in the world to improve a man, is to hang him—or to benefit society, is to put folks to death who don't know how to behave themselves, or to support their families. We keep them alive here, in order to teach them how to do both."

This was Watson of Thistlewood notoriety. We conclude with certain notices of Lord Clare:—

Lord Clare, in some things, was a man of somewhat similar taste, but of a very different temperament. He hunted down his game, not for the pleasure of the chase, but on account of his antipathy to the creature he pursued. His natural disposition was by no means sanguinary; his feelings were warm, impetuous, ungovernable; he was capable of forming ardent friendships and of doing generous actions. But his violent temper, his arrogant disposition, his loose principles, and unbounded ambition, made his love of power and command a domineering passion which brooked no opposition, and converted his sense of offended pride into implacable resentments. With respect to the leaders of the United Irishmen, who had given him no personal offence, he not only refrained from obstructing their overtures to enter into terms with the Government, but his exertions were successfully used in their behalf when other members of the Privy Council were clamorous for their prosecution. The recollection of his conduct on these occasions was probably not forgotten by M'Nevin, when he spoke of his lordship, with all his grievous faults, as "an Irishman after all." Mr. Moore has recorded a trait of his character, in reference to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which shows his nature to have been intended for better things than his political course would lead one to expect of him. A few days previously to the arrests at Bond's, he said to Mr. Ogilvie, "For God's sake, get that young man out of the way; the ports shall be open to him." On another occasion, of no less peril to an individual implicated in an attempt to procure the assistance of a military force from the French Government, he gave that individual timely information of his danger, and thus enabled him to effect his escape. This circumstance never has been made public; but I see no reason why it should be withheld, or that an act of justice to the memory of one whose conduct on other occasions has been deservedly reprobated should be left undone. The late Archibald Hamilton Rowan owed his life to a communication made to him by Lord Clare. The statement of the fact may cause the justice of the opinions expressed on the subject of his lordship's conduct in the case of the Sheares to be called in question; but the inconsistencies of Lord Clare's character it would be a difficult matter to reconcile or to account for. It is, however, far more gratifying to the writer to have one trait of generosity to record of such a man, than to corroborate previous statements by new evidence of his vindictiveness.

My authority for the above-mentioned fact is a physician long and intimately acquainted with Rowan, a gentleman of unquestionable veracity. He was informed by Rowan a short time before his death, that the first intimation he received of the detection of Dr. Jackson's correspondence with the French Directory, and of the discovery by Government of a paper in his own handwriting, composed by Theobald Wolfe Tone, and copied by him, (Rowan,) setting forth the political state of Ireland, had been communicated to him while he was confined in Newgate, (undergoing the sentence imposed on him for publishing and distributing a "seditious libel,") by a person sent to him expressly by Lord Clare, for the purpose of acquainting him with his dangerous position.

Rowan, promptly acting on the information, easily found means of escaping from gaol, and fled to France.

ART. III.—*Travels in Kashmir, Ladak, Iskardo, &c.* By G. T. VIGNE, Esq., F.G.S. 2 vols. Colburn.

MR. VIGNE has been an industrious traveller in the east, if the length of time he has there spent, and the number of his journeys, as well as the novel ground which he sometimes penetrated, be considered. He has, however, shown himself to be an adventurous wanderer in search of new or out-of-the-way scenes, rather than possessed of that science, and those literary accomplishments by means of which riches may be gathered in a trodden path, and the most barren regions invested with enticing charms. Still his volumes necessarily present a good deal that will stimulate, if not satisfy, curiosity; and, we must add, where his pen is feeble, or his written information vague and doubtful, his pencil and his pictorial representations are ready to make amends, and to elicit approval.

It appears that Mr. Vigne wandered from England in 1832, without any very definite arrangement with regard to length of absence, or region of travel; having at last reached the north-western boundary of India, and returning home after a lapse of seven years. We have, however, no intention of keeping company with him during his route, or even of anxiously endeavouring to pick out many of the more curious entries in his journal. Much of the ground over which he has walked, and was early in traversing, other travellers and investigators have recently made comparatively familiar to us, and with more vividness as well as minuteness and accuracy. It may in general terms be stated that his journeys and researches take their peculiar character from being chiefly devoted to the territories which stretch along with, or are adjacent to, the Indus, and which in fact form its basin. He accordingly has contributed to the more complete tracings of that far-winding river; and he avows a proud satisfaction in knowing that he had probably seen more of it than any other person ever did. "I drank," he continues, "of many of its springs, and at the sources of many of its minor branches; and I alone have visited many of its mountains, lakes, and glaciers, which discharged their tributary streams in the shape of ready-formed and furious torrents. I remembered with pleasure that I had crossed all the rivers of the Punjab higher up in their mountain channels; that I had forded the Shy-York at Nuba; that I was the first European who had been ferried across the Indus at Iskardo; that I had crossed the Chunab in Kishtawar, and the Ravi at Chumba; that no living traveller but myself had drunk of the sacred element in the Gunga-Bul, the most holy lake that Kashmir can boast of; that, in the same regions I had ascended to the Kosanag, the birthplace of the far-famed Hydaspes; that the waters in contact with our boat, might have once sparkled in the Gomul, up which I had marched with the Lohanis to Ghuzni, or have descended to Atok in the river of

Kabul, and having joined it after trickling from the melting snows of the Hindu-Kosh, to meander in a swollen flood along the borders of its beautiful Kohistan."

The least known region in regard to travel, comprehended in the present volumes, is the valley of Iskardo, the capital of Little Tibet, "which had never yet been visited by any European." The attempt was made of our author's own accord, although the Sikhs endeavoured to dissuade him, by giving out that he would fall in with Jews, whose favourite food is human flesh. He however found the people, in Iskardo at least, to be mild and inoffensive—nay, even to be superstitiously averse to the shedding of blood; nor do we see that the narrative anywhere affords ground for lending belief to the accusation, although Mr. Vigne appears to entertain a degree of credulity on the subject.

But let us start with the traveller on a visit to Ahmed Shah, the ruler of Iskardo,—a messenger having been sent with an invitation to that effect. This messenger proved to be Nasim Khan, who is mentioned in Jacquemont's Letters. "A singular-looking person," says Mr. Vigne, "thin, and pale-faced, dressed in a black velvet frock, with silver buttons, and wearing a black leathern belt, profusely ornamented with little knobs of the same metal." The narrative proceeds:—

He approached me, bareheaded, with the look and manner of a captive brigand, his small, keen, and dark eye glancing suspiciously on my Sikh guards; and, after making a most respectful salaam, informed me that his master had sent him to welcome and attend upon me; that he also, by his orders, brought with him a good pony or tatu, who would carry me in safety to Iskardo; and after handing me a letter of invitation from Ahmed Shah, he drew back and remained stationary, with an aspect and in an attitude that betokened the most profound submission. . . . . When all his fears and suspicions were over, his tongue was rarely at rest, and I listened with avidity and delight to the recital of his own adventures, (for he was, I think, a native of the Khyber pass, who had taken service with Ahmed Shah); his personal recollection of M. Jacquemont, and what he had heard of Mr. Moorcroft; his stories of little and great Tibet, and the countries on the north of us, including Yarkund and its Chinese masters; how they were ever at war with the Kokanis; how they had laboured for months to cut through a glacier, in order to form a passage for their army; how the general of the Kokanis had loaded several waggons with the pigtails of the Chinese soldiers slain in action; and how, in return, his celestial majesty had sent back the same number of waggons laden with millet-seed, by way of intimating the countless number of his troops;—how a Chinese general, to prove his powers of ubiquity, would start off his whole army in carriages overnight, to a distant post; how these vehicles were sometimes drawn across the country by paper-kites; how the walls of one of their strongholds were of loadstone; and how the advancing force were aghast, when (fit subject for a pantomime) their side-arms flew from their scabbards, and their matchlocks struggled fiercely for the encounter; how

beautiful were the Túrki women, and how, when a merchant came to reside in any of the cities of Yarkund, it was customary for him to contract a marriage, to be dissolved upon his departure; how the Chinese, if a row took place in the streets, came down upon the mob with whips, but were, nevertheless, very just in their decisions, and enforced the law of retribution;—and finally, how the Chinese soldiers would not run, if beaten in action, but commenced killing each other and themselves afterwards.

The discussive eloquence of Nasim Khan, and his stride to the celestial empire, may furnish us with an excuse for divergence, and for alighting also, during a few seconds, among the *flowery people:* not that it is necessary to offer any comment respecting the valour of John Chinaman, feeling that the latest accounts at the moment we write, from the seat of war, speak of little more than certain movements against the British, which were repulsed without the loss of a single man on our side, although the destruction intended for the feeble assailants turned out to be signal. And yet, how long protracted may be the conflict, which some have characterized as the Opium War, and how much may it cripple our energies in other parts of the East, were it but by causing immense drains to be made on the revenue, not to speak of troops and the instruments of war. Still, whatever may be the issue of the contention, financially and politically speaking, there is reason to believe that it will not end without a flood of light being let in upon us, with regard to the real and actual condition of the Chinese people; while it cannot otherwise turn out than that they in return will receive much tending to break down their barbarous wall of exclusiveness.

A retracing glance at our knowledge of Chinese life and Chinese literature, down to a recent period of our misunderstandings with the growers of the plant which has become a necessary of life in Europe, may be taken in the course of our desultory paper; for although similar retrospections have oft been pursued, the phenomenon in the history and relationships of nations is too great for it soon to lose its interest.

For some of our earliest accounts of China, we are indebted to our French neighbours; and they also, along with the Italian and Portuguese missionaries, first led the way to an acquaintance with the literary productions of that country. Previously, it is true, China had been visited by the celebrated Marco Polo,—and Christianity, as well as Mahometanism, had been early introduced there, though the former was quickly suppressed by an imperial edict. The attempt of Xavier to replant it was unsuccessful, as he died shortly after his arrival; but the Jesuits of Macao, some years subsequently, made another effort, and Father Ricci had the address to ingratiate himself with the emperor, by whom he was received at Pekin, where he settled in the enjoyment of a handsome pension. His exertions were eminently successful, and were especially aided by the conver-

sion and instrumentality of a powerful mandarin; so that in the single province of Kyang Nan, there existed ninety churches and forty-five oratories. The Roman hierarchy entered most warmly into the schemes of such missionary labourers, who, in process of time, received the sanction and support of Louis the Fourteenth. But their literary performances have generally been unproductive of practical utility; entering too frequently into endless speculations and idle theories, without supplying us with facts, or unfolding the sources of their information; for with them, says Sir Geo. Staunton, "science and literature were of secondary importance;" nor, with the exception of the works of Fourmont and Bayer, did they even give anything in the shape of elementary learning. Among the continental literati, indeed, there long continued a great conflict of opinions as to the character of the nation, some degrading them almost to a level with the beasts of the field, and others raising them to the utmost pitch of excellence. The learned Isaac Vossius, for example, in the plenitude of his admiration, lamented the circumstance of his not having been born a Chinese.

The Russians have been the only European nation who have been directly considered worthy of attention in the external policy of the celestial empire. However antisocial they may have been towards foreign powers in their national capacity, the Chinese actually condescended, in the year 1712, to send an embassy to the Khan of the Tourgouth Tartars, (a considerable tribe of the Calmuc or Eleuth horde,) settled not far from the Caspian shores. In the course of the mission, the Chinese ambassadors held intercourse with the Siberian governor-general, and were especially instructed to open a negotiation with the Russian court, and, if possible, to hold a conference with the Czar Peter, who was himself well disposed towards the embassy, and certainly would have given it a favourable reception, had not his attention been engaged in the prosecution of hostile measures against Sweden. Previous to this period, however, a treaty had settled the boundaries of the respective empires; and again, in 1719, a Russian mission was despatched to Pekin. The intercourse proceeded, with some few intermissions, until 1806, when the jealousy of the yellow emperor was excited against the northern autocrat; and the Russian mission in that same year effected so little, that it was generally supposed to have been defeated with a haughty rejection, similar to that encountered by our own more recent embassies. But without following the external intercourse of the two empires step by step, to the present time, or pretending to know their precise relationship at this hour, we may pronounce the probability to be, that not only has the misunderstandings and conflict with England been the occasion of chosen intercourse, sedulously secret, but that the issue of the war will be accompanied with disclosures that will prove and illustrate the perfidy of both.

With regard to the British, though several of them, a number of years ago, had become celebrated for their deep knowledge of the languages and manners of Hindostan, yet till a comparatively late period China had been all but neglected. One reaon was that the system of exclusion adopted by the Chinese towards all foreigners, has been most severely directed against us. On this point Barrow observes—"While other Europeans were known to the Chinese by their services, the English were so only by their broad-cloths and their bravery; for the very first of their connexions was brought about by the latter forcing their way in spite of forts or ships-of-war, to the city of Canton." Thus far they penetrated, and there they remained stationary, though under the most galling restrictions and the most watchful surveillance; while their mercantile transactions were carried on by means of a horrid jargon,—a compound corruption of all the languages employed at various times by the different traders who visited the Yellow Seas. Still, it is matter of surprise and regret that the English did not, at a much earlier date than has been the case, attempt the acquisition of a language, in which it is known that the field is most ample, and the lights thence to be derived peculiarly full and clear. True, the regulations of the East India Company were not very favourable for the purpose mentioned; these rules being necessarily in a great measure shaped by the peculiarity of the Chinese policy. But be it also observed, that the increasing power of the Company rendered a knowledge of Asiatic history in general highly desirable. Now, it is well known that many of the most valuable documents of Hindostan were lost during the Mahometan irruption; but that of these there had been previous translations into the Chinese; so that the existing literature of China may shed much light on the history and antiquities of India.

The time began to come round that British curiosity and interest were to lead, although by small and indistinct means, towards ends so long desiderated. The means and the names identified with this commencement and progress need not be particularly described. There were embassies which penetrated into the country, and gentlemen in their respective suites who lost no opportunity and spared no exertion to make the desired acquisitions. Particular individuals too, became connected with the Canton factory, who in spite of every restriction enlarged our knowledge of Chinese literature, and consequently of Chinese life and manners. Translations were effected, such as that by Sir George Staunton, of the "Penal Code." Since that period similar services have been performed both by Englishmen and foreign Europeans. Then, think how sure and peculiar must every translation of a standard Chinese work be, since it belongs to a language so ancient, to a people so immutable, and to institutions and forms so minutely defined, whatever the condition or relation in

life. For example, in fictitious writing, the Chinese cannot avoid giving an exact mirror of their laws, customs, and prejudices.

From such a source it has been ascertained that the literary class in China includes every character who is at all distinguished above the vulgar, and who holds any rank in society; for to literary advancement, constant allusions are made in works of imagination. In China a hero of romance is, for the most part, a highly gifted youth, devoted exclusively to the study of the classic authors, and undisturbed from that pursuit, save by the charms of flowers, and wine, and poetry.

But along with literary fame, and the promotions that can alone follow or attend literary superiority, marriage shares the general interest; no people, as even their fictions prove, regarding that contract and union so early and with such unceasing attention as the Chinese. A French writer, who stands in the first rank of the list of Europeans learned in the language of the Celestials, viz., Remusat, thus expresses himself:—"Among different nations, corresponding differences are observable in the choice of incidents, the nature of adventures, and the conduct of the fable. In the Greek romances, lovers, for whom the hymeneal torch was about to be lighted, see themselves suddenly separated by the unforeseen attacks of pirates, and are disenthralled only by the efforts of some heroic and generous friend. The intrigues of gallantry form the groundwork of our own 'Contes Morales.' The cavaliers of Spain are in the habit of saving the life of some beautiful unknown, menaced with death either by the assaults of a mad bull, or the waves of a stormy sea. But for the Chinese, promotion and marriage are the two grand ideas predominant over the routine of sober life, and the fair domain of imagination. No step is taken, whether suppositious or real, which is not directed to one of these great points, and not unfrequently to both."

There appears indeed to be nothing that is really Chinese, and which has been produced or is cherished by them, but affords an index of extraordinary compass to the national manners and character, be the period considered past or present, ancient or modern. How large then must be the harvest that will be gathered in by British campaigners in the war which is still waging on the shores of the flowery empire! But not to dilate further on this idea, let us counsel all whose opportunities and pockets can permit, to resort to the Chinese Exhibition at the West End, which is not only one of the most interesting, curious, and instructive that ever the Great Metropolis contained, but which communicates and illustrates more than all the books that have yet reached this country concerning the Celestials. It is indeed no exaggeration to say, that in the brief walk through the handsome and spacious edifice which has been erected for containing this unique collection,—made at a great expenditure

of labour, money, and taste, as well as of a generous curiosity and unquenchable enthusiasm, by an American gentleman,—more is to be seen and learnt of the manners, religion, productions, social life, and arts of the most multitudinous and strange nation on the face of the earth, than has hitherto been thought attainable by long residence in China itself. We see their temples and gods, their shops and tradesmen, their common people and dignitaries, their manufactures and productions of art, their saloons as well as their household furniture, their weapons as well as their clothes, as they exist in daily routine and in actual condition. The very catalogue of the numerous, almost innumerable, and beautifully-arranged specimens, is a volume of surpassing interest,—an elaborate text-book for the singularly rich array of illustrations.

But we must jump back to the valley of the Indus, in order to be conducted by Mr. Vigne to the stronghold of the ruler of Iskardo.

We did not reach the rock until the afternoon of the next day, and upon my arrival I found that a good house at its foot, in which some of the Rajah's family usually resided, had been emptied for my reception. I followed the Rajah up the stairs, or rather steps, to the upper room, where one of his attendants immediately presented me with a plate of small, thin, fancifully stamped pieces of gold, made from the gold-dust collected on the banks of the Indus, and other rivers in the country, and another plateful of similar silver pieces, which I showered down from the balcony upon the crowd below. After that was exhausted, we threw down several bits of cloth for turbans, &c., and we all laughed heartily at the furious vociferations and scrambling that took place, even before they had descended. The Indus was visible from my window, and I then turned to enjoy the view of it for the first time. It approached through a sandy plain, from the eastern end of the valley, and here, nine miles from the entrance, it washed the end of the rock within musket-shot of me, in a noble stream of more than one hundred and fifty yards in width. The rock, or killah, as it is called, is about two miles in length, and the peak over the east end rises about eight hundred feet above the river. The whole of this superb natural fortress, situated in the middle of the valley of Iskardo, which is nineteen miles long and seven in width, rises with, in most places, mural sides, from a buttress of sand, loose stones, and broken rocks, excepting at the western end, where it slopes, but steeply, on to the plain; and on the east and north, it is washed by the deep and rapid torrent of the mighty Indus. The Gylfo's castle is built upon a small flat, about three hundred feet above the river. A wooden mosque and state prison form part of the building. The castle itself is of stone, with wooden framework, and is strongly fortified against musketry. The zigzag by which it is approached, is also divided by gateways and wooden towers. Defences of the same kind are built on different parts of the rock. There is a look-out house on a peak a little above the castle, and another on the summit above that. In my humble judgment, it could be made as strong a place as Gibraltar, which in general configuration it would much resemble, were the east and west end of the killah to change places.

We observe that in the course of our author's numerous state-

ments regarding the Indus, he mentions facts from which it may be inferred that the British scheme of opening that river, as a means of transit and communication, was beginning to be duly appreciated in Central Asia. He thus reports in one passage:

> The Hajis from Kokan in the countries north of the Himalaya had heard that the Indus was opened, and that the shortest way to Meeca was by descending the river to Bombay. They arrived at Ladak and Kashmir by the Durass pass, and invariably proceeded to the house of the Shah Sahib, by whom they were hospitably entertained, and whom they recompensed by a present of tea, a piece of siling or cloth manufactured in Yarkund, from the shawl wool of Tibet; or a china cup, or a trinket made of the yu-stone or chalcedony of that country. I collected in this manner specimens of twenty or thirty different kinds of tea, and I never tasted finer than that which I have drunk at the Shah's house.

We shall not farther draw upon Mr. Vigne's pages, nor trace the fortunes even of the interesting state over which Ahmed Shah bore sway, since the time that our author visited the stronghold of Iskardo. Neither shall we examine his discussion relative to the war in Affghanistan, which is to be found in the preface to the volumes. Whatever may be said of the policy of the attempt to replace Shah Soojah on the throne of Cabul, the probability is, we think, that having asserted and vindicated our national honour, after the dire disasters that have for months harrowed the public mind, the attention of the Home as well as of the Indian Government will be turned to the contrivance of the best method by which we may retreat from the untoward possession of Affghanistan with masterful decency and acknowledged advantage. By the latest accounts it appears that our reverses are about to be corrected in the wonted style. The Khyber Pass is not only penetrated by General Pollock, but is open for smaller bodies. General England has retrieved his disasters and overcome the obstacles to his junction with General Nott. Some of the troops at Ghuzni survive. There is a general advance of the British interests in the province. On the other hand, the natives have not only lost ground, but are distracted by intestine commotions; while Akhbar Khan, the slaughterer of Macnaghten, is cowed and negotiates. The weak and treacherous Shah Soojah has been assassinated by rebels, and the throne is occupied by a friend. Such are the latest news, at the hour we write, that have been received from India. And there can be little doubt that the preparations and movements announced will ere long bring to our hearing a still more cheerful result.

With regard, however to the policy of the attempt to replace Shah Soojah, the calmed state of the public mind, together with the ample discussion that has recently taken place in the senate relative to the question, affords a good opportunity for re-echoing what appear to us to be the soundest sentiments.

There appears to be no doubt with regard to the importance of preventing Russia or Persia, if acting under the influence of Russia, from obtaining a footing in the mountains of Affghanistan. But the question is as to the means to be adopted for that purpose. The mountains in question are occupied by the Affghan tribes, who have been in possession of them for many centuries. Still, the Affghan monarchy is of a recent date; having been founded by Ahmed Shah in 1747, who took advantage of the disorganization of the empire of Persia and Delhi to unite his countrymen into one state, and subject to his sway the land lying between the eastern extremity of Kasmir and the country immediately west of Herat, and between the Oxus and the sea. This extensive empire was kept together solely by the personal qualities of him who acquired it; since the death of Ahmed Shah (in 1773) one province has been lopped from it after another, until the Affghan power has been confined within the limits of the vallies and mountains occupied by the Affghans—nay, within more narrow limits, for the valley of Peshawur, seized by Runjeet Singh, is entirely inhabited by Affghans. At the same time, the Affghan clans in the interior of this country have broken loose from their subjection to one ruler, and resumed the old habits of self-government or anarchy which prevailed among them previous to the foundation of the monarchy by Shah Ahmed. For many years, Herat, Candahar, Cabool, and Peshawur, have been governed by chiefs entirely independent of each other, and scarcely exercising a precarious authority over the nomade tribes in their immediate vicinity.

The way to prevent Russia or any other power from obtaining possession or acquiring a preponderating influence in a country so circumstanced, was to guard, in the first place, against its obtaining actual possession of any part of the territory, and to take care, in the second place, that the chiefs and tribes were left to manage and settle their own domestic controversies without foreign interference. The internal dissensions of the Affghans were the best security the British Government could have against their making common cause with Persia or Russia to molest or invade India. A powerful and energetic sovereign wielding the concentrated energies of his nation was as likely to ally himself with Russia and Persia as with Britain; but so long as Herat, Candahar and Cabool, were subject to different princes, and the mountain-tribes laughed at all of them, their mutual jealousies were a sufficient guarantee against an alliance between Russia or Persia and the Affghan nation. All that was necessary was to prevent either of these powers taking forcible possession of the Affghan territory, or any part of it; and to prevent their interfering in the domestic concerns of the Affghans by surreptitious intrigues.

The latest of these ends was attained when Russia was driven to disavow and recall the agents who had been in Candahar and Cabool, intriguing in its name, and hounding on the Shah of Persia to attack

Herat. The former was attained when a single British officer, who had thrown himself into Herat, enabled its defenders to repel the prolonged and reiterated assaults of the whole available force of Persia, assisted by the skill and bravery of Russian officers. When Russia disclaimed Vicovitsch and recalled Simonivitsch, it recognized the independence of the Affghans *de jure*, as Persia had done before in the treaty of Tehran. When the Shah of Persia was forced to raise the siege of Herat, the inviolability of the Affghan territory was established *de facto*. Sir John Hobhouse admits that the Shah of Persia has discovered that his thirst for conquest was unwise; and Lord Palmerston admits that the conduct of Russia, since his correspondence with Count Nesselrode about the affair of Vicovitsch, has been characterized by "perfect honour and good faith." When the Russian agents in Affghanistan had been disclaimed and recalled, and when the siege of Herat had been raised, all that remained for the British Government to do was to set that example of non-intervention in the domestic concerns of the Affghans which alone could give it a right to insist upon a similar line of conduct being adopted by Russia and Persia.

Anything more than this appears to have been superfluous; and above all, the attempt to re-establish the monarchy of Ahmed Shah in the person of Shah Soojah, or any one else, seems to have been bad policy. This step has weakened the moral authority of the British Government when it shall come to insist that other powers are not to meddle with the domestic concerns of the Affghans. Again, if the Affghans are subjected to one central authority, either the power must be vested in a native prince, or it must be retained by the British Government. If the former, knowing what we do of the character of Oriental sovereigns, it would be folly to think of relying for one moment upon his attachment and alliance. If the latter, the civil and military establishments necessary to govern and retain possession of the Affghan territory, must be a perpetual drain upon the treasury of India or of Great Britain, for the country is too poor to bear the expenditure itself. It is and must continue to be a poor country: it has little fertile soil, no mineral wealth to speak of, and no facilities of communication. It can with difficulty defray the beggarly expenses of its own rude makeshifts for government; it would sink under the cost of the troops which must garrison its mountain-passes and strongholds, if the British are to retain possession of it.

And herein appears to consist not the only but the most obvious mischief incurred by the proceedings of the late Government in Affghanistan. We hold India by our army; and we hold that army by our treasury. Financial embarrassment weakens any government, but it would at once dissolve our Indian empire. The Indian treasuay is everely pressed at present by the necessity of advancing part of the expenses of the war in China, the termination of which does

not appear to be nigh at hand; and by the uncertainty of the sale of its opium, which must be liable to frequent and sudden revulsions, so long as that war continues. For many years a surplus revenue cannot be expected in India, and during the whole of that time the expenditure of Affghanistan may be pressing like an incubus upon its resources. It is clear from the discussions at the India House, that the Directors believe that the war was not undertaken with a view to the interests of India, and is not calculated to promote them, but for the furtherance of certain principles of policy of a strictly European character.

Such appear from the circumstances which have lately evolved, and the convictions generally entertained after the event, to be the general views and proper policy that ought to have been adopted, and which very probably will be recurred to as soon as it can be done consistently with the safeguards of our Indian empire and the honour of the British name. The cupidity no doubt of Prussia for conquest and territorial aggrandizement is notorious. With every power with which she has at any time come into juxta-position, either by open aggression or secret contrivance, her thirst for dominion has been insatiable. War agents and intriguers are everywhere. Mr. Vigne says he met at Shigur a Prussian spy, who pretended to be a Persian traveller. He may be wrong in his construction; but the Whig Administration was fully apprized of the perfidious schemes of the Autocrat in the East, and the longing eyes of the *bears* of the North towards our Indian possessions; there being no doubt that for a great length of time the imperial passage to the Indus and to the Ganges has been most anxiously projected. The powers of Russia have been, for many years, sending out regular scouts towards those regions, in order that they may report on the fruitfulness of the soil, and the practicability of a mercantile intercourse with the countries of the far East. The old writers of Greece speak of such an intercourse between the Caspian and the Orient—the intercourse, indeed, was an indubitable fact—and the Russians of the present day have therefore bethought them of reviving it. Was there not then strong grounds for vigorous prevention by the Whigs? They may not have taken the wisest course; but they have taught the Czar that England was not blind to his sinister views and efforts, and will not be tardy in letting loose her lion at any period, or in any conjuncture, to tame the bear.

On turning to certain paragraphs of Count Bjornstjerna's "British Empire in the East," which we reviewed nearly two years ago, we find views which appear to have indicated the course that ought to have been adopted by the British Government, and which read a correct lesson, however much one may be inclined to palliate the conduct of the Whigs.

He says, "In case any threatening clouds should collect in the

north-west against the British possessions in India, which, on account of the immense preparations necessary for such an expedition, cannot take place otherwise than slowly, the Anglo-Indian government would have plenty of time to take the necessary prevention against it, which should especially consist in securing, either by amicable arrangement or by an armed force, the attachment or the submission of those countries which separate the British possessions from the Indus, a river which constitutes the *natural boundary* of British India, and to which the Anglo-Indian army must advance, if military and political reasons have any influence in the council at Calcutta." The count goes on to remark that the Indus being now proved to be navigable for more than nine hundred miles, not only makes it a boundary to be easily defended, but, what is of still more importance, it can be rendered the medium on which the army collected on its banks can be easily supplied with ammunition, artillery, &c.

After having given an estimate of the strength to which the Anglo-Indian army might be easily raised, (he did not calculate on the drain to China) and stated how its divided parts might be best located and disposed of for meeting any attempt to invade India, (having always his eye particularly directed to Russia,) the count proceeds to remark, that for the sake of still greater security, the army "might extend, if possible, its outposts to Peshawur, Cabool, and the Soliman chain of mountains;" and that "as the British commander may easily judge, from the direction of the hostile preparations, on which part of the Indus (the upper, middle, or lower) the attack is intended, he will be able so to distribute his own forces as to meet the enemy at the proper point."

Still, it is impossible to regard the insidious conduct of Russia as other than furnishing strong grounds for vigilance, decisive action, and indeed for random measures. How easy and how customary for the Autocrat to avow and disavow, to cashier or to screen, his agents, just as it suits his purpose. It may be true that Nicholas disclaimed Viscovitsch and recalled Simonovitsch,—that one committed suicide so as to save the emperor's responsibility, and that the other was for a time treated as a disgraced servant. How convenient all this for a grasping and treacherous despot! But not to enlarge further with regard to the perfidy and pretensions of Russia, or to straggle longer in and about the East, we conclude with this significant fact, that according to one speaker's testimony a few nights ago in the House of Commons, the recalled and *disgraced* Simonovitsch is now Governor-General of Poland.

Art. IV.

1. *The Palfrey; a Love Story of Old Times.* By Leigh Hunt. How and Parsons.

2. *The Christian Pilgrim; a Poem of Palestine.* By Edmund Peel, Benchurch. Newby.

"The Palfrey" will rank as one of the most characteristic and refreshing of Leigh Hunt's many pleasant works. The story, which is taken from an old French narrative poem, of a date in fact prior to Chaucer, has now been by an agreeable licence transplanted to an English soil, and with as genial an air as if the tale had been indigenous amongst us. It is cast into the reign of Edward the First; while Kensington, the birth-place of Queen Victoria, is happily chosen for the principal scene of action. Very naturally therefore is the poem dedicated to her Majesty, and in Mr. Hunt's most graceful and simple manner.

With regard to the old French poems which were in vogue prior to Chaucer's era, Mr. Hunt gives us some critical notices in the preface which are worthy of being transcribed. He says, "I cannot conclude this, I fear, long preface to a short story, without recommending to poetical readers a closer intimacy than has yet been cultivated with these first spring-blossoms of French and British genius, called *Lais* and *Fabliaux*. All the world is acquainted with the reputation of the Provençal or Southern French lyrical poets, the precursors of Petrarch; but the very existence, in England and North-western France, of a light narrative poetry, of genuine and sometimes exquisite merit, heralding and assisting to inspire the geniuses of Chaucer and Boccaccio, is a fact better known to poetical antiquaries than familiar, as it deserves to be, to the lovers of verse in general. Its prolixity (the result of a want of information for the many) the reader may soon learn the art of skimming over. The cynical plain-speaking of some of the stories, sometimes on the most revolting subjects, and of an excess almost amounting to a sort of horrible innocence, is still more easily avoided by those who choose to take the alarm. But the gushing tenderness of others, the simple and sensitive words of honest passion and delight, free from the haunting fears of criticism and correctness; the healthy and hearty vigour, sometimes even sublimity; the belief in everything good and lovely; the fresh and laughing morning lip, carolling in the sunshine and happy in the arms of nature,—these are suggesters of first principles in poetry always salutory to recur to, and the more so in proportion as society advances, because custom and convention perpetually tend, not only to make us forget, but be ashamed of them. Above all, it appears to me calculated to do our native poetry good,

on a side upon which, great and abundant as it is on all others the very highest, it is not so complete as the rest—I mean that of animal spirits. It might assist us in that respect, as our graver feelings were encouraged into purity and depth of utterance by the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, the best gift ever bestowed by critic upon modern genius. Courage is a 'drug' upon both sides of the Channel, and abundant also are the harvests of wit and humour; yet Béranger in France, and 'Christopher North' in Scotland, are almost the only living authors who, in a poem not comic, would have animal spirits enough to venture to say of a knight, in speaking of his contempt of the luxuries of the table, that 'his sugar-plums were the points of broken swords, and his mustard lances, and his pepper made of powdered hauberks!' adding, with a sublimity which Milton himself would not have surpassed had he written on his meditated subject of 'King Arthur' instead of 'Paradise Lost,' that he 'went to sleep to the noise of thunder,' and that his drink—and here again the animal spirits come grandly into play—'his drink was the great dust and the breath of horses.' Chaucer never beat that; who had good fellowship and sublimity both."

It may be questioned, however, whether the time spent not only in learning the quaint language in which these narrative and antique French poems are written, but in ferreting out their stray beauties, would be repaid, unless it were for the sake of resetting the gems in the manner and with the skill that have been exhibited in the specimen before us.

The subject of the "Love Story of Old times" consists principally of a charming little romantic incident that seems to have found special favour in Germany as well as in France, viz., that of a palfrey which had been presented by a lover to his mistress, having run off with her from the church-door to her own knight's castle; and thus saving her at the last moment from an abhorred union. Our poet has accommodated this incident to his purpose, infusing into the story the feelings and features of a strictly national character. A poor knight, but having a wealthy uncle, is the accepted wooer of the daughter of old Sir Guy, who looks more to money than to youth and young folks' fancies. When therefore the two *ancients* meet at Sir Guy's castle, to talk over the business of the lovers, the old uncle is suddenly enchanted by the young lady, and is preferred on account of his riches by the father. But all ends well, and, of course, in a great measure through the agency of a palfrey.

Such will give our readers some notion of the characters and incidents of the story, which are worked up, as we have intimated, in Leigh Hunt's most felicitous style, and with his usual kindly sympathies for whatever is pure, simple, or quaint in nature or in life. The opening of the poem is peculiarly striking as well as illustrative of Hunt's genius and tastes.

'Tis June, and a bright sun burneth all.
Sir William hath galloped from Hendon Hall
To Kensington, where in a thick old wood
(Now its fair Gardens) a mansion stood,
Half like fortress and half like farm,
A house which had ceased to be threatened with l
The gates frown'd still, for the dignity's sake,
With porter, portcullis, and a bit of a lake;
But ivy caressed their warm old ease,
And the young rooks chuckled across the trees,
And burning below went the golden bees.
The spot was the same where, on a May morn,
The Rose that toppeth the world was born.
Sir William hath galloped, and well was bent
His palfrey to second a swift intent;
And yet, having come, he delayeth his knock,
E'en though a sweet maiden counteth the clock
Till she meet his eye from behind the chair,
Where sitteth Sir Guy with his old white hair.
But the youth is not rich, and day by day
Sir Guy groweth cold, and hath less to say.
And taunteth his wit with *haws* and *hums*,
Coughing with grandeur and twirling his thumbs,
Till visiting turneth to shame and gall,
And Sir William must speak what endangereth all.

We next give the meeting of the two ancients. There is a healthy humour in the fancies as well as a nice diversity in the characters, which the passage pleasantly brings out.

Sir Grey and Sir Guy, like proper old boys,
Have met with a world of coughing and noise;
And after subsiding judiciously dine—
Serious the venison, and chirping the wine.
They talk of the court, now gathering all
To the sunny plump smoke of Earl Mount Hall;
And pity their elders laid up on the shelves,
And abuse every soul upon earth but themselves;
Only Sir Grey doth it rather to please,
And Sir Guy out of honest old spite and disease;
For Sir Grey hath a face so round and so red,
The whole of his blood seemeth hanging his head;
While Sir Grey's red face is waggish and thin,
And he peereth with upraised nose and chin.
Natheless, Sir Grey excepteth from blame
His nephew Sir Will. and his youthful flame;
And each soundeth t'other, to learn what hold
The youth and the lady may have of his gold.
Alas! of his gold will neither speak,
Though the wine it grew strong and the tongue grew weak;

And when the sweet maiden herself appears,
With a breath in her bosom, and blush to her ears,
And the large thankful eyes of the look of a bride,
Sir Grey recollecteth no creature beside;
He watcheth her in, he watcheth her out,
He measureth her ankle, but not with his gout;
He chuckleth like chanticleer over a corn,
And thinks it but forty years since he was born.

There are several sweet artistic illustrations; and altogether the piece is a gem. Mr. Hunt promises some more specimens of Norman song, if the present meets with approbation. We confidently look forward for several of these sweet offerings.

"The Christian Pilgrim" appears to be Mr. Peel himself, in company with an Asiatic missionary, who had been converted to Christianity. The pilgrimage embraced a number of the most famous parts of Palestine; being seriously descriptive, and evincing warm religious feeling. The poem is thrown into the Spenserian stanza, which is managed with musical ease as well as a knack at smooth composition. The distinctive character of the piece is happy description, without, however, novelty of sentiment or even proofs of exquisite perception of coy images and bold points of scenery and incident; for there is a plethora of words rather than a terse and masterful selection. We present one specimen which seems to have been thrown off at the moment when the scene described actually took place; or at least when the remembrance of it was minutely accurate and fresh in the writer's eye as well as mind. It describes Arabian cavalry descending a precipitous and rugged mountain-pass.

Hark to the trampling of a mountain host;
Behold the flashing of a stately show!
Arm'd men, and horses clothed with thunder, coast
The crags—a squadron bold, of Araby the boast.

It was a strange, a spirit-stirring sight,
The bridle loose upon the floating mane,
To see those horses hanging from the height,
Or plunging, undirected by the rein,
Into the hollow, down the path of pain;
The rider like a statue, sitting still,
Attempting not to spur or to restrain
The courser sure of foot, to shoot at will
The steep, to jump the dike, or clamber up the hill.

Soon as the rear of that superb array
Had disappear'd behind the deep ravine,
The travellers went rejoicing on their way,

And struck with admiration: they had seen
The pomp and power of armies—felt the sheen
Of lance and sword and bayonet cross the sun—
Had stood the shock of battle, and had been
Among the victors when the field was won—
Yet seldom had they seen a deed more daring done.

Now with these samples before us, and with others of the more remarkable effusions that we have recently noticed, what is it that one can hope for, in respect of poetry, for the future? We for ourselves are of opinion, as more than once expressed heretofore, that a new phase must develop itself,—that another, and perhaps a sterner inroad upon the illimitable field of imagination and ideal creation must be inchoated, ere the day-spring from on high of poetic life can set in. Are there any symptoms of the new and the young amongst us that proclaim hope for the muse? Have the exalted, the melting, the honest, the homely unctions been all expended,—have they all drifted to other shores? Certainly not. Poetry is not dead within us. Even in the materialism of modern days, and in spite of the degeneracy of sentiment that generally characterizes society, there may yet be found the moving elements for new inspirations and exhalations. Poetry is essential to, and identical with, man. Its stream may often be lost among brambles, under the weight of muddy moss, or take such devious windings, as only to give us at far-distant spots glimpses of limpid purity, of gushing abundance, or of deep-fathomed power. But the faith is strong within us that these spiritual visitations are not for ever gone,—that there will be revivals,—and, indeed, that when the world appears to be most deadened, probably the moment of regeneration is at hand; that when most distracted with selfishness and sectarian animosities, the muse will burst the prison-house which has immured and vitiated the soul, shedding abroad all that is true and beautiful, with a grave, but glorious benignity, to the reconciliation of all men. Probably, we think, it is reserved for poetry to display in its achievements for religion its very grandest triumphs.

But what is the aspect, what are the circumstances of the present, in respect of poetry in England, or over the world? Is it existent and making progress, or stagnant, if not retrogressive? Certainly, if the British muse alone is to be regarded, our poets are doing little more than making efforts to maintain a standing as the mere imitators of the gone, than proving themselves to be the subservients of translated masters. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the imitative, the barren, and the retrogressive spirit of English poetry, is to be found in the effusions of the Anglo-Americans,—of those who, having a birthright with us, have yet been nurtured in a new world. In the service of intellect, even in patriotic magnanimity, our transatlantic brethren appear to

be little men when compared with the pilgrim fathers, or those who lived in the days when Independence was achieved. Assuredly they are growing repulsively material: and as for their poetry, with few exceptions, it is but the echo of the sickened or enfeebled song of England. They but aspire to copy our *minors*.

These latter observations have been in part suggested by a slight examination of certain portions of a publication that has lately reached England,—viz. that of "The Poets and Poetry of America." This collection, with an historical introduction by Rufus W. Griswood, gives us evidence that since a comparatively recent date of the Independence, the poets of the United States have amounted in number to some hundred or so. In fact, room is found in the volume for specimens of ninety. But how many of them have ever been heard of on this side of the water? Hardly more than one in ten; and not one even of these has a great chance of immortality. The best of these seldom do better than follow in the wake of our Hemanses and our Landons, although they sometimes affect the manner of Wordsworth,—a perilous venture. No doubt there are in the collection respectable specimens, as the two to be quoted prove; but as for decided originality, or anything clearly and purely national, there are no signs.

Our two examples are from the pen of Mr. Longfellow; and have a manly sterling spirit in the sentiment as well as in the expression. The first is, "What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist."

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate:
Still acheiving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

The Village Blacksmith.

Under a spreading chesnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted—something done
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Mr. Griswold's introduction is modest, judicious, and suggestive, The volume is calculated to instruct his fellow citizens as regards their literary poverty as well as their literary scope; while it contains many agreeable pieces.

Should we for a moment turn our eyes to another country with which we maintain a constant intercourse,—viz. to France, which boasts of being once more young, and whose *literateurs* have for a series of years been making feverish efforts, we shall not find the prospects of poetry more promising than in our own land. It is indeed a remarkable fact, that the French nation, whose earliest associations are so romantic and poetical; which was the birth-place of the Troubadours; and in after-times, not only the most civilized, but, in truth, the most forward in literary progress, should hardly possess any modern poetry. Setting the drama aside, as involving too much of old dispute, and, moreover, conceiving a tragedy may be very effective without being poetical, we must repeat that there is hardly any poetry, properly so called, in France. Spain, Italy, Germany, and England, are the most poetical countries in Europe. The poetry of Spain is the stirring memory of her ancient chivalry, veined with the rich passion and imagery which the Moors have left, like the ruins of the Alhambra, as their trace behind them. The poetry of Italy is the inspiration of the fairest earth and heaven,

that ever made beauty the element of man's fancy. In Germany and England there is less of ostensible cause; there is no reason of climate or association why they should be more poetical than France; yet no one will deny that they are so. The wonder, however, of those who examine the character of the French will soon cease: their philosophers were wits, their poets epigrammatists, their lovers men of gallantry; all lived with the fear of ridicule ever before their eyes; while the insincerity that prevailed amongst them rears a yet greater barrier to the attainment of poetical eminence. Everything was doubted, nothing believed; sceptics in morals as well as in religion, there was nothing whereon to ground belief; and poetry, like religion, asks faith. Destroy its credence in the finer sympathies, the higher and holier impulses of our nature, and we destroy its existence. The compliment was elegantly turned, the satire was keenly pointed; so much for the higher ranks: and as for the lower, no peasant poet ever made his native valley vocal with his songs, till nature found her way even into palaces. The degraded state of the peasantry made this impossible: the wildest tribe that ever roamed the desert may be poetical, the civilized savage never. Where, in such a state of society, were the excitements or the materials of poetry? for, though devout believers in the original existence of genius, separate and self-supported, as the fire of the volcano, yet we also think there must be a peculiar state of atmosphere to call forth the liquid flame.

These observations may at least apply to the periods preceding the Revolution. That has indeed effected a mighty change; freedom, like pure air, has cleared and lightened wherever it past, and nowhere are its effects more felt than in the mind. It is not in the midst of rible events that people lie down to meditate upon them, but in the after-hours of tranquillity. France is more likely to produce fine poetry now than ever; men's thoughts and feelings have received a new stimulus, old prejudices have been forcibly trodden down, old customs shown to be of no avail, foreign models contemplated, and a new standard of taste introduced. In every work which now issues from the French press, the influence of this renovated spirit is felt. As yet, indeed, no master minstrel has arisen to give his own tone to minor writers (for though we do full justice to the talents of Messrs. Delavigne and Delamartine, yet they are not men who stamp the character of a language); but we do firmly believe there is more of imagination and taste at this present moment in French literature, than would have served the whole Siècle de Louis XIV.

Such is another excursive and desultory glance, ranging over the wide domains of poetry, just as in the preceding paper, we have hastened from land to land in the far East. There are conquests to be yet achieved, and we trust mighty victories won, in behalf of the humanities, in each of the spheres named.

The Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Longman.

PERHAPS in English literature there is no work for which there is greater need than a General or Universal Biographical Dictionary. Not that we have not abundance of books which lay claim to that character. But then almost every one of these are but copies of, or compilations from, their predecessors, without any of that research and scrutiny that would correct errors and supply wants; so that grave errors have been circulated until many of them may be said to have become inveterately fixed in the public mind, with regard to the lives of a number of eminent individuals.

For the construction and system of details, or for the actual composition of a Biographical Dictionary, some may at first fancy that no great talent, no rare qualifications or habits beyond the most ordinary kind, are needed. It may be said that *facts* alone are required; and facts, too, that may be most distinctly systematized in regard to nature and arrangement. Give the country in which the person was born, the date and condition of his birth, the year and circumstances of his death,—filling up the course of his history with simple notices of his works, achievements, &c., and of the incidents and passages that distinguished him, and this is all which is demanded. But it must very soon appear to the reflecting mind, that although a Biographical Dictionary cannot properly admit of long dissertations, of minute criticisms, or of argumentative opinions, regarding the doings, the productions, and the character of its subjects, yet that the few leading facts to which we have alluded would amount to a very dry sort of chronology indeed; whereas no small degree of entertainment, as well as of instructiveness, is naturally expected whenever one is led to believe that he is to hear of a life that has been thought worthy of having print bestowed upon it.

It becomes exceedingly clear that many things must be comprised in the plan and execution of a Biographical Dictionary; and also that many must be eschewed; while a steady eye to certain yet numerous distinctions must be kept directed. Nay, it becomes perfectly manifest, that such a publication ought not only to be a work of many years, and according to a meditated system, but should present the combined labours of a number of persons, each particularly conversant with the particular department to which his contributions belong. And not less essential still,—there ought to be a superintending unity of plan and ability, in order to give consistency of execution and tone to the whole. A work conducted with a due observance of these things, and if written, not as compilations are generally done, but with liveliness, and as if not only a deep interest by the contributor were felt in his subject, but as if he had been full of it, and only gave its essence, could not fail to be wonderfully popular with the people of this country, who appear to

cherish an uncommon thirst for information of a biographical sort, at the same time that our annals are extremely rich in the materials required.

Some Biographical Dictionaries give us a very arbitrary selection of names, and also very elaborate disquisitions on the subjects connected with these names. Now, it is plain, that a work which treated of all persons about whom a reader is likely to consult a dictionary of the kind mentioned, on a similar scale, could never be comprised in any reasonable number of volumes; nor, when so comprised, could it answer the purpose that ought to be intended,—viz., to furnish rather a manual of such information as is likely to be generally useful, and guides to greater storehouses to be found in many separate and scattered publications, than to be large depositories themselves.

Again, the number of names found in a Biographical Dictionary, must be regulated by excluding such as are likely to prove of so little interest and value as to be seldom sought after; while the relative length of the articles, and the minuteness of information given, will depend on a proper admeasurement of circumstances, regarding which not only will every person form his own judgment, but will make due allowance for the consideration of others. It is certainly desirable that all names that occur in Literature, Science, History, or Art, concerning which the general reader is likely to want information, should be introduced with adequate notices; whereas many of minor character may need only to be introduced so as to let the inquirer know who the person was, and the dates of his birth and death.

But some of the most venerable names might be altogether passed over in silence. What occasion is there for introducing those in Scripture, which indeed, if either given at more or less length than found in the books of the sacred writers, must lead to error? It does not even seem necessary to go into many details with regard to illustrious persons or others, of whom Hume, Gibbon, &c., have written at large, or of whom particular notice is taken in works most familiar to the public. In case of the omissions suggested in our last observation, specific references should be introduced; and indeed throughout the dictionary, whenever more information is likely to be frequently desired about the individual life than the article affords.

The first Biographical Dictionaries in England were little more than translations. Original works of the kind, however, came to be attempted; and sundry ones, of more or less merit, and for the most part in folios, continued from time to time to appear. In 1790, Dr. Aikman began a General Biography, in ten vols., quarto; and subsequently Alexander Chalmers was engaged by the booksellers of London, on a new work of the kind, which extends, we believe, to

thirty-two vols. octavo. But while the preceding ones were very deficient of names and often faulty, the last-mentioned was especially dull and inaccurate. The fact is, the best complete Biographical Dictionary at this moment in England is the "Biographie Universelle." Now, this has been felt to be disgraceful to the country; and not merely because it shows that we are dependent on our Gallic neighbours, but that we rely upon a dictionary that is inconveniently voluminous, at the same time that an inferior space is allowed in it to British names, as regards proportion.

Of each of the various projected Biographical Dictionaries that have recently been heard of, we need not particularly speak. One of these was partly arranged by the late Rev. Hugh James Rose, B.D., and has been in the course of publication during several years. But it has not been allowed to proceed without some strong animadversions, and certain untoward disclosures of inaccuracies, by lynx-eyed critics. Mr. Bolton Corney, for example, has pointed out a number of grave mistakes, occurring too within a comparatively small space at the commencement of the work. Besides, he has assailed the anonymous character of the contributors; this being a point, he properly observes, which concerns the public, the contributors themselves, the editor, and the proprietors. "The biographer," he remarks, "has to collect materials from various recondite sources, to appreciate opposite evidence, to pass sentence on men of all sorts, of all parties, and of all ranks. It is fit, therefore, that the public should have some clue to his character which the name would afford."

But, to notice the "Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge;"—we think it very probable that even this latest projection and undertaking of the kind will not be able to escape such searchers as Mr. Corney; although we do not look upon every error which his hawk-eye may pounce upon as things not to be expected even in works of the sort, even when commenced with much profession and many promises. In the mean time we are not in a condition to pronounce upon the work now immediately under notice, seeing that only the first half of the first volume has come before us, and which carries us no farther than the article "Agathoclea." The following opinions, however, are borne out by this earliest instalment: it is handsomely got up in every mechanical sense, is closely and clearly printed; so that thus far it is a cheap and tempting pennyworth. But what is better—the articles are written with vivacity and vigour, exhibiting a competent acquaintance with, and a hearty interest in, the subjects. Further, and more rare still, there are tokens as well as professions of original research; while, if the views be not frequently entirely new, they are at least sometimes so strikingly put as to have the force and attraction of novelty. Last of all we have to state that not only is there a goodly

array of selected contributors, with an editor (Mr. Long) who is of known character; but the responsibility for which Mr. Corney stands out, is thrown upon the principal writers, for their signatures are affixed to their articles, a key to which will be published hereafter.

We present two specimens, in which it will be seen that there is a good condensation of facts delivered in a vigorous style, together with a necessary and firm criticism. The first subject is Æschines :—

The materials for the biography of Æschines are scanty, and they are not entirely trustworthy. We have no information about his parentage and early life, beyond what we obtain from his own speeches, and those of his rival Demosthenes; and the contradictions between the two accounts are such as prevent us from giving entire credit to either. It is not certain that these speeches were ever delivered in public in the form in which we have them; and if this were certain, we could not safely take an assertion of either orator to be true simply because it was made in the presence of all the Athenians.

Æschines says, iu his Oration on the Embassy, that his father, Atrometus, lost his property in the (Peloponnesian) war; that after being driven out of Athens during the tyranny of the Thirty, he served as a soldier in Asia; that he belonged to a Phratria which shared in the same religious rites with the Eteobutadæ, a family from which was taken the priestess of Athena, (Minerva,) the guardian goddess of Athens; and that he assisted in restoring the democracy. All his ancestors on his mother's side also, he tells Demosthenes in his speech, were free. His eldest brother, Philochares, had a good education, and served with Iphicrates, and was several times in command of the Athenian forces. Demosthenes had asserted that Philochares was a painter of alabaster boxes and drums; an assertion to which Æschines makes this answer. His youngest brother, Aphobus, had been sent on an embassy to the King of Persia, and had honourably discharged his duties in the administration of the Athenian revenue. Æschines married the daughter of Philodemus, and the sister of Philon and Epicrates, all respectable Athenian citizens; and he had a daughter and two sons at the time when he made this statement, in the year B. C. 343. His father was then alive, and in his ninety-fifth year. Both his father and his mother were probably present when he made this speech.

Thirteen years after, (B. C. 330,) in reply to the alleged abuse of Æschines, Demosthenes, who was not at all inclined to be abusive, as he says himself, states of Æschines as follows, in his Oration on the Crown. That his father's name was Tromes; that he was once the slave of a schoolmaster, and wore fetters round his legs, and a wooden collar round his neck; that his mother was a prostitute, and brought her son up in a brothel; and that a slave, a piper, took her from this honourable occupation; that Æschines had in some way got himself enrolled a citizen; that he added two syllables to his father's name, and called him Atrometus, and gave the honourable name of Glaucothea to his mother. Further on, Demosthenes recurs to the subject. He charges Æschines with being brought up in great poverty: he was employed in the same school with his father, and his business was to make the ink, wipe the benches, and sweep the school—occupations more suitable to a slave than a free youth. On attaining to man's estate, he assisted his mother in the absurd and indecent ceremonies of some superstitious practices, by which she got her living. His next employment was as a clerk to some inferior magistrates; then he figured

as a third-rate actor, and was hissed off the stage for his failure. Demosthenes says that he had a handsome person and a fine voice.

To attempt to extract the truth from two such opposite statements is an idle task, and it is equally uncritical to make a biography of Æschines by rejecting a part of each of the two stories. We may, however, admit that the youth of Æschines was spent in poverty and hardship, that his education was imperfect, and that he rose to eminence, through various low stations; we may also admit that Demosthenes, as he tells us, laboured under none of these disadvantages. He thus unconsciously teaches us to estimate the abilities of Æschines more highly than his own.

Before we proceed to speak of the dramatic character of Æschylus, we must explain several of his innovations, which will enable us to form a clearer estimate of the artistic merits of his plays.

The Greeks justly regarded Æschylus as the father of tragedy. Before his time, the art scarcely deserved the name of drama; and the progress which it made under the direction of his genius was far greater than any which it owed to his successors. It required much more power to raise the drama from the state in which it was in the hands of the poets previous to Æschylus, to the condition in which we find it in his works, than merely to continue what he had commenced. Before the time of Æschylus only one actor appeared on the stage at once, who carried on the dialogue with the chorus, or told his story to the chorus. Æschylus introduced a second actor, which was the first step towards making the dialogue and the action independent of the chorus. The dialogue now became more free and animated; and the contrast between a principal (protagonistes) and a secondary character (deuteragonistes) enabled the poet to interest his audience in the action, which before his time was of secondary importance, the chorus being the principal part of the drama. But the action in the dramas of Æschylus is yet not altogether independent of the chorus, which takes a considerable part in the events of the drama. The complete separation of these two elements was reserved for Sophocles. An innovation like this was undoubtedly adopted by the contemporaries of Æschylus, as he himself at a later period adopted that of Sophocles, by which a third actor was introduced. There are dramas of Æschylus in which three persons appear upon the stage at once; but in this case the dialogue is carried on by only two of them. A third actor who takes part in the dialogue does not occur in any drama written before the year B. C. 468, when Sophocles showed the advantage of a third actor. The part of the protagonistes was in most cases performed by Æschylus himself, and the names of two celebrated actors are known who were trained and instructed by the poet, and probably acted the parts of the deuteragonistes. They were Clearchus and Myniscus of Chalcis. Before the time of Æschylus, the poets generally acted their own dramas, and were obliged to perform the parts of the several characters of a piece one by one in succession. This inconvenience was obviated in some degree by the introduction of a second actor, though the same actor was still obliged to perform several parts. There are however several points in the dialogue of the Æschylean drama, which remind us of what the art was before his time. The dialogue is sometimes carried on between the actor and the chorus; and in this as well as in other cases it proceeds with great regularity, which to a modern critic would appear stiff and unnatural. The verses are mostly distributed in certain proportions

between the speakers, and the protagonistes in most cases uses more verses than the deuteragonistes. This is indeed a peculiarity of all Greek tragedies; but in Æschylus it is more striking than in any of his successors.

Æschylus also introduced great improvements in the choral dance. He invented several dances himself, instructed the dancers without the assistance of a teacher, and paid the most anxious attention to the orchestra performances of the chorus. With this care for the execution of the chorus, it was necessary to combine equal attention to the choral songs themselves, so as to render it practicable on the one hand to execute them with perfect accuracy, and on the other to produce a perfect harmony between the action and the words of the chorus.

Æschylus was also the first who saw the propriety of adapting the dress of the actors and the scenery to the characters which they represented. He introduced the cothurnus or thick-soled buskin, and other artificial means to raise the figure of the actors above the standard of ordinary men; the masks were greatly improved by him; and he bestowed the utmost care and attention upon the whole of the theatrical wardrobe. The introduction of scene-painting is likewise ascribed to Æschylus; and it was probably under his direction that Agatharchus painted the scenery for the first stone theatre at Athens. The machinery requisite for theatrical performances must have attained a high degree of perfection under Æschylus, on account of his frequent introduction of the gods and other supernatural beings upon the stage. Everything of importance to the performance of the drama was thus either perfected or introduced by Æschylus, who left to his successors nothing but to complete the work which he had commenced.

Art. VI.

1. *My Last Tour and First Work.* By Lady Vavasour. Cunningham.
2. *The Old River; or, the Chronicle of the Rhine.* By Captain Knox. Oliver.

Lady Vavasour is an enthusiast in education, and proposed to herself to found an agricultural school on her property in the county of Wicklow, where she witnessed about three years ago, while wintering upon that estate, a great amount of misery. This was amongst the mountain-farmers, "who are often in great distress, where they might be in ease and comfort, if they knew how to cultivate their lands in a proper manner." To support a school, however, that would have to train in agricultural knowledge and art a hundred and sixty of the rising generation, was, she began to discover, more than her means could afford. But being obliged to travel for the benefit of her health, she bethought herself of writing a book containing an account of her tour, and her reflections in the course of it; the profits of the publication, if there are any, to be devoted to the said school, besides a subscription which she makes for the same end. The gains of authorship, and the result of her free-gift example, it is to be hoped, will be considerable.

The "Last Tour and First Work" is in truth worthy of being read, and therefore ought to command a sale. Her ladyship's route itself had nothing new in it; for its principal features consisted of an ascent of the Rhine, and a visit to the baths of Wildbad and Rippoldsau; there being an interval between her residence at the two spas, which she spent at various places in Italy. But although there was nothing novel in the route, there is good matter as well as a right sort of amusement in the book. To be sure, Lady Vavasour entertains some crotchets, practically speaking, on the subject of education. Indeed, she has theories which she unaffectedly and sincerely puts forward, but which require to be reconsidered. For example she thus writes:

"One of the great evils of the education of our young men in England is, that it gives them no occupation: and when they enter the world, all the Latin and Greek they have spent so many precious years of their lives in learning, they find useless in society. Many have almost forgotten it, and those who have some smattering of what has been flogged into them, dare not make use of it: if they did, few would understand their learned quotations, and all would dislike their pedantry,—whereas, the man who knows one living language besides his own, though he may know nothing else, gets before them. The scholar feels bashful and awkward,—vexed to think his education, and the enormous sum it has cost his parents, avail him so little,—he shuns the society that might be so useful to him, and in which, with language, he would shine; he flies to the gaming table, where he finds a tongue he, unhappily, too soon understands,—the excitement delights him,—the occupation kills the time he does not know what to do with,—and his soul, which the Almighty formed for nobler and better purposes, is sacrificed at the shrine of fortune. How many young men, of large possessions, have been ruined before they were aware of it, and, from this cause, have passed the latter days of their lives in repentance, that the morning of life was so ill spent,—while all this misery might have been saved by a Christian education, by teaching children to occupy themselves with the wonderful works of God, instead of the miserable, allegorical, mythological works of bad men, in barbarous times. Ovid, and his tribe, are unfit studies for the young of these more enlightened days. It is only wonderful, if they are what they are said to be, that still more mischief has not been done to those to whom they are given as examples of all that is great and noble in literature."

Not to speak of the strange vagary that brings Ovid and his tribe in by the shoulders, in order to make them answerable for the folly and vices of our educated young men in England at the gaming table; or of the utter mistake about the uses of studying the Latin and Greek; we must inform her ladyship that the education to be acquired in Germany by the said young men, were they or their parents to give it the preference, would not be found to improve the morals beyond what they actually are, but would in the general run of cases only vary the nature and amount of extravagances; at the

same time, destroying that nationality of manner and feeling which may afterwards be essential to their prosperity and happiness when they become regular citizens and exerting their influence at home.

But although her ladyship at times speaks unadvisedly, it is always with a right-heartedness as well as honest independence. More than this, she looks closely and describes pleasantly, seeing most things in their native and true colours; so that fresh spirit and plain reality go along with the feminine sentiment and neat expression. But above all is she to be admired among the shoals of journalists who have made books about the route she adopted, in that it was with what most tourists have deemed it unworthy of their fine pens to have to do, that she chiefly concerned herself; thus adding to our knowledge as well as conveying a truer picture than imaginary and high colouring can ever furnish. And this fair and sensible way she takes with society as well as scenery,—with economical matters and objects of homely import as well as with themes in fashionable estimation. Mark in what manner she turned her attention to the small rivers in Germany, and the uses to whieh they are put:

The quantity of wood that is brought down by this shallow little river Enz is immense, and must be seen to be believed. They raise the water by little sluices until it is high enough to float the trees; which are first peeled, and then tied together with a sort of rope made of small fir-trees, which is quite a trade in the upper part of the forest. The smallest trees are placed first, to make the raft narrower in front: three men, with long leather boots much above their knees, stand upon the fore-part, and with their long poles guide it: they are up to their ankles in water, their extra clothes hang upon a rail on the raft, and so they go down to the Rhine, shooting every fall, turning every angle with the greatest ease, until they come up with the great monsters on that river. Some of the trees are sixty feet long; I measured one eighty; and we have counted eighteen of these lengths. When they wish to stop it, they run one of the middle lengths against the bank, and they soon become a vandyke. They go with great rapidity. The firewood, which is split and cut into lengths of three feet, goes down in part of itself, as if it knew its own business, and like a good and faithful servant, would perform it. But the idle and dilatory stop on the way; these attract others, (it is wonderful how catching idleness is,) until at last the river is fringed with them the whole way. After leaving them many days to their own cogitations, men come with long poles and sharp hooks, and soon send them down after their brethren.

These little rivers are of immense value to the people of the country, as they carry down all the wood of the Black Forest. This slides down the mountain upon little single wooden railways, looking like spouts at a distance.

The following gives us foreign notions of English marriages:

A Hungarian lady once asked me to tell her truly, "if there was such a thing as a happy couple in England!" and when I assured her the contrary was rare, she looked at me with a face of incredulity—"C'est possible, mais."

She had a friend who passed some time in England; and he said there appeared little courtesy upon the part of English husbands to their wives, which produced a degree of incivility and quick retort unknown in her country. I tried to prove to her there were no husbands in the world so faithful, so true, as Englishmen. "It may be I do not understand your customs, but we pity the English very much."

Wealth and education in the estimation of foreigners:

When nothing better can be said of any one, the kind world says they are goodnatured, as a sort of apology for their being nothing else; although there is hardly a man in society would accept the cognomen of the goodnatured man. And yet there can be no comparison in the compliment between him and the rich man, or in the way they will make in foreign society; a good education and amiable manners being all there looked for in a stranger. Many a wealthy citizen has been surprised to find how little impression his riches have made upon the society he courts, or how they laugh at an expenditure so unnecessary to happiness, and so infinitely beyond their own that they never think of competing with him or returning his hospitalities. I can never forget a calculation being made of the cost of a dinner given by an Englishman to a mixed company of continental and English subjects in Paris, and which the former declared was so insufferably dull they wished they had the twenty-five francs it cost for each, as it would have been more useful to them, less mischievous to Monsieur, and have been accepted as a greater civility.

Important truths seasonably stated.

No extra gain can ever pay a man for the loss of health and life before his natural time for dropping off; and it is surprising, that those employed in public offices, counting-houses, or any sedentary labour, should not divide their time so as to give themselves at least two hours in the day for exercise. To say it cannot be done is absurd. If the work is really so heavy that a man must continue at it twelve or fourteen hours a day to get it done, an additional hand should be put to it. The saving of expense is no excuse, where there is such a benefit to be gained as a continual state of good health; and the work would be better done.

When the mind is on the full stretch for so many hours a day, it loses its power; its elasticity is gone; and in many cases, justice, absolutely justice, is not done, for he who administers it is not himself—his mind is gone from over-fatigue. This class of persons, and the young girl kept hard at work at her needle, often both day and night, are most to be pitied. The poor girl, shut up in a little back-room looking to a dead wall; the face growing pale, the mind growing melancholy; no day let out but Sunday, and then perhaps a lover meets her: he may be true, and may be not; and here the hardness of woman's lot on earth commences.

One extract more from the "Last Tour and First Work:" it treats of feather-beds, and sundry slight incidents of travel:

"We are come from the Jura, and going to the Alps. The first sight we had of their snowy heads, was on the road a few miles from Bern. We arrived

there at three o'clock, and a pretty awful hill it is to pull up with a loaded carriage, as you enter the town. They talk of making a bridge here, and much it is wanting. As we intended staying here a fortnight, and were tired of inns, I decided to take a campagne, and fix ourselves as quickly as possible. C—— and I got out of the carriage, and walked up the arcade, until I saw a countenance I liked; a curious way of procuring what one wants, but I find it successful. I stopped and asked a sensible-looking (woman you may be sure) if she knew of a campagne to be let near the town, and for so short a time as fifteen days. She said, "No; but!" and put her finger to her mouth. When I see a finger at the mouth, I am sure something is coming into the head, so waited patiently; in a moment she said "Madame, will you be so good as to walk this way." I should tell you, the shops at Bern are generally open, as they were a century ago in England, and the owners (particularly if women) sitting working before them. I followed her. She called her daughter, and desired her to look at the advertisements in the last paper, They were all examined, but no house to suit; she considered again, "attendez,"—she drew two chairs. "If you will be so good as to sit down one moment,"—she was out of the shop and up the street, before we remarked she was gone, and as quickly returned. "Madame, I have inquired at the post-office. I know of a house that was let, and am told there are no more letters inquired for, therefore conclude the family are gone: I will send the boy to inquire." All this was done while the carriage was putting up at the Crown. The general custom at Bern is to take either a house or apartment unfurnished, and hire the furniture. We were in this case most fortunate, my first application was successful. The proprietor of the campagne answered it in person: she accepted my offer of fifty francs for the fortnight, so here we are most comfortably settled in double quick time. When we came into it at twelve o'clock, there was only the drawing-room and one bedchamber furnished. There was not a stick in my room at three o'clock, and at five it was completely furnished, and I felt quite at home, writing my journal in it. The beds were put up like magic. Certainly they beat us hollow in the matter of beds. When I think of a four-post bed in England, with its hundred yards of material, flounced, frilled, plaited, quilted, tortured into every form and variety, with its dust-catching top, taking a whole day to put up, and half a day to pull down, and see the pretty light clean-looking canopy I shall this night repose under, with its oft-carded, soft, clean, wholesome wool mattresses, I cannot but wish that we would condescend to copy so useful an example.

When the Emperor of Russia came to England he could not sleep upon the magnificent thing prepared for him, and begged to have a mattress on a truckle deb. Our luxurious feather-beds are, if not death to the lazy, certainly sickness to many, with their closely-drawn curtains in a carpeted room, breathing dust all night from the feathery down.

It chokes one almost to think of it, and yet when we return to England we shall find nothing else. And this feather-bed, two, has been lain in by all manner of persons for generations, without the "*taste*" of a drop of water or a breath of air.

Sketches and testimonies cleverly put forth, such as Lady Vavasour's, have more value than that merely of enlivening an hour, or

supplying a transient passage of amusement. They should at least serve to break down our English prejudices, and convince us that civilization and domestic comfort are not confined to our island; and that many things of which we are boastful, are a reproach or a ridicule in the eyes of enlightened foreigners. Many of our vauntings are those of the grossest bigotry, ignorance, and vulgarity; and therefore, all who have enjoyed the opportunity of bearing evidence to the superiorities witnessed in other lands, do well to speak out, if they can do it so properly and with such an enlightened liberality as the Tourist who has the welfare and the agricultural advancement of the peasantry at Wicklow so deeply at heart, that she is eager to expend no inconsiderable share of her talents, influence, and wealth to accomplish the benevolent and patriotic purpose.

"The Chronicles of the Rhine," by Captain Knox, author of "Hardness" and Softness," fill a volume that has little kinship with Lady Vavasour's, except in the matter of locality, and the ability to infuse new spirit into subjects that have been dried to the bone. The one took modern realities and every-day life as seen in sundry conditions, and were most significant of characteristic points, for her topics,—these however being often too ordinary for *genteel* people to mind them, but not so for her ladyship to constitute the texts of earnest and instructive discourse. The other has collected a number of the legends with which the "Old River" and its borders are so rife,—legends that have been committed to paper times without number; but then he has told them so smartly, illustrated them with such knowledge and manly sentiment, has built upon them so much that is modern, and extracted from them so many occasions for observation, comparison, and well-tuned satire, that what was wont to appear nothing more than puerile or monkish tales of the supernatural, have the value of cleverly conceived fictions, and the force of well-executed stories. Two examples will do more to recommend the volume and to inform our readers with regard to its character, than all that can be spoken about it. The first is the opening of the tale—"The Biter bit."

The devil (I always call a spade, a spade) was uncommonly busy in Germany in the eleventh century. I ought to have said "in person," as the natives of that country scrupulously put upon their voluminous visiting cards; for nobody doubts but that he is at least as busy now, both there and elsewhere, though in a somewhat different form, rejoicing at present in dispensing with a tangible shape, and appearing under the denomination of a principle, such as voluntary principle, democratic principle, revolutionary principle, and so forth. What I mean is, that at that period he used to take great pleasure in going about the earth, seeking whom he might devour; and, above all, a favourite lounge of his is supposed to have been the neighbourhood of the Rhine, where he used to spend most of his time, which in that district was fully occupied. Perhaps

that was the reason he selected that locality; for being a great personage he was dreadfully afflicted with *ennui*, and wanted excitement, or possibly he might have gone on the system of quartering on the enemy; for the ground there was covered as thick as it could hold with convents, nunneries, monasteries, abbeys, and religious establishments of all kinds and denominations, from the humble cell of the solitary hermit to the sanctified and fortified palace of the prince-archbishop, who made war on kings, and whose mitre, if need were, served admirably as a helmet. Indeed the soil at that time was nearly all, directly or indirectly, in the hands or under the influence of the Church, and the great potentates of the neighbourhood were the three ecclesiastical electors. But it is not to be supposed that whilst his infernal majesty was occupied in taking his pleasure in this fashion, he ever for a moment failed to have an eye to business. Whenever any apparently impossible object was to be attained, or any foul crime to be executed in darkness,—and such there were in those days in terrible numbers,—he was ever at hand, and seldom forgot to put in a tender for the contract. He was no respecter of persons—rich or poor, knight or serf, prince or peasant, all was fish that came to his net; no job was too small for him to undertake, none too large for him to execute. His terms, which were of a reversionary character, were the same for all services, and being somewhat startling in their nature, were hardly admissible in ordinary cases, if stated broadly and fairly; and he consequently used generally to find it expedient to put them in a roundabout and mystifying sort of shape, that partly concealed their real tendency, and partly flattered the other party with a hope of finding some loophole of escape when it became their turn to fulfil their part of the agreement. It is a thousand pities that he does not give an eminent lawyer of our times an opportunity of trying if he can drive a coach and six through such a compact, as he alleges he can through any act of parliament.

The second example is a history too suggestive to be overlooked by the gentlemen who have the musical tuition of the million, in these latter days, so much at heart.

In the latter end of the tenth century, the pious Count Megingotz of Geldern took counsel with his equally pious consort, Gerberga—(it was no joke for godfathers and godmothers, when such names as those were fashionable)—on a subject that was near the heart of both, viz. the foundation and rich endowment of the nunnery of Willich. They had long pitched upon a pleasant spot for this establishment; and having completed the buildings, and made all necessary arrangements about endowments, it was finally, in the year 985, handed over to the safe-keeping of Mother Church. Its site lies between the Rhine and Sieg, and may be reached in a few minutes from Bonn by any one who will place himself on that singular string of boats that swings gravely across the river by some incomprehensible faculty of its own, and then take the direction of that curious heap of buildings that composes the church of Schwartz Rheindorf, which is close to it. I am thus particular in describing its situation, in the hopes of drawing public opinion and public curiosity to that locality; for the power of working the remarkable cure there effected may yet linger in the neighbourhood: and no one who reads this simple story will hesitate a moment in agreeing with me that it never was more urgently wanted than at the present moment. However, it was a fair building in a smiling

land; and those who said, as many did at the time, that the count, who never had been remarkable for strictness in religious matters, and the countess, who notoriously would not have exchanged one of her brocaded gowns for the complete costume of the blessed Virgin herself, were merely moved to this demonstration of piety by the wish to secure as much of their wealth as possible for their only daughter—for fate had not blessed them with a son,—those cavillers, I say, might just as well have held their tongues for any good they did; for the lady in question, the melodious Adelheid, was installed abbess, in all due form, in her twenty-third year, and enjoyed all place, pre-eminence, privileges, and power belonging to her high station, by as good a title as if she was an old and as ugly as a witch, as some of her sister abbesses were. She was fair to look at, a blooming girl, who though she had hardly attained sufficient height, and inclined a little to *embonpoint*, yet had an air of dignity and grace about her that accorded well with her noble birth and sacred functions; her hair, of a sunny tinge, was braided in graceful simplicity over her clear forehead; eyes of light blue looked with a glance of intelligence over a nose hardly aquiline; and her lips—which, rarely entirely closed, displayed the glittering enamel of a singularly fine set of teeth—when they did open, poured forth a flood of the most ravishing harmony, that enchanted all hearers. Many of the neighbouring princes of Germany had sighed for her and her rich appanage: but the cloister was her choice, and her chief happiness was within the tranquil walls of her beloved Willich. It was well for the country about that she held that high office, for with a heart that felt deeply for her fellow-creatures, she had great talents, and the high spirit of her race, which, with her unaffected piety and unbounded liberality, gave her an influence all around, that was ever exerted in the cause of the poor and helpless, whose lot, in those rough times, was hard indeed to bear; and if she sometimes did like her own way, and was occasionally a little impatient, it was nothing more than what was natural in a young lady whose lot has given her power in early youth. But the great point upon which Adelheid prided herself, and which occupied no small portion of her thoughts, was the singing of her nuns. Herself a musician of the first order, and no contemptible composer, she laboured incessantly to train her gentle disciples in that art; and well did they repay her care, for her choir reigned in undisputed superiority for miles round. Her heart would swell within her, and all earthly greatness would be as dross in her eyes, as the mingled and mellow voices of her nuns rose in faultless harmony from the little chapel; and she used most seriously to assert that she had frequent conversations and occasional duets with St. Cecilia herself (in her dreams). It may be supposed that every now and then a refractory voice that could not be reduced to order, or, worse still, an ear innocent of tune, would make its appearance at Willich; and, in fact, this was the crook in Adelheid's lot. At first she used to manage to have the offender transferred to some other establishment, where they were less particular about the singing; but this was always a very difficult and very often an extremely expensive operation: and she was saved a world of trouble and vexation when she at last discovered what a much simpler remedy was within her reach. This discovery, like all others of any consequence, was made entirely by accident, and occurred thus:—Sister Adees; a light-haired and a light-hearted daughter of the Elbe, who had barely completed her eighteenth year, was such a favourite with the whole convent, and, indeed, with the worthy abbess herself, that to part with her was quite out of

the question; and yet the poor girl had no ear whatever; and her voice, low and inexpressibly sweet in conversation, was like the squall of a peacock when she attempted to sing. All Adelheid's skill was lavished on her in vain; and, at last, all that could be done was, to direct her to let herself be heard as little as possible in the choir; for the good abbess, to whom music was as an anticipation of paradise, could not find it in her heart to tell her to hold her tongue altogether. But the conscientious Agnes was sadly pained at what appeared to her to be the non-performance of an indispensable duty. On one occasion, when the convent was honoured by a visit from no less a personage than the prince-archbishop of Cologne in person, accompanied by a whole host of inferior luminaries and several bishops of various unknown dioceses in Africa and Asia Minor, who would have had serious difficulties to contend with if they had attempted to take possession of their sees, and consequently preferred living with their friends in Europe,—the tuneful abbess was, of course, desirous that everything should go off in the best possbile manner; and, above all, that the excellence of her choir should strike the illustrious visitors with wonder. The zeal of poor Agnes triumphed over her discretion, and she joined in the psalm with a fervour of devotion that startled alike sisters and strangers. Certainly a more unearthly howl never issued from the lips of a fair-haired girl of eighteen; and the sharp and warning glances of the distressed abbess totally failed in stopping her, till that personage, who never had been very remarkable for patience, suddenly rose from her throne, and passing rapidly behind the row of kneeling nuns, administered to the unsuspecting Agnes a box on the ear that rang through the chapel like the clang of a crossbow. But what was the universal astonishment when the irrepressible cry that broke from the startled nun softened down to a tone of rare sweetness! and before the abbess, who by this time had begun to be a little ashamed of herself, regained her seat, the happy Agnes was taking her part in the psalm with a richness of melody that had no equal in the chapel. It may be supposed that this manifestation of her own powers gave much satisfaction to the holy Adelheid, and that no more false singing was to be heard in her chapel to disturb her happiness. Indeed, so frequently were her powers invoked, that it is said in her old age she declined undertaking any more cures, having on one occasion dislocated her right wrist. The gift, as I said before, may linger yet on the spot, and, could it be found, would be an incalculable benefit to the diners-out and attenders of parties of the present day; at all events, it is worth looking after: and some good might be effected, and no harm done, if mammas would resolve, in all doubtful cases, that their daughters' presentation at court should be preceded by a pilgrimage to the shrine of the holy Adelheid of Willich.

ART. VII.—*The Manœuvring Mother.* By the Author of the "History of a Flirt." 3 vols. Colburn.

"THE History of a Flirt," placed the writer's name in a rank at once eminent and independent. The hand, head, and heart of a pains-taking and persevering female were manifestly seen in the performance; and the promise was strong of other contributions that would maintain the distinguished standing that she had quietly won,—for quietly the thing was accomplished, not merely in respect

of puffery and magniloquent pretension prior to birth, but, of conception and execution; seeing while she took nature in its medium conditions for her guide, she delineated those conditions with a nicely just perception and sustained confidence, the colouring being regulated by the truth of the sentiment, and kept in subjection to the moral purposes contemplated: it was, in short, a novel very much after the Austen model, as has been frequently said; nor can better praise in briefer speech be offered relative to "The Manœuvring Mother" than to declare that it is not inferior to its admired predecessor.

It is true, that in neither of the works has the authoress attained to the highest rank in respect of the ideal in character, and still less of constructiveness as regards plot. But if her persons are in many cases rather commonplace or too literal, they are yet, each and all, so well discriminated, and also so well individualized, that the reader never loses sight of the peculiar features of any one of them; while the lessons taught in their delineation are so truthful and purpose-like, that one is not only willing, but wishful to hear more of them, as often as the writer pleases. Such is one of the results of that rare power and perception possessed by this lady; who delights not merely in strong contrasts, but in nice distinctions, with all their ramifying tendencies, among the shades that occur in virtue and vice, in weakness and folly. The five daughters of the Manœuvring Mother, together with the persons connected with the fate of each, offered good illustrations for our author's accurate studies, particular portrait power, and judiciously conceived end.

Even with regard to the conception and firm-holding yet delicate portraiture of character, we are bound to say that the present work furnishes us at least with one example of nearly the highest order. The prime mover, and the personage around whom the whole story gathers, viz. Lady Wetheral, the *Manœuvring Mother* herself, is not only a production evincing the artist's exquisite touches in detail, but her mastery in regard to great principles of human nature, so as to present powerful effects out of the elaborated whole.

The conception of Lady Wetheral's character is that of an intermixed one, of a woman of rank, whose education has been defective and even false, and whose morality consists of so many contradictions, that one pities her almost as much as condemns, and loves nearly as often as hates. True, she intrigues remorselessly and without ceasing to the danger of her daughters, and to the destruction of some of them, in order to secure splendid establishments; but all this is done, not from any idea of her own aggrandizement; but because her mind has been so perverted and misled by false views, that she thoroughly believes wealth, rank, and equipage are equivalent with happiness, and are worthy of far more consideration than the feelings and natural affections of her daughters. With her there is

not the necessity for a moment's reflection, when the question is raised —where is the sacrifice to be made? and when a daughter's social and moral well-being is put into the scale with a coronet, large estates, and lordly show.

All this is with admirable care worked out; and with such earnestness, that the moral and the story are as often carried to an intense and almost tragic pitch, as the satire is biting, or the narrative amusing in other parts. Most foolish and wrong-minded is Lady Wetheral; but she is sincere in her folly,—becoming the more inveterately perverse the longer she lives; and hence her own misery, suffering, and sorrow, as well as the distresses of her daughters: hence Clara dies of a broken heart; and hence it is that Julia flies from a loveless home.

But all is not so bad and so sorrowful; for there are three daughters more, who have better fates if not originally better hearts; who while they get wedded according to their own choosings, although to the mother's disgust, are happy ever after,—the whole of this better and pleasing side of the story being realized with the entire concurrence of the right-minded, but easy, and weak, and indolent father, Sir John Wetheral. These three happy fates, we need hardly say, are well distinguished, just as each of the characters has features of its own, that are pleasant and more or less amusing; while the husbands and the members of the husbands' families are all worthy of commendation.

We have hinted that the story is not as a whole happily constructed; for were it not that every branch of it, and that the fortunes of each of the daughters, group around the mother,—shooting from her, and bending back to her again, as the case may be—there would be nothing like unity of design or keeping in the plot, but merely so many distinct stories of misery and disaster, or of good sense and entertainment.

We now proceed to lay before our readers samples of this meritorious novel, beginning with a dialogue between Lady Wetheral and her husband, Sir John. Her ladyship's morality as well as her natural sensibility may be discovered in the passage:

"My dear Sir John, Julia puts me very much in mind of myself, at her age; do you observe the nicety with which she glides through her ceremonies? She is much more brilliant than Anna Maria, and never incautious, like poor Isabel. I shall look very high for Julia."

"Who is to be the doomed man, Gertrude?" asked Sir John, quietly.

"I know you laugh at me, but I don't consider you a proper judge of daughters' educations. You would let them marry anything, if a stupid curate or poor lieutenant could persuade you they had got hearts!"

"My daughters' hopes of happiness must depend upon their companion having a heart and principles."

"A fiddlestick, Sir John! Does a good heart buy a carriage and four, or

can principle purchase comforts? What would Boscawen's heart be without his income? but you have such an odd way of talking. I don't say that a good heart is not very well in its way, but I do insist upon it, money is the first object."

"Such sentiments, Gertrude, are very unfit from a parent's lips. I trust your daughters may marry early in life, to be withdrawn from your influence."

Lady Wetheral burst into tears.

"This is always your cruel way, Sir John, when I am speaking confidentially to you about my children's prospects. I am sure they hear from me the very best sentiments: I have always entreated them to do nothing improper—I have always told them to avoid publicity, and never lose their place in society. If any of my daughters went wrong, I would never see them again."

"What do you mean by 'going wrong,' Gertrude?"

"Why I mean losing their reputation by a conspicuous flirtation with a married man, or running away from the man they marry, or doing anything which loses a woman her high position in public opinion:—any dereliction of that kind I never—*never* would pardon, and my girls know it. You always do me injustice, Sir John."

More of her ladyship appears in what now follows:—

"But why do you consider Mrs. Pynsent objects, mamma!" asked Anna Maria, in alarm.

"Oh, she has some stupid notion that I have laid plans for her son, I fancy. Now, to suppose that I hunt for sons-in-law is absolute absurdity. I wish my children to marry well, I confess, but no one detests fortune-hunting more than I do. I consider a manœuvring mother a nuisance in society, and, therefore, Mrs. Pynsent's notion is ridiculous—too ridiculous even to confute. I shall get your father to make an intimate acquaintance with Sir Foster Kerrison, Julia. He is a widower, but his eleven children would not interfere with Clara's comforts: some may die, and the others might be sent to school. I don't believe a word about his kicking his servants; if scandalous reports were believed, very few of us could escape infamy. Servants are vile creatures, and would destroy any character. Sir Foster is a very fine man, and not to be rejected because he may occasionally lose his temper. There are many provocations in life, which now and then cause a man's temper to ferment a little, but what would that signify to Clara? Tom Pynsent uses a few, perhaps unnecessary, oaths, but he means nothing; his temper is excellent: Sir Foster probably means no more. I shall ask his eldest daughter to Wetheral, when you are all gone; indeed, I shall require amusement; my spirits will be depressed enough when that melancholy day arrives, my dear girls."

Lady Wetheral's voice fell, and a deep sigh succeeded,—she soon resumed, more gaily—

"I shall consider that day a proud and happy one, which allows me to give you to two of the best of men, after all, my loves. It will be my glory to see you united to men standing high in situation, excellent in conduct, possessing the means of showering luxuries upon you, and placing you at the head of magnificent establishments. Should Clara form an equally wealthy connexion, I should die in peace; but I can only consider Sir Foster Kerrison worthy to be related to you. If he has eleven children, he has immense estates in three

counties, and I must manage to get Miss Kerrison to Wetheral. I should fear nothing, if Clara would only keep her temper; but I dread the daughter carrying tales back to Ripley; however, I will manage as well as I can, for something must be effected on my side. Good night, my dear girls; I hope you will have sons and no daughters, for you cannot know a mother's anxiety about daughters—they depend so entirely upon forming proper establishments. Your poor father would never have interested himself about you. I do believe he would be perfectly satisfied if he considered you destined to live hereafter as spinsters, huddled together in a lodging in Shrewsbury. Be well, Anna Maria; and in future, you know I have no business to interfere with your rides and drives."

Clara is haughty, wilful, and impetuous, and runs off in a fit of passion and spite with the brute Sir Foster Kerrison, to the father's great offence. However, the good, easy man relents and forgives; and Lady Wetheral hastens to communicate to her headstrong daughter, the joyful tidings; but returns suddenly in dreadful agitation. She has had cause for her woful plight.

"John, I did not believe Sir Foster's temper was so bad as people represented—I did not think he would use Clara ill; or, indeed, John, she should never have entered Ripley, to be treated like his spaniel—oh, John!"

"Tell me, at once, Gertrude, what you mean," said her husband, calmly.

"I went to Ripley, John, to give my daughter the delightful information of your having overlooked her little fault; and I entered the sitting-room, where Clara and Sir Foster were quarrelling, oh, so dreadfully!—I was exceedingly shocked—I did not think a daughter of mine would ever quarrel as Clara did, with her husband—it was so underbred—so very vulgar! Sir Foster swore he would kick Clara, if she persevered in her assertion—it was all about a wretched fishmonger. Clara persisted, and my child was knocked down before my eyes—I saw my beautiful Clara upon the ground; her features swollen, and her dear face crimson. Oh, John, I never saw such a scene!"

Lady Wetheral again wept, and proceeded brokenly to describe her feelings and continue her account.

"I never felt so distressed and shocked in my life! I had always inculcated the propriety of commanding their temper into my daughters' minds. I always laid great stress upon the bad taste of making scenes for servants to report and comment upon. I am sure I lectured my girls by the hour, on the necessity of keeping up appearances, and avoiding scenes—public scenes—which the neighbourhood must ridicule. I cannot bear that Clara should become an object of ridicule. What will Mrs. Pynsent say? Nothing can equal my shocked feelings. I told Sir Foster he was a brute, too disgusting and monstrous for remark or notice from *me*; and I assured Clara, her violence of temper had done little credit to my instructions, and ruined her appearance most cruelly. My observations were of no avail; Clara persisted in asserting that the odious fishmonger was right in his charges, as she raised herself from the ground, and another blow was struck. Oh, John, I left my child bleeding on the ground—neither of them listened to me, or replied to me. What can be done to hush up this dreadful scene, for my cries brought in three footmen? Oh, John, what is to be done!" Her ladyship's tears again flowed copiously.

We must confess there is something like exaggeration in the idea of Sir Foster's character; but if not, the following terrible scene is not overdone.

Clara was yet standing, when Sir Foster walked into the room, tapping his boot, and humming his usual air; the same smile was upon his lips, and the same vacant expression was upon his features: he nodded familiarly to his guests, as though their parting was but of yesterday, and he sat down in his capacious-cushioned arm-chair as quietly, and with the same enjoyment, as formerly. His eye glanced at Clara, and a chuckling sound proceeded from his throat—the same note of internal gratification which issued in the boudoir, when Lucy Kerrison detailed his prowess with the fishmonger. Clara understood his meaning, and she pointed towards him with a bitter contempt.

"There he sits, smiling and curling his audacious lip, as if he was thinking of anything but cowardice and cruelty! Would you imagine that man could strike a woman to the ground for upholding justice and right?"

Sir Foster winked his eye with the rapidity which denoted observation; his colour rose at Clara's remark, but he did not reply. Why did Clara persevere?

"Would you think *that* animal, called a man, ever rose from his dulness to revenge himself upon my person, for affronts he dared not revenge upon a fishmonger?"

Sir Foster was roused: he approached Clara, and held her arm. "Will you hold your tongue, or I'll kick you to the devil!"

"No, I will not hold my tongue: I tell you the man was right—right—right—he was right—if I die saying it! Now, will you dare touch me before my father, coward!"

"O Clara!" Christobelle exclaimed, "do not persist in using provoking words—oh, be like Isabel!"

"I'll be Clara Wetheral," she replied, indignantly; "I will never submit to tyranny, or crouch to brutality. I would spurn a quarrel about a salmon! Beat a woman about a salmon!—is there a coward upon earth who would dare have acted as this man has done?"

Sir Foster appeared irritated to the top of his bent, and his hand was raised to strike. Sir John Wetheral could be silent no longer; he called to his son-in-law, in piercing tones, "Kerrison, be a man!" Sir Foster did not touch Clara—he turned away with a great effort, and resumed his seat; but he closed his fist, and shook it at his wife:

"If I don't wallop you some day properly!"

"Ay, when the fishmonger returns," answered Clara, in taunting tones."

Anna Maria is the eldest of the daughters, and marries into the Pynsent family, a right-hearted English, but rough household, that we hope may any day be heard of at Hatton. We hardly know which of the members are most to our mind. On second thoughts, we prefer Mrs. Pynsent and her jewel of a son Tom. Here is a scene that contrasts broadly, but with honest speaking and a degree of humorous vulgarity, with the terrible things at Sir Foster Kerrisons:—

Tom Pynsent's apprehensions increased as Anna Maria's hour drew near, and his mother taxed her memory for calming and comfortable precedents.

"Tom, don't drop your lip, like Sally Hancock. Why, there's Kitty Barnes,

with fifteen enormous purple-faced children: she is alive at this moment. And look at Polly Mudge, the whipper-in's wife, who they thought must die; isn't she hanging out the clothes, and handing the baskets along, as brisk as your three-years old?"

"Anna Maria is so delicate; one can't compare her with Polly Mudge," said Tom Pynsent, in doleful tones.

"Well, then, what do you say to Betty Smoker, who always wanted bacon and greens, an hour after her troubles were over. She was a poor sickly-looking thing!"

"I hope my poor girl will do the same, if it's a good thing for her," replied Tom, in more cheerful accents.

"Let her eat and drink just what she likes, Tom. I won't have her contradicted in anything."

At length the day arrived which was to decide the fate of Tom Pynsent. The moment Anna Maria complained of feeling ill and restless, her husband fled to the kennel, and insisted upon some one bringing him intelligence every ten minutes of his wife's health. Polly Mudge was deputed to relieve guard with Christobelle; and for nearly thirteen hours they were employed as carrier-pigeons, to announce bulletins from Mrs. Pynsent to the kennel, where Tom pertinaciously resolved to remain. It was the only spot where his mind could receive amusement, or which had power to distract his attention from the idea that his wife would not survive her confinement. He took no nourishment. He continued constantly employed with his men in examining the dogs, and suggesting improvements for their convenience.

At length, as the shades of evening began to fall, Mrs. Pynsent approached the kennel, waving her pocket-handkerchief: it caught her son's eye as he was preparing to give "Rattler" and "Beauty" a dose of salts. He bounded over the wall, and gazed earnestly upon his mother's face. She waved her handkerchief again in triumph, and gave a powerful cheer. Tom caught up the note, and it was re-echoed by the huntsmen, till their voices rose far and wide upon the air. Anna Maria had given birth to a son. Mrs. Pynsent embraced her son in ecstatic delight, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"If it isn't as fine a boy as ever blessed my sight! Go and change that coat, my blessed Tom, and you shall see them both; but don't go smelling of the kennel, my pretty one!"

Tom Pynsent's heart swelled with a husbands and a father's best emotions, when he contemplated his wife and child. It seemed as though his Anna Maria had passed through death, and was raised again to his eyes and heart. He gazed silently upon them for some time in astonishment—he gazed upon the infant, as it lay by *her* side, who had suffered so much to give it life. He turned to his mother, who watched the workings of his countenance with delight, and, seizing her hands, he exclaimed,

"If John Spottiswoode and myself don't drink like fiddlers to-night, for this day's work!"

All was joy and congratulation at Hatton. Mr. Pynsent, in spite of the gouty pains, insisted upon being carried to the door of his daughter's apartment, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of hearing his grandson cry. Mrs. Pynsent would not hear of it.

"Be quiet, Bobby, and nurse your crutch. To-morrow you shall all see our litt'e, squalling puppy."

Tom Pynsent did not drink like a fiddler with John Spottiswoode. He remained the whole evening in Anna Maria's dressing-room, listening greedily to the movements of her attendants—to the tone of her voice—and to the cry of the newly-arrived object of his affections.

Christobelle is the pupil of her father, and is last of all taken up by the match-making mother, as the youngest would be naturally as well as according to the policy of such a manœuvring and misapprehending tyraness. The girl, however, marries the man she loves and refuses a dukedom. This much may serve to introduce our other specimen, which gives us the last of Lady Wetheral, as she figures in the novel. There is something more awful and uncommon than death-bed repentance or aeven remorse,—viz. the unchanged and unchangeable addiction to long-cherished error and vice,—the image and sight of a soul as bitterly perverse and as sternly wrong as ever it was known in the pride of life. What we now copy out has been written with as unfaltering a hand as any portion of the story.

Lady Whetheral sunk into ill health and apathy, irrecoverable. Her mind and body seemed stunned into torpor, by two events which she had not foreseen, and could not parry—the refusal of a dukedom by Christobelle, and the flight of Lady Ennismore from her home. These two events were ever upon her thoughts, and in her speech, because "she had particularly arranged each splendid match, and was doomed to be foiled by her own children in their accomplishment. She knew her energies were worn down, and her strength exhausted. She could not walk three steps from her sofa without fatigue, and the least noise produced severe nervous attacks. She was a pretty specimen of maternal cares! She advised all parents to allow their headstrong daughters to marry whoever would encumber themselves with them; for marry they would, and it was hopeless to endeavour to lead their tastes in a proper channel. She expected Mrs. Higgins would let *her* little girl grow up in insubordination, and the child would most likely marry a bricklayer, instead of looking up to a man in a well-established grocery-business. She detested mean minds." . . . Lady Whetheral became indifferent to all passing events so gradually, and her mind dwelt so little upon anything unconnected with her own ease and immediate gratification, that Mrs. Daniel Higgins adventured to touch lightly upon the subject (Christobelle's marriage) during one of her visits.

"I am happy, my lady, to be hearing of Miss Chrystal's likelihood, at last, to marry Sir John Spottiswoode. Higgins thinks it a very pretty match, and he has visited Alverton more than once, and admires the place extremely. For ever and a day!— to think of Miss Chrystal's turn being come!"

"I know nothing about it, Thompson, and I don't care. The Worcestershire man shall never enter *my* room, though he is quite good enough for a young lady who refused a dukedom. If Julia would attract the old Duke of Forfar, now she is at liberty, I should still recover my health; but I am laid on the shelf. No one cares about my health. Lady Ennismore might easily win his Grace; only, I dare say, she would run away from him, as she did from Lord Ennismore."

Christobelle married Sir John Spottiswoode soon after Lady Wetheral's assurance to Mrs. Higgins that she "did not care" about the affair, and no one apprised her ladyship of the actual solemnization. She never asked who was the "Lady Spottiswoode" whom people talked so much about, and always addressed her by the title of Miss Wetheral.

ART. VIII.—*An Introductory Lecture on Pictorial Anatomy.* By JAMES MILLER. Edinburgh: Black.

THIS lecture was "delivered to the students of the School of Design for the Encouragement of Scottish Manufactures." Its purpose is to impress upon the minds of those to whom it is addressed the indispensable and paramount importance of anatomy to a knowledge and to the successful and sure development of the higher branches of pictorial art. The discourse is not only enthusiastic and eloquent, but learned, critical, and tastefully elegant. We lay before our readers a specimen, where the lecturer, in support of his theoretical doctine, relies upon the actual history of art.

The ancient Egyptians, we are told, had but little knowledge of the human form; their figures were but superficial transcripts of individual nature. And while we thus learn their inferiority in art, we are at the same time made aware that they dared not touch a dead body for the purpose of dissection, and even the embalmers risked their lives from the hatred of the populace.

In Greece it was that art first approached perfection. And there its golden age extended from the time of Pericles to that of Alexander the Great. We find that during the same period, anatomy had begun to be cultivated, both by the physician and as a branch of general science. The anatomical observations of Thales, Pythagoras, and Alcmeon prepared the way for the more connected inquiries of Hippocrates, who gave oral instructions in anatomy, as well as the art of healing; and thus disclosed its mysteries to the world. And Diocles Carystus, the most distinguished of his successors, was as celebrated for proficiency in anatomy as for his skill in surgery. Hippocrates was all but contemporary with Phidias—Diocles with Praxiteles and Lysippus. It was not anatomy as it appeared under Vesalius in the sixteenth century. It was not sufficient for the purpose of either the physician or the surgeon; and consequently, we find the healing art then poor and impotent as compared with its present condition. It extended little farther than a knowledge of the skeleton, muscles, and larger internal organs; for all the minutiæ of the science were as yet unexplored. But this was just what was most needful for art; and it was this amount of anatomical knowledge that enabled the artist to form his beautiful models, those "marble miracles of grace," in regard to which it may be said, that

"Vanquish'd Nature own'd herself outdone."

On the dismemberment of Macedonia, after the death of Alexander the Great, the arts and sciences took up their chief abode at Alexandria, under the protection of Ptolemy Soter. And here, for a short time, dissection of the human body was freely conducted under Herophilus and Erasistratus, the two great heads of the Egyptian medical school. At this time, however, letters

were cultivated in preference to art. Had other circumstances, besides anatomical knowledge, been favourable to the latter, it would, doubtless, still have retained all its highest splendour. But, as it was, one bright interval alone was granted previous to decay—the struggling gleam of the expiring taper—the farewell ray of a sun, about to set as if for ever.

Art did not revive till after the dark ages. Neither did the progress of anatomy. Even Galen had no knowledge of this science, except as derived from the older authors, and from his own dissection of apes. *Once* he had an opportunity of examining two human skeletons preserved in Alexandria. And the Arabian surgeons had to rest contented with the writings of the Greeks on the subject of anatomy, its study being strictly forbidden by the Mahomedan religion. Art then lay dormant.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a revival commenced, chiefly, if not entirely, by imitation of the antique, many specimens of which had been brought directly from the East to Pisa. But art was still feeble.

Towards the beginning of the sixteenth century, however, arose an era, bearing a striking resemblance in its leading features to that of Pericles, and adorned with the mighty names of Leonardo daV inci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael Da Vinci (a pupil of the celebrated anatomist, Marc Antonio della Torre.) with talent for every pursuit, had yet no steadiness for any one. But Buonarotti to the highest gifts added indomitable perseverance, and became profoundly acquainted with anatomy. Is it unreasonable to infer, that without this he never could have reached in safety that unknown world of ideal art, into which his ardent genius forced his daring hand? Da Vinci, however, first united the science of anatomy with that of painting, and both with nature; and thus may truly be said to have prepared art for the coming greatness,—a greatness which was carried to a giddy height by his brethren in the triumvirate *At the same time*, exactly, the labours of Vesalius, Eustachius, and Fallopius, at Padua, Pisa, and Rome, raised anatomy on a new foundation, and thereby began an era almost as bright for medical science as for art. Surely this was not a mere coincidence.

Since that time there has been little obstruction to the study of anatomy, and for that very reason, probably, it may not have been cultivated as it ought, unless by those whose peculiar calling rendered such study absolutely imperative. May not neglect of anatomy by the artist, then, be connected with decline of art in its higher departments? We will not stop to inquire, but rather hasten to a more pleasing consideration, that now, within these few years—thanks to an enlightened legislature—all obstacles to this study have been removed—much that was disgusting both to the moral and physical sense has been taken away—its interesting paths are widely open to all who will enter them,—and, other circumstances being favourable, may we not now hope to see an epoch in the history of art in this country, as great, perhaps greater, than any that has gone before in Italy or in Greece.

It may be true that Mr. Miller, like most enthusiasts, rides his hobby too fast and too far. The creation of the masterpieces of art implies a great number of qualities and accomplishments, some of them indescribable, but assuredly distinct from anatomical skill and the most accurate perception of muscular form and action. Our self-

evident generality, however, in no degree affects the lecturer's principle, as one that lies at the very foundation of all perfect execution of that which the highest genius may have conceived, and even of the most purely ideal. A glance at the history and character of the masterpieces in painting may be acceptable.

The character which art has assumed in any country, is generally the character of the people of that country. It is modified, moulded, and coloured by the nature, principles, beliefs, and condition of those amongst whom it arises. It is true, that the Greeks borrowed, perhaps largely, from other lands, for example from Egypt. But then it is not less notorious that they gave the impress of their nationality to every art or even amusement which they copied from foreign parts, until it is often difficult to determine the extent of their claim to originality. And such will naturally ever be the case with a striving and enlightened people, who must thus and therefore work out for themselves a characteristic order of art. As has been well observed, with Greece, as with Italy, art was employed to embellish a political religion. In France, on the other hand, it forsook the church and dedicated itself to kings and princes, to whatever is courtly and royal, all which it has emblazoned. While in England, it is impressed with the freedom and domestic feelings of the people, —with much that is grave, social, and humorous. The reformed church refused the aid of the auxiliary of Rome; but being excluded from the altar, art sought to excite a new interest by new orders of creation, and succeeded; but not yet, and probably never, so as to rival the great masterpieces of Italy.

In painting, the Italians have excelled all modern nations. The great artists of that country approach, as near as the limited nature of art will ever permit, the illustrious poets of the earth, having stamped on their works such expressions of thought and feeling, that one may very readily forgive, in his admiration, the superstition of the peasants who kneel to such works of man's hand,—who adore the saints and the Madonnas of Raphael, and pour out before them contrition in sighs and tears, and supplicating them as divinities. And yet there is one corrective that may be easily brought home to the common apprehension of the most credulous devotees, which is painful, however, in another sense; that the paintings of Raphael and of all others will perish and pass away; whereas sculpture, receiving impressions on adamantine marble, and poetry, endlessly multiplied by means of a cheap material, may bid defiance to decay and oblivion.

But how interesting is the history as well as the character of painting in Italy. It was in this branch of the fine arts that she put forth the diversified as well as the combined strength of her untamed but mighty spirit. Learning was not, at the period to which we refer, universal; men of genius had not been taught to fear the appli-

cation of other rules than those of nature; there was no querulous criticism; the world wished to be pleased and was pleased.

The productions of the Italian old masters must prove to every one's conviction, that they imagined without fear, and worked with the entire confidence of being rewarded by fame. We can read their confidence in the grandeur of their daring conceptions, and feel their pride and enthusiasm in their art, in the laborious diligence and almost superhuman rapidity with which they poured out their genius. Nothing can surpass, we think, the dashing freedom and unrestrained and unretouched vigour of their compositions. To strike off one great work, at one glowing heat of fancy, was with them a common thing. Most of the masterly works of those great men, who floursihed during the golden period of Italian art, were hastily done. The walls, and ceilings, and cupolas of new and splendid churches were covered, as if by enchantment, with miracles from Scripture, with legends of saints, and with devotional processions. The eager multitude were not compelled to wait till the genius of the land considered for years what it had been years in conceiving—till the work grew into beauty and grace, under its hand, by constant and repeated touches—till it had obtained the full advantage of all that study and care could add: for those ready and eager spirits seemed to breathe out their masterly creations at once, in full and mature beauty; they performed by the force of well-disciplined genius, what all the cold precision of mechanical knowledge cannot accomplish; and yet all is there that taste demands or admiration requires. Artists, we are afraid, work more coldly now; the fever-fit of genius is passed and gone; they are no longer daring; they aspire only to represent some domestic incident—some touch of honest feeling or vagrant humour; to paint the heroes of yesterday's gazette, or acres of hill and dale. The great and original spirit of painting is abated, we fear, throughout Europe; nor will the labour of academies, nor the patronage of the great, nor annual pilgrimages of amateurs and students to Italy, nay, nor the most diligent study of pictorial anatomy, ever, probably, revive or restore it.

Notice has been taken of the haste with which the Italians painted,—the rapidity of their enchanting strokes. What is this but to say that the abundance of their works is wonderful; according to some writers and witnesses, even more marvellous than their excellence. The whole of Italy—palace, tower, and town—is filled with their productions: filled—not with the common works of common minds—with portraits of prize-oxen and full-fed divines—with lap-dogs from life and windmills after nature; but filled with noble works—conceived with dignity and executed with grace, over the whole of which an ardent and lofty spirit is warmly breathed. Nor are they locked up in noblemen's or exclusive galleries. They are everywhere, and are to be seen by all. They cover the walls and

ceilings of the churches—they fill the public places, crowd the castles, and are even to be found in the cottages of the humble.

The mistress who inspired the Italian artists, was the church of Rome. They were unto her as chief-priests, who used a new and splendid language, all imagery of the noblest or loveliest tone, to interpret her history and her character, and to commemorate the constancy and love of her servants, as well as her miracles, her legends, and her rules to the world. The ruling character, therefore, of all the painters' works is religious and devotional. But here certain facts ought to be noticed in order to trace and explain Italian art satisfactorily, and so as to account for its remarkable services in behalf even of a loudly professed Christianity.

The religion, the paganism that preceded the introduction of Chritianity, addressed itself especially to the eye, and depended mainly upon splendid and imposing external appearances. Sculpture and painting in a particular manner ministered to heathenism. The gods of this superstition were beings clothed in beauty and majesty. As man made his own gods, he made them after his own heart, and according to his own imaginations, endowing them, of course, with such appearances as are most expressive of the sentiments of the divinity within him, and if in complacent mood, with such charms and gifts as are most beloved on earth. Art being wooed to help him out with all this, she came and embodied his conceptions in a way almost divine. Temples, groves, and public places were filled with the sculptured progeny of religion and poetry; and priest and politician agreed alike to retain the aid of an auxiliary which brightened the faith of the one and strengthened the power of the other.

But Christianity vanquished paganism; Saint Paul and Saint Peter were established at Rome, to the banishment of Apollo and Pan. But still the heathen belief was not wholly extinguished. The common people, in many places, persisted in loving the gods of their fathers; and persons of more cultivated minds would naturally continue to admire the beauties of art, if not to cherish a fond remembrance of their sculptured and painted deities when paganism was in the ascendant. Nor did the merry festivals that were identified with the gods fail to exercise a powerful influence upon the tastes and desires of the people. The church could not but set her face against these lingering fancies, and which must have continued to affect belief; and accordingly she made use of the weapons of her power to correct the popular error and to root it out. But forcible and directly opposing measures might fail, while a more accommodating policy would succeed to the accomplishment of the longed-for thorough conversion. The church therefore went to work in a more sagacious way. She opposed to the pagan divinities her own innumerable progeny of saints: she created them in

silver and in gold, in wood and in stone, and to each she allotted a festival, and decreed that its anniversary should fall on the day held in honour of the original god. The old divinities could not resist this: their memories died slowly away, and the divinities of the new church reigned in their stead. Thus did the Catholic church, by the aid of art, render her belief visible, and seek to make it intelligible, by sensible signs and symbols, to the illiterate barbarians of the earth. She saw that men were slow in comprehending her miracles and her mysteries; so she made her beads, her crucifixes, her relics, and her saints, male and female, become to her what the gods of Olympus were to the ancients, and speak a language which suited an illiterate people. It is true, that those works of art were at first rude and misshapen; and had little of the external loveliness by which the heathen gods won their way to the admiration of all ages; but they became more elegant as men grew more skilful: their beauty increased with the riches of the church; and men of genius were not slow in lending their aid to a priest who could reward them with honour on earth, and with thrones and mansions in heaven.

Such is the way, at least according to Protestant authors who have written the history of Italian painting, in which the churches of the land came to be filled with the figures of saints, and that the subjects and practice of an art that was to reach the utmost earthly perfection, were first introduced.

The practice, it is admitted, under skilful and prudent management, might have been useful to man, inasmuch as it taught him a little knowledge when knowledge could be obtained through no other medium. Men were rude and barbarous; language was mutable and unfixed; and the priesthood found it necessary to speak to the nations of the earth by means of signs, easily understood, and by symbols they could comprehend. Painting and sculpture could do this. And, in fact, art very early became the religious language of Europe. But, said the reformers, not addressing itself alone to scripture history, the miracles of Christ, and the acts of the apostles, but lending its charms and power to embody legends and create strange saints, it was better to have it swept altogether away, than to have religion any longer clogged and polluted with the bastard breed.

Still, it is just and right that Rome should be viewed in her days of power and glory; and when she numbered amongst her priests, ministers, and servants of many orders, the greatest as well as the best spirits of the earth. She called them from obscurity to fame, and to all who laboured to spread and sustain her influence, she became a benefactress. Her wealth was immense, and her spirit was as magnificent as her power was enormous, and riches untellable. All this descended not to temporal sons, or those according to the flesh;

but to the adopted, who seldom were other than such as promised to uphold, strengthen, and adorn her sovereignty. For generations, too, her treasure was wisely as well as munificently expended; and good and glorious deeds did she perform. She spread a table to the hungry; she gave lodgings to the houseless; welcomed the wanderer; and rich and poor, and learned and illiterate, alike received shelter and hospitality. Under her roof the scholar completed his education; the historian sought and found the materials for his history; the minstrel chanted lays of mingled piety and love for his loaf andhis raiment; the sculptor carved in wood, or cast in silver, some popular saint, and the painter gave the immortality of his colours to some new legend or miracle. Thus, much of the talent which the earth supplied, was employed in the service of the church, and the skill and genius of artists grew, at length, so transcendant, that they were hired at princely wages to embellish the sacred edifices of Italy.

It could not in the nature of things otherwise be than that men of the noblest enterprise, and conscious of the highest power,—in short, that persons of the greatest genius would enlist themselves to serve the church militant; and nowhere was such honour and rewards to be won as in the walks of art. It was this auxiliary indeed that most palpably could not only embody the full belief and feeling of its mistress, but by contemplating the story of the Redeemer and his apostles, elevate itself into something superhuman. To work in the spirit of scripture, and the legends of the church, became a passion as well as a duty; the noblest edifices were raised, that they might display on their walls the whole wonders of art: crowds of enthusiasts flocked daily in to gaze and admire the saints, the madonnas, and the miracles of scripture—nor was this all. The illiterate crowds who beheld such productions for the first time, half imagined them the prophets and virgins whom they represented, and were willing to confer on them the same homage which they had before yielded to works which, at least in form and sentiment, were far less miraculous. Thus genius, receiving the highest rewards which the world could bestow, threw out the most wonderful performances, with a prodigality and power which art has never since equalled. Many, indeed, of the great artists, painted scenes of domestic happiness, of fireside joy, and copied the persons, and recorded the deeds of some of their patrons; whilst others allowed their pencils, for a time at least, to go astray among heathen gods and scenes of human festivity. But the great and prevailing character was religious; and during the proudest days of the popedom, it was according to the wish of the church that Michael Angelo carved, and Raphael painted.

With regard to pictorial anatomy, as a fundamental branch of study indispensable for all who expect to succeed in the higher walks of

art, there can be no doubt; although many reasons and facts may be used with powerful effect, to enforce the truth of the doctrine. Painting represents nature,—poetical nature it should be; and therefore addresses itself to the feeling and imagination of man, rather than to his visual perceptions only as it were, or to the materialities that may engage thought. But though it deals in nature exalted by genius, embellished by art, and purified by taste, still it is nature, working its appeals to the men of this world, who applaud or condemn, according to their own felt reasons. And hence every man has a faith within him, and becomes a judge even of that which is ideally truthful; every man, although he be ignorant of the secrets of art, being capable and ready to appreciate nature. There is, no doubt, a mystery in the creation of great works,—that is, the mystery of genius; but there is no mystery in feeling their excellence, and experiencing the exalted and purified sentiments they catch and touch. The Italian masters knew by what spells, by what exquisite combinations, yet simple appeals, all this was wrought; and, perhaps, no one will ever share fully with them the skill and the secret. But one thing is clear, — the wonder never will be achieved by the violation, even by the neglect, of essential truth; and therefore never especially by one ignorant of the conformation of the tenement which holds man's soul,—of any of the minutest part of that which is the index of all feeling and sentiment.

ART. IX.—*A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities.* Edited by W. SMITH, Ph. D. Taylor and Walton.

LEMPRIER'S Classical Dictionary is a work that probably cannot be superseded as a book of reference, if a similar scale allotted to the articles, and a mere statement of facts be contemplated. But if the purpose, the spirit, and the manner of expression, as well as illustration are to be in harmony with the criticism, the philosophical disquisition, and at the same time the popular demands of the present age, Dr. Smith's Dictionary has had no predecessor in this country, and will hereafter, we are convinced, meet with no rival or equal.

This work has not been compiled by one person, but is the production of some twenty different hands, each of them eminent in a classical and scholarly sense, as any one may easily satisfy himself, seeing that the names are given, each with his distinctive mark to his own contributions. Dr. Smith himself is one of these individuals, besides being responsible for the general plan. The articles are in alphabetical order, and are illustrated by numerous engravings on wood. There is also an elaborate index, which will be found to simplify and expedite the process of reference.

Contributors to a dictionary with the character of the one before

us, have at the present day many advantages and facilities which Lempriere could not possess or command; for, there have in recent times arisen a host of scholars, especially in Germany, who have not only devoted themselves with unprecedented diligence and industry to critical investigations, and without allowing themselves to be satisfied by any prior author; but have been guided by that philosophical spirit and systematic science which have found their way into the regions of criticism, even where the department is surrounded with antiquarian distance and darkness. But not merely have science and philosophy been happily brought to bear upon classical investigations, for the zeal with which old manuscripts have been ransacked, and the number of travellers who have visited, explored, and interpreted ancient ruins, have had the most beneficial results, clasically speaking.

The manner and shape in which these results have come to be published to the world must not pass unnoticed. There are two features here to be pointed out. First, there is not only the bold, fearless, and irreverent character of modern investigation, as respects preceding theories, and alleged facts, but the liberal and free tone in which the whole is conducted. And secondly, as a necessary consequence of this unstraitened spirit, practical ends are contemplated, and life-giving ideas or suggestions are sought for. Philosophical criticism indeed has discovered, as well as patient research into the actual, that the ancients, that the people in classical times, were flesh and blood like ourselves; and that their social condition may properly, and without any unnecessary or false stretch of sympathies, be brought into communion with us and our times. Accordingly, classical studies can be, and are now, by many teachers, turned to practical and living purposes.

Facts are now not alone demanded; dry information not alone given; but such lights and interpretations are found legitimately to attach to the study of the Greeks and Romans, mirrored in their languages, their manners, institutions, and every-day existence, as come home to our own social condition, and lend us valuable hints or pleasing corroborations; at the same time that the very requirements as well as fruits of classical studies are identified with refinement of taste.

Dr. Smith's Dictionary amply proves, and beautifully illustrates all this. To the student of classical literature the book is indispensable, seeing the multitude and the variety of subjects on which it dilates, elucidating innumerable allusions in the classics to extinct habits and usages. To the students of ancient art the volume also will prove a treasure, were the wood-cut illustrations alone considered—being all taken from antiques of unquestionable antiquity; and being in themselves beautiful, as well as characteristic relics. We observe that a large portion of these illustrations have been taken from the

collections in the British Museum,—a circumstance which will help to direct attention to articles in that national institution, which might be passed over by casual visitors. Even to the general reader, and all who cherish a generous curiosity, this is a desirable book; for it contains much curious information, and will satisfy upon a great variety of important subjects, any mind which takes delight in investigating usages and institutions as they were realized among the most civilized nations of antiquity, or in tracing their influence down to our times and upon ourselves.

It is not easy, however, by means of extracts, to present in our pages anything like a just view of the book. Let it be borne in mind that it contains upwards of a thousand pages, closely printed, and in double columns; that the articles may be called numberless; and that very much of that which would be most illustrative of its character as well as interesting in itself, cannot be properly understood without the wood-cuts. The alphabetical arrangement too mars considerably the reviewer's object, unless he bestows more time in comparing and combining scattered portions than we can command. We must, however, try to cull a few notices that may impart some notion of the work, as well as supply a little agreeable reading; and from which it will be fairly inferred that the volume contains, in a moderate compass, and in the most popular form the subjects would allow, the results of modern scholarship applied to classical antiquity, and in the spirit of our own times.

Generally speaking, the best papers are the most critical; and therefore, although in reality the most valuable, are not calculated to attract the most popular attention. Still, in some of these, such of them, for example, as relate to the Roman constitution and laws, we find striking coincidences, and still abiding substances, even to the very form. How *apropos* at the present moment, is the following dissertation on the term *Ambitus!* and how happy the practical hints in relation to our bribery habits!

Ambitus, which literally signifies "a going about," cannot, perhaps, be more nearly expressed than by our word *canvassing*. After the plebs had formed a distinct class at Rome, and when the whole body of the citizens had become very greatly increased, we frequently read in the Roman writers of the great efforts which it was necessary for candidates to make in order to secure the votes of the citizens. At Rome, as in every community into which the element of popular election enters, solicitation of votes, and open or secret influence and bribery, were among the means by which a candidate secured his election to the offices of state.

A candidate was called *petitor*; and his opponent, with reference to him, *competitor*. A candidate (*candidatus*) was so called from his appearing in the public places, such as the fora and Campus Martius, before his fellow-citizens, in a whitened toga. On such occasions the candidate was attended by his friends, (*deductores*,) or followed by the poorer citizens, (*sectatores*,) who

could in no other manner show their good-will or give their assistance. The word *assiduitas* expressed both the continual presence of the candidate at Rome and his continual solicitations. The candidate, in going his rounds or taking his walk, was accompanied by a *nomenclator*, who gave him the names of such persons as he might meet; the candidate was thus enabled to address them by their name—an indirect compliment which could not fail to be generally gratifying to the electors. The candidate accompanied his address with a shake of the hand (*prensatio.*) The term *benignitas* comprehended generally any kind of treating, as shows, feasts, &c. Candidates sometimes left Rome, and visited the coloniæ and municipia, in which the citizens had the suffrage; thus Cicero proposed to visit the Cisalpine towns when he was a candidate for the Consulship.

That ambitus, which was the object of several penal enactments, taken as a generic term, comprehended the two species—*ambitus* and *largitiones* (bribery.) *Liberalitas* and *benignitas* are opposed by Cicero, as things allowable; to *ambitus* and *largitio*, as things illegal. Money was paid for votes; and in order to insure secrecy and secure the elector, persons called *interpretes* were employed to make the bargain, *sequestres* to hold the money till it was to be paid, and *divisores* to distribute it. The offence of ambitus was a matter which belonged to the judicia publica; and the enactments against it were numerous. One of the earliest, though not the earliest of all, the Lex Æmilia Baebia was specially directed against *largitiones*. The Lex Cornelia Fulvia punished the offence with exile. The Lex Acilia Calpurnia imposed a fine on the offending party, with exclusion from the Senate and all public offices. The Lex Tullia passed in the consulship of Cicero, in addition to the penalty of the Acilian law, inflicted ten years' exilium on the offender; and, among other things, forbade a person to exhibit gladiatorial shows (*gladiatores dare*) within any two years in which he was a candidate, unless he was required to do so on a fixed day, by a testator's will. Two years afterwards, the Lex Aufidia was passed, by which among other things it was provided, that if a candidate promised (*pronuntiavit*) money to a tribe and did not pay it, he should be unpunished; but if he did pay the money, he should further pay to each tribe (annually!) 3,000 sesterces as long as he lived. This enactment occasioned the witticism of Cicero, who said that Clodius observed this law by anticipation; for he promised but did not pay. The Lex Licinia (b. c. 58) was specially directed against the offence of sodalitium, or the wholesale bribery of a tribe by gifts and treating; and another lex, passed when Pompey was sole Consul, had for its object the establishment of a speedier course of proceeding on trials for ambitus. All these enactments failed in completely accomplishing their object.

We do not go exactly according to lexical order, and yet it controls us. Take something about a particular ancient measure, of which mention often occurs:—

The most common use of the amphora, both among the Greeks and Romans, was for keeping wine. The cork was covered with pitch or gypsum, and (among the Romans) a label was attached to the amphora, inscribed with the names of the consuls under whom it was filled. The following cut represents the mode of filling the amphora from a wine cart, and is taken from a painting on the wall of a house at Pompeii.

The amphora was also used for keeping oil, honey, and molten gold. A remarkable discovery made at Salona, in 1825, proves that amphoræ were used as coffins. They were divided in half in the direction of the length, in order to receive the remains, and the two halves were put together again, and buried in the ground; they were found containing skeletons.

From this extract it will be gathered how important and explanatory are the wood-cuts; just as the engraving will be found to illustrate in the following example relating to chariots:—

The horses were commonly harnessed in a quadriga after the manner already represented, the two strongest horses being placed under the yoke, and the two others fastened on each side by means of ropes. This is implied in the use of the epithets "roped steed," for a horse so attached. The two exterior horses were further distinguished from one another as the right and the left trace-horse. In a chariot race described by Sophocles, the driver, aiming to pass the goal which is on his left hand, restrains the nearest horse and gives the reins to that which was furthest from it, viz. the horse in traces on the right hand. In the splendid triumph of Augustus after the battle of Actium, the trace-horses of his car were ridden by two of his young relations. Tiberius rode, as Suetonius relates, "on the left roped horse," and Marcellus "on the right." As the works of ancient art, especially fictile vases, abound in representations of quadrigae, numerous instances may be observed, in which the two middle horses are yoked together as in a biga: and, as the two lateral ones have collars equally with the yoke-horses, we may presume that from the top of these proceeded the ropes which were tied to the rim of the car, and by which the trace-horses assisted to draw it. The first figure in the annexed woodcut is the chariot of Aurora, as painted on a vase found at Canosa. The reins of the two middle horses pass through rings at the extremities of the yoke. All the particulars which have been mentioned are still more distinctly seen in the second figure, taken from a terra-cotta at Vienna. It represents a chariot overthrown in passing the goal at the circus. The charioteer having fallen backwards, the pole and yoke are thrown upwards into the air; the two trace-horses have fallen on their knees, and the two yoke-horses are prancing on their hind legs.

The Roman supper or *cœna* obtains a merited and minute notice.

The Greeks and Romans were accustomed, in later times, to recline at their meals, though this practice could not have been of great antiquity in Greece, since Homer never describes persons as reclining, but always as sitting at their meals. Isidore of Seville also attributes the same practice to the ancient Romans. Even in the time of the early Roman emperors, children in families of the highest rank used to sit together at an inferior table, while their fathers and elders reclined on couches at the upper part of the room. Roman ladies continued the practice of sitting at table, even after the recumbent position had become common with the other sex. It appears to have been considered more decent, and more agreeable to the severity and purity of ancient manners, for women to sit, more especially if many persons were present. But on the other hand we find cases of women reclining, where there was conceived to be nothing bold or indelicate in their posture. In some of the bas-reliefs,

representing the visit of Bacchus to Icarus, Erigone, instead of sitting on the couch, reclines upon it in the bosom of her father. In Juvenal a bride reclines at the marriage supper on the bosom of her husband.

A wood-cut illustration is here given, taken from Montfaucon, of which this which follows is in part an explanation:—

It seems intended to represent a scene of perfect matrimonial felicity. The husband and wife recline on a sofa of rich materials. A three-legged table is spread with viands before them. Their two sons are in front of the sofa, one of them sitting, in the manner above described, on a low stool, and playing with the dog. Several females and a boy are performing a piece of music for the entertainment of the married pair. Before lying down, the shoes or sandals were taken off, and this was commonly done by the attendants. In all the ancient paintings and bas-reliefs illustrative of this subject, we see the guests reclining with naked feet; and in those of them which contain the favourite subject of the visit of Bacchus to Icarus, we observe a faun performing for Bacchus this office. The following wood-cut, taken from a terra cotta in the British Musuem, representing this subject, both shows the naked feet of Icarus who has partly raised himself from his couch to welcome his guest, and also that Bacchus has one of his feet already naked, whilst the faun is in the act of removing the shoe from the other.

Take this about the yoke used for carrying burdens on the shoulders, that is, the *Asilla*:—

We also find this instrument displayed in works of Grecian art. A small bronze lamp found at Stabiæ (see the annexed woodcut) represents a boy carrying two baskets suspended from a pole which rests upon his right shoulder. The two other representations here introduced, though of a fanciful or ludicrous character, show by that very circumstance how familiar the ancients must have been with the use of this piece of furniture. The first is from a beautiful sardonyx in the Florentine museum: it represents a grasshopper carrying two baskets suspended each by three cords from the extremity of the yoke, and skilfully imitates the action of a man who is proceeding on a journey. The other is from a Greek painted vase (Sir W. Hamilton's *Vases*, ii. 40), and under the disguise of a satyr, shows the mode in which lambs and other viands were sometimes carried in preparing for a sacrifice to Bacchus. In the collection of antique gems at Berlin there are no less than four representations of men carrying burthens in this manner.

About bracelets:—

The armilla was, in fact, either a thin plate of metal, or a wire of considerable thickness; and, although sometimes a complete ring, it was much more frequently made without having its ends joined; it was then curved, so as to require, when put on, to be slightly expanded by having its ends drawn apart from one another; and, according to its length, it went once, twice, or thrice round the arm, or even a greater number of times. When it made several turns, it assumed the form so clearly defined by Homer in the expression "twisted spirals;" a form illustrated by numerous armillae of gold and bronze in our collection of antiques, and exhibited very frequently on the Greek painted vases.

About shoes:—

As most commonly worn, they probably did not much differ from our shoes, and are exemplified in a painting at Herculaneum, which represents a female wearing bracelets, a wreath of ivy, and a panther's skin, while she is in the attitude of dancing and playing on the cymbals. Her shoes are yellow, illustrating the fact that they were worn of various colours, especially by females. The shoe-ties are likewise yellow. These shoes appear light and thin, corresponding to the dress and attitude of the wearer. On the other hand, a marble foot in the British Museum exhibits the form of a man's shoe. Both the sole and the upper leather are thick and strong. The toes are uncovered, and a thong passes between the great and the second toe as in a sandal.

Torches:—

The torch always appears to be formed of wooden staves or twigs, either bound by a rope drawn round them in a spiral form, as in the above middle figure, or surrounded by circular bands at equal distances, as in the two exterior figures. The inside of the torch may be supposed to have been filled with flax, tow, or other vegetable fibres, the whole being abundantly impregnated with pitch, rosin, wax, oil, and other inflammable substances. The branches of the oak, ilex, hazel, and hornbeam, were chiefly used for making them, by being cut into staves of the requisite forms. They were also made of the branches of the vine, which are exceedingly vascular, and certainly well adapted for imbibing and retaining fluids. Another admirable plant for making torches was the Spanish broom, the long twigs of which resemble rushes and are full of pith.

It will be understood from almost every one of these citations, that the wood-cuts are essential to the instructive purposes of the dictionary; and, therefore, without further drawing from its pages, than to give another illustrative and suggestive specimen,—having gladiatorial shows for its subject, we close the paper. Certain remarks introduce our extract relative to practices that have their residue in the prize-ring, and other blackguard or questionable modes of our day. A few remarks fitly preface the quotation.

Instead of the graceful amusements of the Greeks, sanguinary combats of gladiators were the chosen sports of the Romans. Representations of these combats were a favourite subject with the artist, and the Latin poets are full of llusions to this popular spectacle. The taste for these barbarous exhibitions was even extended to the provinces, for a very spirited delineation of a gladiatorial fight occurs on one of the Mosaic pavements discovered at Bignor. The gladiators were classed according to the arms they used; the chief were the *Mirmillo*, armed like a Gaul, with the straight sword and buckler; the *Samnite*, distinguished by the oblong shield of the ancient Samnites; the *Thracian*, armed with the round shield and short sword of Thrace; the *Secutor*, who wore any of the arms of the preceding classes, and who was matched against the *Retiarius*,

so named because he endeavoured to entangle his adversary in a net *(rete)* and then stab him with the three-pointed spear or trident; finally there were equestrian gladiators who fought on horseback, but these were rarely exhibited.

But now for the lexical information:—

Gladiatorial combats are represented in the bas-reliefs on the tomb of Scaurus at Pompeii, and illustrate in many particulars the brief account which has been given in this article of the several classes of gladiators. These bas-reliefs are represented in the following wood-cuts from Mazois. The figures are made of stucco, and appear to have been moulded separately, and attached to the plaster by pegs of bronze or iron. In various parts of the frieze are written the name of the person to whom the gladiators belonged, and also the names of the gladiators themselves, and the number of their victories. The first pair of gladiators on the left hand represents an equestrian combat. Both wear helmets with vizors, which cover the whole face, and are armed with spears and round bucklers. In the second pair, the gladiator on the left has been wounded; he has let fall his shield, and is imploring the mercy of the people by raising his hand towards them. His antagonist stands behind him, waiting the signal of the people. Like all the other gladiators represented on the frieze, they wear the short apron fixed above the hips. The one on the left appears to be a mirmillo, and the one on the right, with an oblong shield, a Samnite. The third pair consists of a Thracian and a mirmillo, the latter of whom is defeated. The fourth group consists of four figures; two are secutores and two retiarii. The secutor on his knee, appears to have been defeated by the retiarius behind him: but as the fuscina is not adapted for producing certain death, the other secutor is called upon to do it. The retiarius in the distance is probably destined to fight in his turn with the surviving secutor. The last group consists of a mirmillo and a Samnite; the latter is defeated.

ART. X.—*Histoire des Francais des divers Etats aux cinq derniers Siecles.* Par AMANS-ALEXIS MONTEIL.

THE information contained in this work, is conveyed through the medium of an imaginary correspondence between a Franciscan friar, a cordelier of Tours, and a brother of the same order of Thoulouse. Such a literary stratagem, however, has generally failed in combining the advantages of amusement and instruction in the same work; nor does the present attempt form an exception to the prevailing rule. Still, the author was employed for many years in collecting his facts, and from numerous antiquarian stores; and his has turned out to be not only a work with an attractive title, but one abounding with important details, provided the reader has the patience to gather them out from a vast mass of lumber.

The period selected by M. Monteil commences about the close of the fourteenth century, and at the accession of Charles VI.; and is one well adapted to supply matter for discussion. France was then

emerging from the horrors of feudalism: it had burst the fetters of bondage. A large portion of the people were affranchised; and thereby a third class, viz., of burgesses, were added to the two already existing bodies of nobles and clergy. The cities before deserted by the monarch, the barons, and the church dignitaries, began to increase in opulence and consequence; and their number had gradually risen to two thousand regular and fortified boroughs. And now supported by their respective charters, the citizens of these towns exercised sovereign power over their own distinctive economy,—regulating the pay and number of their garrison troops; and, indeed, performing all the functions, in regard to peace and war, of independent states.

The nobles, however, still affected a proud and stiff-necked independence, reckless of kingly coercion; and the institutions of feudalism, although yielding rapidly to the influences of luxury and civilization, were, in some respects, maintained with the tenacity which habit and prejudice had imparted. The nobles, besides, possessed the privilege of refusing, at will, to follow their king to the field, except in case of a defensive war; and the sovereign was prohibited, as yet, from maintaining a standing army. An augmentation of wealth and power to the sovereign was, nevertheless, produced by the law which gave to the Lord Paramount all fiefs, of which the natural heirs had become extinct; and the practice, then recently introduced, of fixing the majority of the king at his fourteenth, instead of his twenty-first year, assigned into the hands of the monarch the authority which would otherwise have been vested in one or more of the proud nobility during the period of a minority. Influenced by these, and other circumstances, the manners of the French began, at this period, to lose those chivalric, or rather barbarous peculiarities which had formerly characterized their civil commotions, their domestic policy, their very literature, and their diversions. The fortified towns, formerly the glory of France, to subdue one of which, of ordinary size, required from Edward the Third almost the erection of another town, had already lost, in some measure, their importance from the invention of gunpowder; and the manufacture of cannons, some of them sixty, or even eighty feet in length, began to restrict the indulgence of warlike propensities to the larger towns, which were alone able to withstand these appalling engines of destruction. These remarkable innovations in the art of war produced an obvious effect upon the condition and consequence of the nobles. Intrenched within their castles, they had been powerful enough to defy the incursions of an enemy, unless able by its numbers to surround the towering edifice, and thus to cut off supplies. Frowning from the brow of an eminence, or raising its proud head amidst the verdure of the plain, the ancient Château presented a miniature representation of the fortified town or burgh. Nor were its internal regulations and construction unworthy of this commanding appearance, for it

was surrounded by inclosures of walls; defended by bastions and watch-towers, and possessed the resources of a donjon, which obliged the besieger to ascend stage by stage, as in the citadel of a fortified town; it was moreover furnished with the artifices of false gates and of concealed posterns, from which an unexpected sally could be made upon the enemy; but with the mysterious aid of subterranean passages, branching out into labyrinthine mazes. The manufacture of arms had been hitherto carried on independent of the city mechanic, within the very walls of the castle; and even women were employed in the preparation of arrows, and lances, and several other descriptions of light weapons. But the recent discovery of Roger Bacon had begun to humble the pride of these nobles. Not only was the very existence of their habitations endangered by the new method of artillery, but their capability of infringing upon the demesnes of others diminished by its success. The art of fortification would require from henceforward the sciences of arithmetic and geometry; and as the inhabitants of towns, from their mechanical and commercial occupations, far surpassed, in such knowledge, the proud and ignorant nobility, the importance of the burgesses began, in respect to warlike affairs, to gain the superiority. Toward the beginning of the fifteenth century, another powerful blow was struck against the spirit of feudality, by Charles VI. designating the term SERF "defamatoryand opprobrious;" whilst on the steeple of the cathedral at Orleans, this memorable inscription was placed: "Letbertus factus est liber, teste hâc sanctâ Ecclesiâ."

During the changes which the other orders of society experienced, the clergy preserved, or, perhaps, increased their ascendancy. In some cities the bishop shared the temporal jurisdiction with the lord-paramount: it was by no means unusual to see a powerful baron constrained to hold the bridle of an abbé, and at meal-time to stand behind his chair, until the proud ecclesiastic chose to utter the condescending permission to sit down. Rome, therefore, and Italy, were not exclusively blessed with such sights. The same priest who began his sacred functions by saying mass for the poor payment of twopence, was, in the fulness of that dignity which the superstition of the people accorded to him, seen to occupy, in military grandeur, the fortress of the town, where once his lowly origin had excited the compassion or contempt of the burgesses. In Burgundy, the country of great convents, of big cellars, of large fish-ponds, of spacious refectories,—the nobles, bestowing on the monastic institutions the greater parts of their wealth, reserved to themselves, and to their successors, the right of "fast," or of giving feasts on certain days of the year. A stranger, in travelling through the vicinage of Paris, would be attracted by the numerous steeples scattered throughout the country. To his enquiries, "what is such or such an edifice?" the answer most commonly would be, "that is a rich priory; yonder

stands an important monastery; that is a celebrated abbey." Over these institutions the king possessed the right of *procuration;* that is, of breakfasting, dining, or supping, in their refectories; but this privilege was generally commuted for money.

Nor was it merely this usurpation of authority and overweening influence, which the clergy, in those days, peculiarly enjoyed in France. In the councils of princes; in the regulation of finance; in the administration of justice; in all departments of public business, the clergy possessed the predominating influence: for, oftentimes, even the helmet and sword were not considered incompatible with the priestly habit; and when occasion required, or self-interest called, the priestly hand was raised, to strike a sturdy blow, to gain fresh concessions, or defend its already acquired rights.

The personal character of Charles V., on whom his people had conferred the appellation of "The Wise," had endeared him to his subjects; and the veneration of his subjects silently tended to increase monarchial despotism; but, the youth and inefficiency of Charles VI., and the ambition and rapacity of his uncles, who exercised the government during his minority, enveloped the royal authority in an obscurity, which was augmented during the period of a long and unfortunate reign. Ancient customs and privileges were maintained with little alteration; or were changed, about this era, somewhat in favour of royalty. The King, in 1346, first assumed the title of "Majesty," (which was not generally adopted until more than a century later), in a commission relative to the financial department. It was now considered as an abuse, sanctioned, indeed, by precedent, that the princes of the blood royal should be permitted, like their sovereign, to wear the "robe fleurdelisée," or coronation vestment, which manifested royalty in its fullest display. Being resolved to elevate the regal dignity by the force of his own mind, Charles the Wise had acted from the suggestions of reason, rejecting to place that dependence either on his council, or even on the advice of his confessor, which was usually assigned to those offices by the kings of France. Never, at any prior period, had the monarch been invested with a greater degree of external splendour than during the middle and close of the fourteenth century.

"I wish," says the supposed monk of Tours, to his brother of Toulouse, "that you could see this numerous train of courtiers, composed of the civil, the ecclesiastical, and the military orders, and that you could view them when travelling, or in procession. Extended along the country, like a great army of cavalry, gentlemen, lords, esquires, valets, pages, ladies and damsels, magistrates and lawyers, financiers and priests, monks and bishops, all present themselves to view, mounted on horseback. In the midst of this assemblage sits the king, surrounded by his officers and his guard, who form a considerable square around him, leaving between themselves and the sovereign a respectful distance: before the king are carried the scarf, embroidered with the fleur-de-

lis, the ermine mantle, the royal hat, and the sword of state. Around this detachment of equestrians, (amongst whom were pointed out to me from the first day, by my young associates, the pages, who made me readily distinguish them by their splendid equipages, and still more by their gravity, the fools belonging to the king and the royal family,) was another troop composed of valets and of purveyors, who are appointed to exercise in the towns and villages, the right of seizing at will, either furniture or other commodities: and it is diverting to see the landed proprietors, the civil authorities, and even the superiors of convents and of hospitals, standing at the barriers, and unfolding to the wind their long lists of rates, and their charters, the tenor of which is to prevent purveyors from infringing upon their privileges; and if they persist in so doing, they are liable to punishment from those whom they seek to oppress."

Even at this remote period, when plate was not introduced into England, and when the luxury of forks was unknown here, the table of the French monarch, upon state occasions, is said to have been thus served:

Represent to yourself a spacious hall, the walls covered with the finest silken tapestries; imagine, at certain distances, that there are sideboards for wine, laden with decanters of gold and silver; also sideboards for plate, adorned in profusion with rich jewellery, purchased with the fines paid by suitors. Suppose also, under a high canopy of velvet, several tables of different sizes, to which you ascend by steps covered with the richest velvets; in the midst of these, and under a festoon of golden cloth, place a table for the king. Is the picture complete in your mind? Well, then, behold the monarch approach in the centre of his grand train; he is clothed in garments shining with gold and jewels; he sits, the crown on his head, yet placing himself below the archbishops and the bishops, although above all the other persons assembled. By whom think you he is served? By the great nobles of the realm? No: by dignitaries of the church? No: those who attend the king are princes — even his brothers: observe the immense number of officers, either of the hall or kitchen, clad in silken vestments, the colours of their respective functions, in the midst of the serjeants-at-arms, or of guards holding maces and lances in their hands, or surrounded by a crowd of servants who carry torches to illuminate the feast; all these persons come, go, return, pass and repass each other without the slightest disorder or confusion. Meanwhile, the minstrels, according to custom, place their silver trumpets to their lips, and by their flourishes amuse both the guests and the spectators.

Each time that the herald cries aloud "the king drinks," every individual of the assembly exclaims "long live the king;" as in our feast of the Epiphany, when in our banquets we choose a pretty child, and call him king. At the last course of the feast, the hypocras and wine are served; and the king, who had washed before the repast, washes afterwards: grace appropriated to royalty is then said, and wine and spices are handed round. Then the king withdraws, preceded by the ushers and esquires of the body, and followed by the court. Meanwhile the queen takes her repast, on solemn occasions, in a different apartment to that occupied by the king; sits in the midst of the princesses and

ladies, whilst a sedate male personage, at the bottom of the table, talks to her seriously upon the actions and manners of celebrated French characters, in former times.

The court of the Dauphin of France, similar in its regulations to that of the king, is described as forming the model of those held by the other princes of the blood, the Dukes of Burgundy, of Brittany, and Lorraine, the Count du Foix, and of the King of Navarre.

With regard to etiquette, and to what worldly people call pleasures, more especially with respect to cabals, intrigues, reports, accusations, calumny, malice, wickedness, this court represents, in miniature, that of the monarch.

According to the custom of all large and well arranged establishments, five repasts are daily served in the household of the Dauphin. First, on those mornings which are not appointed to fast, there is breakfast, then dinner, (which is a corruption of *decimer*, from *decim-heure*, or the repast *de dix-heure*) after which there is a second dinner, (or *redescimrer* abbreviated to *rescimrer*), then supper (entitled *souper*, from the custom of providing soup for that occasion); after all, comes that nocturnal meal, which the people of the world have adopted in imitation of our fraternity, and have called, like us, a collation; although they make not, like us, collations from the sacred writings, and from theological works.

But this picture of magnificence, comfort, and order was mournfully reversed during the later days of Charles VI. Moral causes, the operation of which may be traced in the most minute circumstances, contributed to the decline of that prosperity which was the source of luxury. The court of Charles the Wise, distinguished for the strictness of his regulations, was yet cheered and refined by the presence of the fair *noblesse*, whom that benevolent and discriminating monarch rescued by his decrees from the gloomy castles in which it had been the custom of their lords to immure them, upon the slightest offence against their dignity or will. At the time that he restored these fair blossoms to their genial clime, he enacted the utmost strictness of deportment, enforced the most scrupulous deference to female modesty, and actually banished one of his courtiers for having indulged in improper conversation in the presence of ladies. Whilst investing the supreme authority with the importance and splendour which our author describes, the monarch was simple and moderate in his own habits, correct in his morals, and regular in his devotional observances: he possessed also the virtue of economy: he regulated the private expenditure of the sovereign, assigning to his pleasures the outlay of thirty livres daily, and to charity, one-third of that sum. But this wise system ceased with his existence: luxury, immorality, frivolity of the most debasing character, quickly squandered the resources of the treasury, and destroyed the respect and estimation towards the king; and Charles VI., who ascended the throne invested with a greater degree of power and honour than had attended the accession of his father, was carried

to the grave, after a long and unfortunate life, neither mourned by any of his subjects, nor even attended to the tomb by any prince of the blood royal.

Some facts have been collected, relative to the mechanical arts as they were observed at this period,—with regard to which we will give the following account:—

Look at the central towns of France, which are the marts of our various provinces; look at the maritime and frontier towns, which constitute the great commercial resorts both of France and of the neighbouring nations. Observe, also, the countries which are between Europe and Asia, where nature has fixed, eternally, the commerce of the world; look at Syria, at Egypt, more especially, on account of its two seas, and fine river: it is there that the European ships resort to carry their corn, wine, fruit, skins, furs, stuffs, hemp, timber, resin, amber, iron, copper, lead, pewter, and, what is to be regretted, quantities of gold and silver which never return. It is from the Egyptian shores that they transport thousands of articles, indispensable to us,—such as cotton, silk, and sugar, the produce of Egypt; nutmegs, cinnamon, cloves, and pepper, which are brought from the Indies.

We also learn that

"The sugar-cane was at this time cultivated in the islands of Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, and Sicily; yet this and other articles of commerce were chiefly brought to the continental countries from Egypt, to the great detriment of the European traders, and to the benefit of the Grand Turk, who exacted great tolls upon this description of merchandise, and who, with such profits, found means to support the standing infidel armies which then occupied the Holy land.

Many amusing instances are given of the superstitions of the age. The following ceremony is curious; it relates to the abjuration of a leper:—

Notwithstanding the inequality of their condition, the youthful daughter of a graduate of our university consented to marry the son of a rich merchant; and although the world cried shame, the marriage was completed; and proving at first happy, all objections were silenced. After some time had elapsed, the bloom of health which had once enlivened the countenance of the young man, began, however, to fade. Heat, irritation, and excoriations proclaimed at length the ravages of that frightful disease which was brought hither from the country where our Saviour perished.

For a long time the relations of the poor youth endeavoured to blind themselves to his situation, but, at last, the symptoms of leprosy became so evident, that medical assistance was indispensable. The doctors declared that the interference of the church could not be avoided. As the graduate holds the office of advocate to the convent, I could not forbear proffering my assistance to his family on this occasion. How overwhelmed with compassion was I, on beholding the condition of the young husband! His blooming cheeks and fair eye-brows were defaced by the scabia, the ravages of which upon a handsome person, depict too well the stains with which sin sullies the pure mind.

Towards the afternoon of an appointed day, a numerous assemblage of persons

being collected, the ceremony of separating this unfortunate young man from his kindred and from the people was performed.

The leper, clad in a shroud, awaited at the bottom of the stair. The clergy of his parish had come in procession, and had conducted him to the church. An illuminated bier was prepared, in which the young man was placed, in a manner similar to that in which dead bodies usually lie in state. Then masses for the departed were sung, and the wonted besprinklings and incense offerings were made. He was then led by the bridge of Saint Ladre, without the town, to the small house which he was to occupy.

On arriving at the door, over which was placed a little clock, surmounted by a cross, the leper, before casting off his garment, threw himself on his knees. The curate who attended him then made an affecting discourse, exhorting him to patience, reminding him of the tribulation of Jesus Christ, pointing out to him, above his head, that heaven which was ready to receive him, the abode of the afflicted here, where there will be neither sickness nor leprosy, where all will be eternally pure and happy. After this address was concluded, the unfortunate young man threw off his dress, put on the habiliment of a leper, and took his rattle, (a toy similar to that which children use) to warn every one to fly at his approach. Then the curate, with a loud voice, pronounced in these terms the prohibitions ordered by the ritual.

I forbid thee to take off this thy dress of a leper.

I forbid thee to walk bare-footed.

I forbid thee to pass through by-lanes or narrow streets.

I forbid thee to speak to any one who faces thee to the windward.

I forbid thee to enter into any church, monastery, fair, market; or into any place where men shall be assembled.

I forbid thee to drink, or to wash thy hands, either in a fountain, or in a river.

I forbid thee to handle any article of merchandize before thou hast purchased it.

I forbid thee to touch, or to give anything to children.

I forbid thee to live with any woman except thy wife.

Then the priest gave him his hand to kiss, threw a shovel of earth upon his head, and closing the door, recommended him to the prayers of the assisting clergy. All the bystanders then retired.

The following is also curious, as it relates to conventional customs:

My old relation from the square of St. John is still in existence, and she intreated me to-day to dine at her house. In compliance with her request, I went thither, and met an elderly nun, whom I mistook at first for a widow. She proved to be a Benedictine, recently arrived from the marches of Maine, where her convent had been pillaged by the Bretons and the English. All her companions were dispersed. We inquired why they had abandoned their convent, which, by their presence, they might have preservedf rom plunder.—"Trust the English!" replied she; "they are a pitiless people; besides, our fortifications were worth nothing, although they had cost us so much. Our deceased abbess, God rest her soul! knew nothing of military defence. She made her walls between the bastions too large, so that the towers afforded no mutual protection. We told her that it would be necessary to raise the clock tower, in order that it might also serve as a watch tower. She would not listen to it. A river

flows by the very walls of the convent: you would suppose that our abbess would have directed its course into the moats which surround the edifice. She was blind even to the necessity of that precaution. We now suffer the penalty of her folly. We have been obliged to fly from our home, and to trust for its defence to a handful of timid peasants, who surrendered the instant that they saw the scaling ladder applied to the walls. Had we," continued the nun, "encountered this calamity in my earlier days, it would have been sufficient to disperse the assailants, to have presented ourselves on the summit of a tower, with a little bell in our hands, menacing our foes with excommunication. In those days relics, merely exhibited on the battlements, secured the safety of the smallest monasteries; but now nothing is held sacred by these outlandish and warlike people (the English); they have already burned several convents, and thrown others into confusion. On my journey hither, the day being far spent, I rang the bell at the door of an abbey of nuns of Saint Bernard. A small grated window was opened:—"My sister, will you give me an asylum!" "Who are you?" replied a hoarse voice. "I am the sister Agatha." A young archer (the person, doubtless, who had spoken to me) put his head out of the window, which he closed immediately, and the door remained also closed. In the adjacent village I was informed that this abbey was occupied by soldiers, who, after having stormed it, were consuming, in constant revels, the provisions which they had found there. Formerly, monastic institutions enjoyed a degree of consideration which they have now lost. When monarchs were desirous to conclude a peace, they swore to observe it, and the oath was taken within the walls of a monastery. When a lady of rank was charged with laxity in her moral conduct, she was declared innocent or guilty, according to the proofs which were exhibited at a monastery. When a nobleman escaped from great peril, or returned from distant warfare, a monastery was benefited by his good fortune. So soon as the first verdure appeared, the villagers hastened to carry it to the gates of their nearest convent: in summer they offered their earliest vegetables, in autumn their finest fruits, to the saints of the monastery. In winter, when they killed a buck or a boar, they carried the best parts of the animal to the convent; if the snow covered the ground, they hastened to clear it away from the roads which led to the convent, and thought they had not done enough unless they had given, along with their children, their cattle and their lands to the convent. All were for the convent—always were the people occupied for the convent.

The unfortunate Jews experienced the effects of that security and prosperity which emboldened the clergy to expend all their rage upon this persecuted people. Already nearly exterminated in the reign of Louis VII., and expatriated for a time by the command of Philip Augustus, they were preserved from ruin by the patronage of the nobility, whom they found it expedient to oblige and conciliate, whilst practising the most unconscionable usury among the less powerful classes.

Restored or banished at sundry times, according to the inclination or policy of the reigning monarch, the insurrections of the people occasionally forced these unhappy outcasts from the homes in which they had been domesticated. A still more wretched fate sometimes

awaited them, when the fury of intolerance, aggravated by personal hatred, broke out in acts of diabolical revenge. In the town of Tours several of these unfortunate wretches were burned; and in the neighbouring town of Chinon an immense ditch was dug, and filled with combustibles, into which 160 of that nation were plunged; the fatal spark was then kindled, and the whole were consumed. Degradation of every species,—even if life were permitted, awaited this devoted race, and all the varieties of death and dishonour were their portion. In several provinces of France, especially in Aquitaine, they ran upon them as if they had been wild beasts, and butchered them in the most barbarous manner. Thus pursued, it is astonishing that the Jews continued to reside in a country where such outrages against them were frequent, and often unpunished. Yet they remained chiefly in the southern provinces, and by degrees established themselves not only there, but in various other parts of France. The most invidious distinctions were still, however, enforced; and when the burgesses permitted the residence of this wretched people in the towns, they compelled the wearing of a badge, generally two folds of yellow felt on the dress,—a mark for the jeers and derision of the multitude. They were prohibited from employing Christians to suckle their children: nor could they even bathe in the rivers, so rigorous were the restrictions. The most trivial offences were visited with unexampled severity; and if the fatal sentence was passed on one of their order, he was hung up between two dogs, as an aggravation of punishment. The confiscation of their goods was then, as in England, a daily occurrence. But the love of excessive gain seems, in their days of exclusion from Christian society, to have been the inbred, irretrievable vice of the whole order; and to check their excessive usury it was necessary to enact that the interests of their weekly loans should be restricted to twopence in the pound; and they were prohibited from receiving as pledges either the vases, or other ornaments of a church, ploughshares, or soiled clothes. Even the decrees which recalled them to France named them in the most contemptuous terms, and alluded to the facility with which they might be re-driven from the country when a certain number of years should have expired; and yet it was thought no shame or injustice to make this stiff-necked people the unwilling instruments of benefit to the state. Thus, when the bridge of Hotel Dieu was required over the river Seine at Paris, five of the richest were condemned upon pretext of their religious offences, their property confiscated and appropriated to the construction of that fabric.

These acts were not the only evidences of an imperfect legislation. Duels had at one time become so frequent as to require particular enactments for their prevention: as, when the debt about which any dispute occurred did not amount to fivepence. The regulation of the mode in which this barbarous custom might be maintained had

engaged the attention of several of the French kings. In 1205, Philip Augustus had restricted the length of the club, with which single combat was then pursued, to three feet; and in 1260, Saint Louis abolished the practice of deciding civil matters by duelling. With the revival of literature and of the arts, national manners became ameliorated, and duels necessarily declined. It was still, however, not unusual for the French to promote or to behold those single combats over which the pages of romance have thrown a delusive charm, and which were, in early times, hallowed, in the opinion of the vulgar, by their accompanying superstitious ceremonies. When any quarrel had been referred to this mode of decision, the parties met on the appointed day, and frequently in an open space, overshadowed by the walls of a convent, which thus lent its sanction to the bloody scene. From day-break the people were generally employed in erecting scaffolds and stages, and in placing themselves upon the towers and ramparts of the adjacent buildings. About noon, the cavalcade was usually seen to to make its arrival at the door of the lists: then the herald cried, "Let the appellant appear;" and his summons was answered by the entrance of the challenger, armed cap-a-pie, the escutcheon suspended from his neck, his visor lowered, and an image of some national saint in his hand. He was allowed to pass within the lists, and conducted to his tent. The accused person likewise appeared, and was led in the same manner to his tent. Then the herald, in his robe embroidered with fleur-de-lis. advanced to the centre of the lists and exclaimed, "Oyez, oyez! lords, knights, and squires, people of all condition, our sovereign lord, by the grace of God, King of France, forbids you, on pain of death or confiscation of goods, either to cry out, to speak, to cough, to spit, or to make signs." During a profound silence, in which nothing but the murmurs of the unconscious streamlet, or the chirping of birds, might be heard, the combatants quitted their tents, to take individuallythe two first oaths. When the third oath was to be administered it was customary for them to meet, and for the marshal to take the right hand of each and to place it on the cross. Then the functions of the priest began; and the usual address, endeavouring to conciliate the angry passions of the champions, and to remind them of their common dependence on the Supreme Being, may have tended to benefit the bystanders, although it generally failed of its effect with the combatants.

If the parties persisted, the last oath was administered. The combatants were obliged to swear solemnly that they had neither about them nor their horses, stone, nor herb, nor charm, nor invocation; and that they would fight only with their bodily strength, their weapons, and their horses. The crucifix and breviary were then presented to them to kiss, the parties retired into their tents, the heralds uttering their last admonition to exertion and courage, and

the challengers rushed forth from their tents, which were immediately dragged from within the lists. Then the marshal of the field having cried out "Let them pass, let them pass," the seconds retired. The combatants instantly mounted their horses, and the contest commenced.

In most criminal cases, the supposed delinquent was referred to the church; and although the ordeal by fire was almost abolished, the horrors of torture were substituted. And if the evidence of more than one witness were adduced, the *question*, that cruel and often fatal temptation to falsehood and infamy, was administered in all its terrible force. This way was then deemed the most expeditious,—for not to enter minutely into the intricate details respecting French legislature, which M. Monteil has given elaborately, how, indeed, could justice be expected, when the judges were seldom appointed by merit, their offices being hereditary, and instances being not unfrequent of their purchasing them from the king?

From M. Monteil's observations on the education of youth, it appears, that under the tutelage of a master of the novices, the sons of respectable or of opulent parents were, both in this country and in France, bred up in convents. Instructed in Latin from the age of nine or ten years, the young student became familiar with it from its association with music, his psalter being taught him in that language, in which also it was the common practice among the monks to converse. After the acquisition of Latin, and likewise of Greek, which appears to have been at this time more sedulously cultivated in France than in England, the addition of a slight acquaintance with the Arabic tongue was thought to be desirable, in an age of superstition, when the crusades were still in memory, and when pilgrimages were in high repute. Yet Latin might almost have been deemed sufficient, since the inhabitants of Poland, Hungary, and Germany conversed fluently in that language; and all the better-informed classes among the oriental nations were acquainted with it. After proficiency in these and other studies had been acquired within the precincts of the convent, it was usual to send the pupils to some considerable school in the town, where a course of rhetoric, logic, metaphysics, and natural philosophy prepared the capacity of the youth to receive such an initiation into theology and ethics as accorded with the notions of those times. The science of mathematics was then inculcated with caution, and but rarely; or even in privacy. "I will not," says the Cordelier of Tours, speaking the sentiments of his age, "persuade you from teaching mathematics, if you are determined upon it; but such instruction must be given with precaution, and with prudence—that is, in a retired apartment, without permitting that geometrical figures, algebraic letters, or conjunctions should be traced on the walls or floors. The character of no person should be endangered; more especially ought

one to guard against attaching to any person the imputation of sorcery."

After a partial initiation into these studies, a course of improvement at the University of Paris was deemed essential to complete the education of those who aspired either to honours in the church or in the state. The University of Paris, at this time, stood in high repute, and was the resort, not only of the young French literati, but of the high-born and the studious portion of the community in England. That of Saragossa, rising in estimation, and established on the same plan, and with the same statutes as the University of Paris, was still in its infancy, compared to its model, although favoured by the peculiar patronage of the kings of Arragon. To avail himself of the advantages offered in the capital, the young student was obliged to pursue a course of reading selected from the works of Aristotle, of Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Abelard, Gregory of Nazianzen, and other metaphysicians and theologians. Meanwhile, all the polite branches of literature were uncultivated, and almost unknown. The theatre, more particularly the criterion of taste, in an age when the progress of literature was impeded by the absence of the printing press, betrayed that deficiency of refined taste, and fondness for scenic diversions, which characterize a nation scarcely emerging from barbarism. Confined chiefly to the clergy, it was either made by them the vehicle of moral and religious instruction, in a form adapted to the comprehension rather of children than of men; or it was rendered the means of repressing heresy, or of alluring noviciates to the conventual vows. These modes of spiritual diversion were but partially approved by the clergy, who reasonably dreaded the kindling of that spark of enthusiasm which stimulates within the youthful bosom the inclination for worldly pleasures. But the popular taste proved predominant; and even the cloistered monks relieved the monotony of their mechanical existence by representations, of which the honour of their order and profession was the theme, but in which many collateral circumstances, more beguiling to the fancy, were introduced. The ancient mystery, still so attractive to the French, is described with considerable animation in the following extract:—

What a splendid fête was given by Philip the Fair, at Paris, in celebration of his son's knighthood; I know not if any entertainments have been since given superior, or even equal in magnificence. Thus, brother, tell me, do you remember it? We were both so young; you indeed younger than myself, a fact which it does not displease you to hear.

At Tours, this fête was the subject of conversation for many years afterwards: my father, who was present, delighted, especially among his family and friends, to recall the minutest details of that part of the amusements which had pleased him most; this, I believe, was the great Mystery represented in a gay theatre hung with rich tapestry which had been woven in the midst of the

meadow, or rather island of Nôtre Dame. In the piece, according to my father, the various scenes which life presents, were enacted: mechanics with their tools, doctors with their phials, officers of justice with their warrants, warriors with their swords, ecclesiastics with their copes, and the soul personified by the emblem of the most intelligent of animals the fox, successively an apprentice, a boy, a master, a warden of a company, an apothecary, a wild boar, a surgeon, a physician, a proctor, an advocate, a judge, a president, a clerk, a monk, an abbot, a bishop, an archbishop, or the pope himself; yet still retaining his native attributes; perpetually allowing his long tail to escape from beneath his clothes, or his little ears, always showing his lively and sagacious eyes, and ever devouring eggs and poultry. "Imagine," added my father, "here and there groups of kings of the beaux, rakes in their shirts, wild men surrounded by young Parisians, nymphs of Paris forming different dances and movements, and in the distance, the venerable figure of Adam, contemplating his descendants of the fourteenth century thus attired, and in masquerade." Hell was also represented like a vast lake of sulphur, of pitch, and of fire: in the midst of its dark waves was a deep cavern, opening its formidable mouth, through which legions of devils laden with souls, were passing and repassing, and my father, who had an excellent memory and much wit, imitated the torments and groans of the damned, with so much skill, that one both saw and heard them. I must also add, that one perceived, as it were, when he spoke, the smell of that thick, humid, and offensive atmosphere which is related to proceed from the regions of darkness.

My father loved also to render a tribute of justice to the pious genius of the Parisian artists, who had represented Jesus Christ in his infancy so simple, so lovely, a chaplet on his arm, talking, smiling, eating apples with his mother. Then, in his passion so gentle, so touching, expiring in the midst of cries and shouts, with pardon on his lips; lastly, in the day of his triumph, breaking through the vaults of death, quitting his tomb, mounting to the skies in the brilliancy of his power, and leaving on earth Pilate clothed in his judge's robes; Caiphas with his mitre; Herod with his crown upon his head,—a terrible lesson to iniquitous judges, to wicked priests, and to bad kings.

At this time the taste for theatrical representations was general; and at Tours, our civil authorities, in imitation of their brethren elsewhere, acted the Mystery of the Apostles in prayer. I was then fifteen years of age, engaged in the study of rhetoric. I was attired as St. John; and I can never forget that I and my companions were six long hours upon our knees, without eating or drinking, in public devotion. But behold! another spectacle!—when we quitted the stage, the young girls came in crowds to embrace the apostles, willing or unwilling; I defended myself vigorously both with feet and hands, for I purposed to become a Cordelier: nevertheless, I saluted no fewer than thirty young damsels; and, my brother, will you believe me? the impression, although I relate what happened sixty years ago, is not entirely effaced. Often have I, in the pulpit, cited this fact, as a proof of the dangers incident to the seductions of the other sex.

During the calamitous reigns of Philip de Valois, and his son John, the theatres declined, but revived under Charles the Wise, and have more especially under Charles VI., who goes so frequently with his young queen, and his young court, to the new mysteries, represented periodically at St. Maur.

It is now designed, according to report, to establish regular theatricals at Paris; doubtless, such a scheme is greatly desired at Tours.

The four mendicant orders who consider themselves as more particularly responsible for the safety of Christianity, have taken alarm at this plan. We, the chiefs and deans of the four convents, have successively assembled upon the questions. Neither the Jacobins nor the Cordeliers have made any resolution upon the subject, but, to-day, a decision was made by the Augustines, that they should oppose every species of spectacular diversion.

The mystery of the Cordeliers is thus described:—

In imitation of the clerks of parliament in Paris, or in Basoche, who mount upon the marble table of the hall, in the palace where our kings hold their solemn festivals, our young people (of the convent) mounted upon a great table in the refectory, and when all our numerous community were ranged and seated around, they began to act.

In the first scene a youth is retained in the world by demons, under the form of women, dignities, honours, ambition, fortune, and riches. Saint Francis, with a powerful arm, leads him away, and makes him enter within the cloister. A new scene begins; the boy has his hair cut—they make a beautiful coronet of his fair locks; a repast, a banquet to honour his reception. Another scene —still greater joy—his profession. Other scenes are occupied with the chapter, the elections. My brother, I perceived the thoughtless boys acted well, too well, the entrances and the exits, the whispers, flatteries, artifices, and intrigues of the world. Then I raised my arm, and in a loud voice commanded that they should retire. The piece continues with new scenes, representing successively the dignity of sacristan, chantry, reader, vicar, guardian, visitor, provincial, and general. In every new scene the cordelier appears in a new dress. When he becomes general of the order, he contemplates the world, as it were, at his feet. We all smiled. Then the decline of age is represented. In every successive scene the cordelier bends, sinks, and drops. At last, he is beheld extended upon his death-bed: the devil is there bellowing; he wishes to overturn the vessel of holy water, but the blessed water wets him; he wishes to extinguish the candles, but he burns his claws. The cordelier dies. On seeing his soul ascend to heaven, the devil makes a thousand grimaces, with which the spectators are dismissed gay and satisfied.

Paris in the fourteenth century, was far more attractive than London, from the superiority of its shops, the variety of its amusements, and above all, from the vivacious character of its inhabitants.

The manners and customs of past ages cannot be rendered too familiar to us: we may not discover much in them to imitate, yet we may find in them the sources of our most approved and most beneficial institutions and practices. A knowledge of the superstitions, the prejudices, and even of the vices of former times may warn us from falling anew into the errors of intolerance; and may enhance our value of a spirit of intelligence and exertion, by proving to us how intimately it is connected with refined and just notions of honour, and with that more rigid sense of moral rectitude, which the improved feelings of later ages have introduced and cherished.

ART. XI.—*Brief Notices of Hayti, &c.* By JOHN CANDLER. Ward and Co.

THE earthquake which has visited St. Domingo, with such dire destruction, since Mr. Candler wrote his Brief Notices of the island, must serve to invite attention to the publication. Independently, however, of the appalling calamity, so recently the theme of numerous pieces of newspaper intelligence, and which could not but excite a deep interest in behalf of a coloured population who have achieved their own independence, and have for a series of years been maintaining a system of self-government, the present small volume would have merited public regard; for it is really worthy of its subject, although that subject has been allowed to drop unaccountably into almost total neglect, on the part of the British nation. The author, it appears, visited the island in the course of a missionary tour; and the results of his observation and inquiries are before us in a shape equally characterized by an unaffected, unobtrusive tone, clear information, impartiality, and benevolence.

However callous the British public might have grown concerning the Haytians, we can hardly believe that the facts connected with the late earthquake, which has wrought such destruction in their island, and when coupled with the sensible and unvarnished accounts in this volume, will fail of attracting something like an adequate regard, both in a political and philanthropic view. The experiment which has been in operation in Hayti, ever since the final modification of its constitution, in 1816, ought surely to engage the sympathies of our fellow subjects and of our government, who have long professed an extraordinary abhorrence of slavery, and, consequently, the greatest anxiety for the success of any struggle for freedom; and who have lavished the wealth and the agencies of the empire in order to abolish negro bondage,—the results of which exertions have been most signally exemplified in islands that press upon the very shores of Hayti itself.

There is a variety of circumstances which recommend the Haytians to our particular consideration. Most of these are embraced in the fact, that while the condition of the community is far from that which the eye of philanthropy can repose upon with thorough complacency; yet it is infinitely preferable to what characterized the French rule, where they, as slave-proprietors, had dominion in the island; nay, that though tardy, there is an advancing civilization to be witnessed; and this is illustrated by a diversity of signs.

It was market day, at Gonaives, says our author, in one passage; hundreds of people had passed us within the last two hours, wending their way homeward to the high mountains: the sight surprised us, and seeing other groups in the distance, we began to count the people. Before entering the town itself we had passed in all four hundred and sixty-five persons, with nearly as many

horses, mules, and asses, drawing light carriages, or loaded with commodities, which the peasantry were carrying back, in return for the small parcels of cotton and coffee which they had carried to market. The women, as usual, were decently dressed; and the men were more respectable in appearance than any we had seen on our route: they were evidently small cultivators who live on their own freeholds. All seemed cheerful and happy. It was one of the most cheering sights we saw in Hayti; and we could not but contrast it with those dark and terrible days, when slave proprietors, under the French dominion, oppressed the people with intolerable hardships; and inflicted cruelties too horrible to relate. In this very region, within the memory of many living witnesses, Deodune, a cotton planter, buried some of his slaves in the earth as deep as their shoulders, and to satisfy his revenge, or for devilish amusement, rolled stones at their heads till they died! The rest of his slaves then rose, and in indignation put the monster himself to death.

The signs described of the industrial habits of the Haytians are truly gladdening; and the more so when one considers the relaxing character of the climate, the deep depression from which the people have so recently emerged, the still imperfect institutions under which they live, and, perhaps, above all, the long reiterated allegation that the negro will not work, unless forced by a master,—that is, through fear of the lash.

True, Mr. Candler honestly states that "the men of Hayti pass much of their time in sauntering, idling, talking, and playing games of chance or skill: some we saw stretched out at their ease under the shade of trees; others were sitting on chairs or stools in the open air, as if they had nothing to do, and were only desirous to kill time." But let these facts be taken in connexion with the following, and others not less significant:—education is still in a very backward condition, the community consisting of persons who at best are the immediate descendants of slaves who were sunk in mental and moral darkness; and the liberty won is greater in name than in reality.

It was after a sanguinary revolt that the Haytians proclaimed themselves free, and this without having precedents to guide them or the sympathizing counsel of friendly European powers. The wonder therefore is, rather that they did not pass into anarchy and such social distraction as would either terminate in annihilation or grosser bondage than before, than that they have not worked out a system theoretically perfect and practically commendable in every particular. Indeed the constitution appears to be more liberal in theory, and at first sight to contain more of the essential elements of a republic, than any wise and honest statesman could ever have hoped for in practice from it. It lays claim, no doubt, to a representative character, under a president, in conjunction with a senate. But then, the president is chosen for life, and naturally takes care in presenting lists to the House of Representatives, for the choice of senators, "so to arrange the names, as to ensure the election of the

persons that he wishes; and, from the comparative poverty and ignorance of many members of the House of Assembly, who are always subservient, he can influence the decision of that body at his pleasure, even so far as to induce them to expel any member who manifests the least show of resistance to his will." And when it is added, that the president is not only governor for life, but generalissimo of the forces, head of the church, and fountain of honour and rewards, it will be at once understood that Mr. Candler is right in saying, that he "is thus sovereign in all but the name;" and that although the maxims of government are those of clemency, and to rule for the people's good, yet "a mistaken view of what that good really requires, leads him occasionally into acts of substantial injustice."

The political system a few of whose main features we have noticed, was sure to result in something like a military government, that will despotic as well as oppressively expensive. In fact the army is extravagantly numerous, consisting of 28,000 standing troops, and a militia force of 40,000, out of a population of less than a million. This immoderate establishment, no doubt, took its rise in a great measure, from the necessities of the revolt against the French masters, and from the French method of government. Nor has this been the only hard legacy which our Gallic neighbours have left; for the Haytian government found itself obliged to purchase the assent of France to its independence by exorbitant purchases; a loan having been contracted on the extorted condition that the borrowers should pay a thousand francs to their late white rulers, for every eight hundred francs received in cash down. Now, what a weight upon the young state must this debt continually prove; and how cheering must we consider the maintenance of independence, not to speak of the gradual progress that appears really to be made towards a healthier, and a more prosperous condition by the black experimentalists in the walks of industry and peace! How striking, in a word, is the fact, that St. Domingo actually carries on an extensive trade, exporting annually to the value of a million sterling, and maintaining a "commerce in native produce nearly three-fourths as large in proportion to her population, as our United Kingdom, which is the great manufacturing mart of the world."

But the Haytians have to struggle against the exclusiveness of other white nations, as well as under the burden of French exactions. Nay, slave-hating England has, it is said, pursued a narrow policy towards the independent community of blacks, there being no communication to the present moment between St. Domingo and Jamaica, "though they lie within a day's sail of one another; and though a valuable exchange of commodities might often take place between them." "England," continues Mr. Candler, "a short time since, offered to open a trade between Hayti and the British

West India islands, on the condition that certain preferences should be given to British merchants over those of other nations in the ports of Hayti: this the Haytian government very properly refused, and the negotiation ended." The species of narrow policy observed towards St. Domingo now mentioned, has had its natural results in the conduct of the independent Haytians. Says our author,—

The exclusiveness of other nations begets exclusiveness in Hayti. No white man is permitted by the law of the republic to hold a foot of land within its territory: no white man can marry a Haytian woman, and thereby become entitled to her real or personal estate; and no white man can trade without a special licence, renewable yearly, with a heavy fine; nor, indeed, generally speaking, can he trade at all without being associated with a Haytian partner. Such restrictions as these tend to exclude capital from the country, to paralyse industry, and to prevent the increased cultivation of the soil.

We shall now proceed to lay before our readers a variety of extracts, each of which is more or less illustrative of the general condition, and anomalous features of society in Hayti; all of them also serving to account for the more remarkable defects described. Begin with the subject of education, as it exists at Port-au-Prince:—

One of the first objects to claim our attention was the public schools. There are two institutions of this sort in the capital; one on the principle of mutual instruction, for the poor; and the other, a lyceum or college for young men who have received preliminary instruction elsewhere, and who go there to complete their studies. Both schools are supported by the government. In the first, or elementary school, the number of those who attend is very small indeed; out of eighty-two boys on the list, only forty-three were present, and these were most of them mullattos: they looked intelligent enough, but had evidently been neglected, and knew very little; being placed under the care of an incompetent master, who received the situation, and enjoys the slender emolument it affords, because, as we were told, the government thought it convenient to pension him off! We examined the classes, and heard some of the boys recite; but found, on the whole, very little to approve. The lyceum is a really respectable institution, and does honour to the republic. The branches of education taught are, the French, English, Spanish, and Latin languages; the mathematics, composition, history, and fencing. The professors, or teachers, are apparently well qualified men; we attended all the classes, and were much gratified at the progress of some of the scholars. One of the black boys construed his Latin verses with much readiness. The students are a hundred and fifty in number, mostly mulattos.

Again,—

Education is at a rather lower ebb at Port-au-Prince than at Cape Haytien: the total number supposed to receive instruction in the city is about a thousand. This number is small, but the proportion of black children, unhappily, is still smaller. Out of 23,000 inhabitants, the coloured class may number, perhaps, 4,000, or one-sixth part of the whole; yet this is the class that may be said

to monopolise education. Children who claim their descent from European fathers have no greater aptitude to learn than children of pure African blood; but the ancestors of the latter having been slaves, and not having been taught to read, were unable to appreciate the value of education. Indifference to knowledge, from this cause, has extended from one generation to another, and has become a rooted habit of mind; which requires the most firm, judicious, and persevering care to eradicate.

And yet the Haytians do not appear to be addicted to heinous crimes. Says Mr. Candler,—

In a population so circumstanced, where all the nobler faculties of the mind are held in abeyance, we need not wonder if crime abounded. Ignorance is proverbially the parent of crime: yet such is the docility of the negro, such his respect for, and general submission to, the authority of human law, that robberies of the person, and other high crimes and misdemeanors, are but little known. Petty pilfering, such as the masters of slaves once permitted, and such as the boasting Spartans encouraged, is common enough; and it is from offences of this sort and from acts of military insubordination, that the gaols are kept constantly filled. We were assured again and again by persons of every rank in society, that travellers may pass through the country from one end to the other, with known treasure in their possession, and be perfectly safe.

But although crimes do not abound amongst this people, and which would indeed be inconsistent with their simple natures, there is no lack of prisoners, confined too to miserable gaols, but which are in a condition not worse "than they were in England half a century ago." Nor need we wonder at the number of incarcerations and other sorts of punishments, when the system of criminal jurisprudence is considered; together with the statement which we have lately read in a communication by an individual who writes from Hayti itself; viz. that the influence of persons in power in the island in such that the guilty may generally escape, even from the form of trial, by means of favouritism; just as the innocent man who is unfortunate enough to incur the dislike and enmity of the dispensers of the law, cannot be sure of his liberty or safety. The particulars which we now copy out afford a striking idea of the faulty system of administrating criminal law which obtains in Hayti:—

The officers of the army act in many cases as justices; and pass sentence for petty offences, on summary conviction. The sentences passed by the civil judges in open court, though seemingly the result of deliberation after a patient trial of the parties accused, are said, in all cases thought worthy of government interference, to be prescribed beforehand. That such is sometimes the case is certain; for a grave in the unconsecrated burial ground was pointed out to us, which was open for three criminals charged with sedition, before they had been put on trial! Accompanied by my friend, James Hartwell, the Wesleyan missionary, who had been with us through the prison, I entered the Court-house to witness the trial of a prisoner accused of stealing cloth from a store. The procureur-general, or state-attorney, opened the case. Rising with

all the dignity of an important public functionary, he put on his official hat, and addressing himself to the judges on the bench, two of whom sat covered, he vehemently urged his proofs of the prisoner's guilt; he then called his witnesses, but none appeared. The attorney for the prisoner then rose, and contended that as there was no evidence adduced, he was entitled to an immediate acquittal. The state-attorney again rose, bowed to the bench, put on his hat as before, and urged in reply, that inasmuch as the crime had been distinctly proved before a magistrate appointed to take the examination, *in limine*, and this examination was on record before the court, and nothing was now advanced by the prisoner to establish his innocence, the absence of witnesses was immaterial, and he must by law be pronounced guilty. The court, consisting of two mulattos and an intelligent looking black man, then retired, and were gone about half-an-hour . . . . Whilst we sat waiting the return of the judges with their verdict of aquittal, the side door opened and a herald came forward and proclaimed attention; then the chairman read deliberately the prisoner's sentence, that he was condemned to three years' labour in the chain gang!.... Incidents such as these and others that we met with, were often the subjects of conversation at the dinner-table, and elicited comments from the company, that put us in possession of the state of public feeling with regard to these matters. The intelligent part of the Haytian people are evidently at variance with their own government on many public points,—and especially as regards the administration of justice.

The ecclesiastical system in St. Domingo is the most anomalous of any that we remember to have read of; for while it is in a great measure identified with the state, and has many of the qualities of a thorough establishment, it yet presents much of the essence which the most voluntary sect would stand up for. We thus read,—

Since the union of both divisions of the island under the republic, the jurisdiction of the Pope at Rome has been repudiated; the Archbishop has banished himself to a distant country, and the President, following the example of Henry the Eighth, has become head of the church. The religion recognized by law is Roman Catholic; but there is only one order of priests; no archbishops, bishops, deans, or other titled dignitaries swell the ecclesiastical muster-roll, or levy contributions on the people. Entire toleration is the law of the land, and is freely extended to all dissentients from the Romish church. There are no tithes for the maintenance of a priesthood, and no forced contributions for the support of public worship, or the repair of the parish church. Every contribution on the scorce of religion is paid for some presumed spiritual benefit, and the amount to be demanded for each separate service is regulated by law.

But the curiosity enlarges:—

A mother brings her child to be baptized by the priest, and receives his blessing, and pays half-a-dollar for the presumed benefit; but if she decline the ceremony altogether, or take her child to a Protestant missionary for baptism, the state exacts nothing! A person dies; the relations of the deceased desire a grand funeral, and pay sixty dollars for the service, sixty

dollars for high mass, and sixty for the interment; and receive in return a loud noise of bells, a full choir, and the display of a huge silver crucifix. All this is perfectly intelligible, and, looking at religion as a trade or a plaything is perfectly just; but if the relations or friends of a deceased person choose to bury the body in the public cemetery without the intervention of a priest, the grave is open to receive it, and the state exacts nothing! A large number of those who die in remote country places, to save the payment of fees, are buried without priestly rites or resistance; and many are buried with the rites of heathenism, such as are practised to this day in the heart of Africa; but when poor people die in a town or city, and are buried without a crucifix, because their friends are unable or unwilling to pay for it, the sympathies of their neighbours are exalted towards the memory of the dead, and reproaches are cast on the church for its covetousness. The common people, speaking generally, are not very solicitous to have their deceased relations buried by the priest. Water baptism is thought to be essential to salvation, and must be performed at all hazards, and at whatever cost.

It may be asked how the priests contrive to gain a living: how the ecclesiastical establishment is enabled to secure a maintenance; how amid so much indifference among the body of the people, the avarice of a priesthoed can be gratified? In answer, it is to be learnt, that the means of acquiring wealth, on the part of greedy ecclesiastics, are always unhappily ready to their hand; for that amid so much ignorance as prevails, superstitious feelings can easily be worked upon, so as to supply a revenue, and so as to yield donatives both without law and by virtue of it.

"Not contented with baptizing children for gain, they baptize houses, boats and door-posts! A merchant at Gonaives assured us," says Mr. Candler, "that he had paid on one occasion twenty dollars to a priest for baptizing a small vessel when ready for sea, which belonged to a female friend of his; and related to us many other instances of church rapacity."

The Haytian church must indeed be at a low moral and religious ebb. Dr. England, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, United States, when he went to the island, some eight years ago, as the pope's legate, to try and establish the supremacy of Rome, found that two of the priests of Port-au-Prince had been galley-slaves released from bondage. It is added by our author that "the immorality and debauchery of others had become so notorious that the Council of Notables took up the matter: and when the priests refused, as *spiritual persons*, to answer the interrogatories of a lay tribunal, General Boyer, to cut the matter short, banished them from the country."

We have already had some notices of the economical and industrial condition of Hayti. These in Mr. Candler's pages are of a very mixed nature, and are descriptive of many serious defects; while there are indications, as before stated, of improvement, which, how-

ever, can never be realized so long as industry is shackled by, or made subject to, arbitrary interference; nor so long as the people generally have no higher aims than to provide for the cravings of sense. There must be far more intellectual light, higher moral purposes, and greater systematic security, before the Haytians can present a very flattering illustration of republican dogmas. We cite and string together several of our author's measured statements.

On returning from Sans Souci to the cape, we took a new road by *La grande riviere* and *Le quartier Morin*, passing through the midst of many fine sugar plantations, either deserted or cultivated only in part by a few labourers, who work on the system recognized by the *code rurale*, and now in general use, of receiving one-quarter of the net produce, with provisions to live on, or half the produce without. . . . . Lacombe is the property of Jacques Cæsar, the intelligent magistrate and architect, who accompanied us through the ruined apartments of the palace, and who persuaded us to pay him a hasty visit at his own home. We could not fail here to be struck with the entire equality that seems now to subsist in Hayti between servant and master. Every workman that made his appearance was addressed in the courteous language, "*Mons fils*" and on inquiring the cause, we found it to be that the profits of planting were good, labourers were scarce, and that it was necessary to conciliate all by kindness, or no work would be done. Good land may be had of the government in every part of the island at a low price; and any man not satisfied with his condition as a private labourer may easily buy it, and become a freeholder in his own right. . . . . The peasantry of Hayti, through the prevalence of heathenism and ignorance, have little emulation, and few wants, and grow up contented with common fare, coarse clothing, and enjoyments of a mere animal nature: it is true, they work to live, as without some labour they cannot subsist; but they do not, and they will not, work hard to please anybody, and hence agriculture languishes, and commerce is stationary. . . . . The maxims of government adopted by Boyer, are in many respects totally opposed to those of Christophe; he neither compels labour by military coercion nor holds out higher inducements of a pecuniary nature than his brother planters; hence his estates, like theirs, are only half cultivated, and exhibit signs of neglect. The guava bush covers what once were cane-fields, and diminished herds of cattle roam over the pastures. . . . . The town of La Petite Anse stands on a bay that fronts the town of Cape Haytien. In passing through it, several groups of women and children respectably attired, some of them handsomely, came to the doors of their houses to greet us. We were much struck with their agreeable appearance, and that of the place in general. Devastation has done its work here in past days: many of the buildings were set on fire, or destroyed by cannon, and are still in ruins, but many remain in a good condition.

General Boyer, president of Hayti, of whose murder late arrivals from the West Indies have brought the melancholy rumour, is the subject of a good sketch by our author; and appears in a favourable light. The said General's character, however, of Christophe, is not so agreeable; and indeed, whatever may have been the merits of

their several maxims of government, Christophe's practice was in certain instances so extravagant, as greatly to cripple industry and harass the people. Hear what is said of his palace,—

The first view of Sans Souci from the village is very striking. The palace stands between two lofty hills well covered with fine trees: and mountains rise in the background, on one of which the citadel stands. The buildings, though once splendid, were never in good architectural taste, and defaced as they now are from the battering of cannon and musket-balls, windows shattered, walls crumbling, and the roof falling in, they resemble a huge deserted cotton factory. The whole domain, when properly maintained in the days of Christophe, must have been a princely affair, and adds one to the many other proofs that he gave that it was his ambition to be thought every inch of him a king. The rooms were spacious and lofty, the floors and side panels of polished mahogany, or beatifully inlaid with mosaic: the apartments are said to have been sumptuously furnished: and the gardens and the baths for the young princesses were all in keeping with the general splendour. The coach-houses and stables were magnificent. A number of the royal carriages still remain, the panels of which, gilded and emblazoned by the royal arms, show at how great a cost they must have been constructed. One of the coaches was built in London, and cost 700*l.* sterling, and when equipped as it used to be, with six fine grey horses and postilions on splendid saddles, bearing a king and his chamberlain in their robes of state, must have struck the gazing negro crowd with astonishment. These splendid baubles are suffered by the present republican government to remain and moulder, and everything belonging to the palace to fall to decay, as a satire on the follies of kingship, and to render the name of King odious.

The devastation in Hayti, by man's immediate agency, and the ruin wrought by the encroachment of time, sink into insignificance when compared with the terrible effects of the physical convulsions which have lately desolated the island. One of the most striking accounts of the earthquake which we have met with, appeared in the Jamaica *Morning Journal*, given by a passenger in the ship Tweed, and which we must be excused for quoting. Says the writer,—

The Tweed sailed from Turk's Island on the evening of the 13th May; and the next morning, on standing in to Cape Haytien, she was boarded by Mr. Thompson, her Britannic Majesty's Consul: whose account of the earthquake at that place is truly deplorable. Of the inhabitants, 9000 in number, 4000 lives have been lost, and property to the value of 1,000,000 dollars completely destroyed. The town is one mass of ruin, and is entirely abandoned by the survivors, as the shocks still continued, although in a limited degree.

The ships in the harbour are crowded with refugees from the town. On board the Condor, a brig of Bremen, the British Consul had taken shelter; when I heard that he was on board the Tweed.

It came across my mind that he visited the ship to wait on the Earl of Elgin, then a passenger on his way to Jamaica to assume the government of that island; and in addressing him, and expressing my intention to go with him when he went ashore, he replied in painful accent—"Ashore, my dear Sir! I have no house, no home! I have lost every living soul belonging to me,

and am here, as you see me!" It was lamentably too true; his wife and all his household were crushed to death! On taking up a telescope and surveying the whole town, I saw one mass of ruin, of bare and broken walls; the fronts of strong and substantial buildings and warehouses, which lined the quays I had been on so late as the 5th May last, were not only destroyed but threatened with further convulsion! After leaving the harbour of Cape Haytien and steering westward, which we did after a very short stay in the harbour, and without anchoring, we observed that, contrary to all former experience, the wind was westerly, the air heated, and with what is called a thundering sky in England; in short, the atmosphere was highly electric; and last night as we stood to the southward of the Keys, the forked lightning was very vivid. It is now three *p. m.* 14th May, having passed Tortuga; the villages on the St. Domingo shore are all in ruins. Port Paix is one mass of ruin.

The poor consul has continued to perform his functions with extraordinary fortitude, in spite of bereavement, desolation, want, and pestilence. But we must bring our paper to a close, and do so with a fair specimen of our intelligent and judicious author's descriptive matter:—

One of the most agreeable journeys we made in this desultory manner was to Sans Souci, once the palace of King Henry Christophe, which lies at five leagues distance from the Cape along the level plain, and between a defile of hills, that form the termination of an extensive mountain range. General Bottex, the commandant, had given us permission to visit it, as also the citadel. At three o'clock in the morning, the moon shining bright, the horses for our little company stood ready caparisoned at the door. Our good-tempered laughing hostess, *La veuve Piquion*, a short fat personage, came out attired in a white muslin robe, with a damask silk shawl of crimson and white on her shoulders, and a yellow turban handkerchief on her head; the latter was surmounted by a new black beaver hat, surrounded by a broad golden band, bespangled in front by a golden star and buckle, and adorned with black plumes made to nod like a tuft of ostrich feathers. The back of her palfrey was spread over with a rich puce-coloured saddle cloth, bordered with a fringe of gold lace: her second son, Francis, whom she had selected to be our guide, stood solemnly by, with a long sword at his side, according to the country phrase, "*pour nous débarrasser des méchants*;" and as soon as he had seen the rest of us mounted, sprung on his own saddle, which was adorned with pistol cases, and led the way along the quay to the city gate. My horse also was duly furnished with pistol cases, covered with leopard skin, but without fire-arms; that of my wife was unincumbered. We presently cleared *Le champ de Mars*.

The description proceeds:—

The rain a few days before had fallen in torrents, and the road was, in some places, so intolerably deep in mire that we could only pick our way slowly and by piecemeal, seldom exceeding a foot pace. About three miles from the city, we met a curious group of country people in carts, and with horses and asses loaded with yams, plantains, and sweet potatoes, and some with bundles of guinea grass, for sale at the morning market: they were bivouacking by firelight, sipping coffee and waiting for the hour when the city gate should be

thrown open. The glare of fire-light in the decaying moonbeams, on a company of faces varying in colour from yellow brown to jet black, and displaying teeth of ivory whiteness, produced a singular effect. Soon after we met other groups, some on foot, others on horseback; the women riding astride, like men, with infants in their arms, or asleep behind them in apron folds at their back. Urchins of boys, as is almost always the case in these expeditions, ran before or behind, and everywhere. "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" "*Bon jour, Madam,*" were the cheerful salutations that met our ear, accompanied sometimes by a sentence of unintelligible Creole, half French, half African, that amused us from its oddity. The people were dressed in common clothing; the women in dark blue check, or printed cotton, with a Madrass handkerchief; the men in white jackets, or worn-out military coats; the children in an Osnaburgh shirt or shift, some of them more than half naked. The appearance of the men was rather ragamuffin, something like that of a banditti. The common people of Hayti are wonderfully docile, and free from the charge of attempts at highway robbery, or we should not have wondered at the strange fashion, for it is only a fashion, of going armed through the country. It was once a common custom in the Spanish part of the island, and is now absurdly adopted on the French side. The roads we passed over had hedges of the ordinary description, in some places formed of the penguin aloe, or a plant with sharp prickly pointed leaves, called Adam's needle; and in others of logwood, which grows to a great height. We passed by the massive gateways of many deserted or neglected sugar estates, where the mansions that once adorned them are now crumbling and in ruins, showing the marks of their former destruction by fire, and subsequent decay.

ART. XII.—*La Petite Chouannerie: Histoire d'un College Breton sous l'Empire.* Par A. F. Rio. Moxon.

THE "History of the Breton College under the Empire," though a Paris octavo, has been published in London. It has sundry claims upon attention in this country. It is handsomely printed: it is by an author who is an enthusiast for England: almost every page of the volume contains testimonies of regard for us, and things held in the highest esteem amongst ourselves; while the story of the book is one of engaging romance, written by a Frenchman of literary accomplishment, possessed of all the grace and spirit characteristic of his countrymen; and moreover imbued with a patriotism, so chivalrous, which, whether rightly directed or not, must ever command respect, admiration, and strong sympathy. And then this national ardour is so deeply imbued with a love for olden usages and antique modes, as to mellow every thing that might be objectionable or repulsive had a less genial soul and more sceptical narrator undertaken the history.

M. Rio is one of the most sincere and straightforward royalists that it is possible to think of: nor has the enthusiasm of his youth for the old French dynasty abated, apparently, one jot in his mature

and advancing years. The story he has to tell is that of the revolt of the Vendeans and Bretons, during Napoleon's memorable reign of the Hundred Days,—the insurrection being known by the name of *Chouannerie;* but more especially of the outbreak of a company of students belonging to Breton college at Vannes, who performed the exploits of veterans, to the no small annoyance of the Emperor. He could ill afford to have his attention withdrawn from the mighty preparations for his last campaign, and could endure with but a bad grace the idea of a province giving such tokens of enmity and patriotism as the collegians evinced. The rising, the achievements, and the sacrifices of the juvenile battalion constitute the particular theme of M. Rio's volume, under the title of "La Petite Chouannerie;" he himself having figured as one of the foremost leaders in the movement. The main subject of the book is not broad; while the precise object contemplated by the young insurrectionist will not meet with general approbation. But still there was a great principle, having most important practical bearings, in the revolt, which is worthy of homage and preservation, viz., that of defence, and not of aggression,—that of maintaining what is considered to be indispensable to social and moral good, and resisting whatever savours of tyranny and oppression. Such was the belief, such were the motives of the regiment of Breton students; this belief and these motives having been all along with the most perfect good faith and religious zeal cherished by the author. The particular application of the doctrine may have been injudiciously, but it was honestly made; and never was a narrative of boyish enthusiasm, or heroism of any sort, more fitly conveyed, nor in a manner more surely to enlist the sympathies of all classes of persons, in behalf of the championship of independence. Nor has this sympathy been without eloquent and touching expression in England; for Wordsworth, Mrs. Norton, Mr. Landor, and Mr. Milnes, have each in poetic strains, worthy of themselves and of the Breton heroes, contributed poems to the volume.

It is impossible not to sympathize with, and pay the warmest admiration to, the boy-patriots' romantic attempt to brave the veterans of Napoleon's army; and so far as the facts of the youthful struggle for freedom go, the volume before us must interest every Englishman. There is something singularly engaging and natural in the account given of the growth of the heroic spirit in the college, long prior to the outbreak. The institution had been re-opened in 1804; and immediately did the students become subject to influences which had legitimate results during the eventful Hundred Days. In the course of the first years, M. Rio states, it was merely mutual instruction in contemporary history, confined to the town or canton of the narrator, that greatly interested the boys; for there was not a single parish of Morbihan which had not its recorder,—every fragment of the annals of the *Chouannerie* during the struggle with democracy having made

its full impression on the ardent minds of the youths. Our historian continues to express himself as follows:—

The recollections of classic antiquity became feeble in comparison to these relations in the imaginations of these simple children, over whose cradles tears and blood hath been shed. Happy was he amongst them, who, having had a chief of Chouans or a martyr-priest in his family, possessed sufficient eloquence to place their exploits or their sacrifice in a glowing light! Once acknowledged as a superior storyteller, he immediately became an object of veneration, and gained an ascendancy such as a great poet may do over hearts open to admiration. Besides the true accounts of military valour and resistance, and the persecutions practised against those who would not bend the knee to a revolutionary idol, the memories of the men and children of Britanny were stored with a multitude of legends, some tender, some terrible; every pupil could contribute his share in these mysterious tales, which were generally connected with the links existing between the visible and invisible world. Thus around their innocent minds a radiant atmosphere of Faith was formed, which long defied all the power of rationalism. It would be in vain to seek, even in the acts of martyrs or the legends of the Middle Ages, more affecting recitals than those which thus circulated in the college, and which, to children so poetically credulous, had all the fragrance of newly-blown flowers. With what simplicity of faith did they cling to sentiments, which formed a sort of supplement of popular canonization to the public belief! but also with what bitterness did they propagate all those legends which might be called *revenging records*, and which, like the Eumenides of Paganism, were attached to certain persons and families reputed accursed! With what harshness did they interpret certain passages of the Bible on retributive justice, when, for instance, they were accustomed to point out two poor young girls, who sat working all day in the recess of a window, and to recount to each other, according to a tradition too well believed by the common people, that these girls were condemned by Divine law, in expiation of the crimes of their parents, never to leave their home, for the moment they stepped over the threshold their shoes became full of blood!

Then there came to be contests about Napoleon's substituting the Eagle for the Dove; and when the former was painted over the gateway of the college, it is quite in keeping with the years of the discontents, the disfiguring with mud the huge and fierce monarch of birds; and when water removes the dirt, to put a rope round its neck, which cannot so easily be washed away. When, again, we hear of the wrath evinced on the patron saint of the institution, St. Nicholas being laid aside by imperial ediet, to make room for a perfectly new and entirely strange candidate for the callender, viz., St. Charlemagne; or again, that Tacitus became a mighty favourite as soon as it was known that the Historian was anything but popular with the Emperor, we have other amusing, but significant indications of how the tide was setting in. To be sure there was much of a purely boyish, and therefore ludicrous character in these symptoms and explosions, when viewed as the forerunners of

great political convulsions, and the turning points of national destinies. But the Breton boys were made of such stuff, and so thoroughly inspired, that their bearing and their influence assumed a serious shape, so as to awaken the loftier sentiments, and to draw tears instead of provoking a smile.

We must, however, in a great measure withhold our admiration and our sympathies from the zealot and shrineless priests, who took every means that fanaticism could devise, or that could operate on superstitious credulity, to urge the powerless students to a course, which, even if the Bourbons had been deserving of restoration, could only result in discomfiture, so long as opposed to Napoleon. The youths, no doubt, were ready to perish for what they sincerely believed was their country's good; but what was their immolation to signify, further than that they offered themselves with unsurpassed heroism and devotion as willing sacrifices for the preservation of altars and hearths, which it must have been futile in them to strive to guard against violation. But, not longer to dwell on the chimerical nature of a revolt, that was as romantically bred, conceived, and carried out, as it was rash, and that will hereafter be regarded with an interest beyond the merits of the subject, through the attractions of M. Rio's history, we give portions of the poems in which the English muse has breathed its sympathies, and fully in harmony with the author's tone.

Mr. Landor has manly and searching verses, when he inquires of France what she won in the days of the Breton revolt, by having an ear ever open to glory, but an eye seldom to pity. Let the poet himself answer:

Much—yea, much more than thou hast known.
  Along the Armoric shore how brave,
  How true those hearts whose early grave
Their mothers least bemoan.

Ye parents! none have been more fond;
  But other thoughts must now
Repress your tears: look far beyond
  Where heaven's pure light illumes the vow:

The first your children ever made
Was that their God should be obey'd,
  His word for ever blest:
Therefore in His own peace they lie,
Therefore (whence else?) your tears are dry,
  And sure as theirs your rest.

Children are what the mothers are,
No fondest father's wisest care

Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 'tis to her alone uprise
His wakening arms, to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

Wordsworth has lines about the Eagle and the Dove that are warm and beautiful. His references to Caractacus are happy, whose memorable words, in the pages of Tacitus, ripened in the souls of the stripling patriots.

Shade of Caractacus, if spirits love
The cause they fought for in their earthly home,
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome.

These children claim thee for their sire; the breath
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans
A flame within them that despises death,
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes.

With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,
But truth divine hath sanctified their rage,
A silver cross enchased with Flowers of France,
Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage.

The shrill defiance of the young crusade
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise;
But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid
From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys.

The heroism, sacrifices, and sufferings of the Breton Mother inspire the earnest and tender muse of Mrs. Norton. The poem opens in these strains:

It was a Breton Mother
Long widowed and alone;
From her brow the look of gladness,
From her lips the smile was gone;
But the light of Beauty lingered
Despite the trace of tears,
For her gentle cheek was faded
With sorrow more than years.

Her anxious gaze was resting
On a proud and stately boy,
With a mingled sweet expression
Half mournfulness, half joy;
The *Widow's look* confessing,
Though sharp life, trial-pains,
All is not Desolation
While *Mother-hood* remains!

Fair was the face she gazed on,
Not only unto her
(For love's bright wand of magic
Can unreal gifts confer),
But even to the stranger
A mien more bright and bold
Ne'er struck the dull and careless,
Or warmed and won the cold.

Courage and thought were blended
On his forehead proud and fair,
Around it careless waving
The locks of raven hair;
While from his brow's dark shadow,
The light of those young eyes
Gleamed like a lake whose waters
Reflect the midnight skies.

Still gazed they on each other,
That Mother and her son,
In his look that resolution
Which spoke of childhood gone
But silence was between them,
The silence of a spell;
Alas, she dared not question,
She knew her fate too well;
And he—how should he comfort
That fond foreboding heart?
How soften that sharp sentence
Yet warn her they must part?

Most of the poems interwoven into the narrative are too long for insertion in our pages in full; but we must give the closing verses of Mrs. Norton's affecting contribution. These follow a sketch of the noble sufferer's life to the hour when she is called to surrender the stay of her heart, to the miseries of war:—

It might not be! his spirit
Was all too rash and bold,
His heart too young and fervent
For vows so calm and cold:

Yet think not that the Widow
Her offering made in vain,
Heaven's unregarded blessings
Come down on us like rain;
And he may brave life's dangers
In hope and not in dread
Whose mother's prayers are lighting
A halo round his head;
In wheresoe'er he wanders
Through the cold world dark and wild,
There white-winged angels follow
To guard earth's erring child.
Go! let the scoffer call it
A shadow and a dream,
Those meek subservient spirits
Are nearer than we deem;
Think not they visit only
The bright enraptured eye
Of some pure sainted martyr
Prepared and glad to die;
Or that the Poet's fancy
Or Painter's coloured skill
Creates a dream of beauty
And moulds a world at will;
They live! they wander round us,
Soft resting on the cloud;
Altho' to human vision
The sight be disallowed;
They are to the Almighty
What the rays are to the sun,
An emanating essence
From the great supernal One;
They bend for prayer to listen,
They weep to witness crimes,
They watch for holy moments—
Good thoughts, repentant times—
They cheer the meek and humble,
They heal the broken heart,
They teach the wav'ring spirit
From earthly ties to part;
Unseen they dwell among us
As when they watched below
In spiritual anguish
The sepulchre of Woe;
And when we pray, though feeble
Our orisons may be,
They then are our companions
Who pray eternally!

When the youthful hero armed him
For the fierce unequal fight,
His only strength, conviction
That his cause was true and right,
When his comrades round lay slaughtered
On the soaked and bloodstained mould,
Each cheek so fresh and blooming
They scarce seemed dead and cold;
What saved him? not the courage
Of a brave and reckless child,
Nor skill to guide the battle,
Nor efforts vain and wild;
But the meek and silent hour
When the Breton Mother prayed
To the Power that still sustained her
When faint and sore dismayed;
He Father and Befriender
Who in that hour of strife
Pitied the Widow's weeping
And spared the Orphan's life!

We conclude with Mr. Milnes's powerful and poetical prayer for the "two fair sisters of civility," and their endearing friendship; to which all good and wise men will cordially say, Amen!

For honest men of every blood and creed
Let green *la Vendée* rest a sacred spot!
Be all the guilt of Quiberon forgot
In the bright memory of its martyr-deed!
And let this little book be one more seed,
Whence sympathies may spring, encumbered not
By circumstance of birth or mortal lot,
But claiming virtue's universal meed!
And as those two great languages, whose sound
Has echoed through the realms of modern time,
Feeding with thought and sentiments sublime
Each other and the listening world around,
Meet in these pages, as on neutral ground,
So may their nations' hearts in sweet accord be found!

O France and England! on whose lofty crests
The day-spring of the future flows so free,
Save where the cloud of your hostility
Settles between and holy light arrests,
Shall ye, first instruments of God's behests,
But blunt each other? Shall Barbarians see
The two fair sisters of civility
Turn a fierce wrath against each other's breasts?

No! by our common hope and being, no!
By the expanding might and bliss of Peace,
By the revealed futurity of war,
England and France shall not be foe to foe;
For how can earth her store of good increase,
If what God loves to make, man's passions still will mar!

Art. XIII.—*Protection of the Queen's Person Bill.*

The three treasonable attempts upon the queen's person, the bill to provide for her security, and *the* effective punishment, are subjects which have been agitating the public mind as well as the legislature, and continue to admit of speculation, suggestion, and remark.

It would really seem that our criminal jurisprudence, in regard to the graver offences, and especially some of the very deepest dye, had come to a dead stand, to a nugatory condition; and that the latest improvements of the age, both in feeling and legislation, had brought the law to such a state, that, practically, the safest thing that a miscreant or vagabond could think of doing, in obedience to his atrocious nature, was to shoot at the queen. Think not only of the repeated attacks on her majesty, but of the careless way in which these have been treated, as well as the omission of necessary precautionary measures. Mr. C. Dassett, the principal witness of Bean's attempt, evinced very clearly by certain of his expressions, what was *his* feeling of the affair. He thus delivered himself: "I was standing in the Mall, St. James's Park, about halfway between Buckingham Palace and the milkhouse gate, when a hump-backed youth, about 16 years of age, dressed in a long brown surtout coat, elbowed his way to the front. There was at the time a great number of persons collected, and the line of spectators was two or three deep. The second royal carriage had passed, and the third, which contained her majesty, was coming up, when I saw him pull a pistol from the breast pocket of his coat. I saw him present it at the carriage—I should say at the back of the carriage, because it was passing quickly at the time. I distinctly heard the 'click,' and saw the hammer go down. There was no flash in the pan and no explosion. I immediately seized him by the wrist of the hand which held the pistol. I at the time made the remark to my brother Frederick, who was standing near me, 'Here's a young gentleman going to have a pop at the queen.' Seeing two policemen walking along on the opposite side of the Mall, I took the youth with me over to them. I showed them the pistol, and said to them, 'This lad has been attempting to shoot the queen.' They laughed at me, and Hearn, 56 A, said it did not amount to a charge. The greatest portion of the populace sided with the hump-backed youth, and cried out, 'Give the pistol

back to the boy;' others said, 'Give it to the policeman;' and some said to the lad, 'Put it into your pocket and run away with it.' I still continued my hold of the hump-backed youth, and had proceeded some distance down the Mall, when the pressure from the crowd became so great that I was obliged to let him go, otherwise my arm would have been broken. Soon after this Partridge, 136 A, seeing me with a pistol in my hand, took me into custody. Just before this I saw the youth go into the Green Park, and I believe he went through that gate by Stafford house, which leads into Cleveland row. The policeman took me to the station-house, and told the inspector on duty that he had found me in the park with a pistol in my hand, and trying to excite the mob. I then said to the inspector that I had taken the pistol from a deformed boy, who had attempted to shoot the Queen. I afterwards gave a description of him."

But there is much more of striking indication in this portion of the evidence than relates to Dassett's individual sentiments: there is much to show that the public feeling had come to what has been called a dead lock with regard to *mere attempts;* and either that the general heart had grown callous, or that there was a total mystification about the law, and uncertainty whether to shoot at the Queen, provided no palpable and bodily harm had been sustained, was an offence—a misdemeanour, or not. "The greatest portion of the populace sided with the hump-backed youth," and so on. But the indications by no means stop here; the policemen could not have had proper instructions, even after two distinct warnings, how to act in the event of renewed attempts, or signs of attempts; thus proving how lightly or falsely such dangerous pastimes were regarded at head-quarters. But we must rise higher still, and mark something even more strange than the apathy or levity which must have prevailed among the populace, and also the police authorities, when the affair was that of having a pop at the Queen.

One of the witnesses in Bean's case was an officer attached to the recruiting department, who proved "that he had attended at the station-house and examined the pistol, which had an old flint lock, with screw and rifle barrel. Upon detaching the barrel, which was done with some difficulty, from the screw having become exceedingly rusty, owing to its long disuse, he found in it a portion of very coarse powder, a piece of tobacco-pipe, and some paper wadding. The pistol was decidedly in such a state that it could have been discharged."

There is room for severe remark, we think, relative to the oversight, the negligence, the callousness,—call it what you like,—evinced by the Council, in leaving the important point of the examination of the pistol to an officer of the recruiting department, or of any other department that can be named. We are but following in our observations the mode and kind of criticism which has been re-

peated in several of the newspapers, when we say, that it was the Council's special duty to have examined the weapon. If such had been the course adopted, surely Sir James Graham's official account of the matter, which he communicated to the daily press, would not have been—"That the Council had most fully investigated all the circumstances of the case, and that the pistol was loaded only with a small portion of coarse powder and paper wadding." Here, there is not a syllable about the piece of tobacco-pipe, which, every one must be aware, might do greater harm than a compact bullet; while the modifying little word *only* carries with it to our ears a significancy that bears immediately upon the view which we are taking of the state of public feeling, and the confused ideas that prevailed concerning what the law was or should be. To overlook, or be ignorant of the fact, that there was a piece of tobacco-pipe in the pistol, was surely censurable in a high degree. But what we are now chiefly aiming at is to show that, from some cause or another, the disposition of the people and the officers of state had come to regard *mere attempts* on the Queen's person in a diminishing and trifling light,—that they were ready to ridicule, to disbelieve, and to extenuate all stories of such treasonable practices.

One would naturally have thought that the tendency of public feeling would have been to aggravate and exaggerate the heinousness of Bean's attempt. This is the ordinary way in which reports are conveyed and received; and surely there never was a sovereign, nay, nor a human being, who could be supposed to have been surrounded with such a guardianship of sentiment as her Majesty. But stranger still;—after two attempts had recently before been made upon her sacred life, people were ready to talk of, and laugh at, a third offence of a similar nature with the preceding instances; policemen to refuse listening to the charge; and even Ministers of State to employ the symphonious adverb *only*, when publishing to the nation that a young gentleman had been about to have a pop at the Queen.

How was all this apathy and sort of pleasantry concerning her Majesty's personal safety and peace of mind to be accounted for? Not surely by saying that there was any general disloyalty or want of respect and love towards her; not that the million would refuse to defend her with their lives; not that there was any party feeling to quench that which was natural and true. We must seek for a solution of the phenomenon in other circumstances than any that would traduce the manliness, the nationality, or the loyalty of the British character.

We cannot but think that a good deal of the apathy and levity to which we refer was (we are keeping to the past tense) to be ascribed to the fact, that fools and idiots were the only persons who had thought of injuring or frightening the sovereign,—despicable beings

that had not the pluck to offer one of their own sex an insult or a mischief; and therefore utterly beneath notice. Oxford appeared to have indulged a whim, and got off with flying colours, in the estimation of another such idle and worthless creature as Francis. And lastly, an abortion,—a hump-back, who knew not how to handle a pistol, tries their sort of game, at a moment too when a person would have been in some measure excusable for thinking that the miscreant must be fatuous.

But an arrant fool may not long play harmlessly with fire-arms in his hand; and therefore we must go farther in seeking for a solution of difficulty,—viz. that of accounting for the public disposition manifested in regard to the recent treasonable attempts.

The lawyers and the law, we believe, had no slight hand in mystifying and levelling the public mind, so as at first to treat Bean's case with apathy and a degree of light-heartedness. The chief justice on the trial of Oxford, at least, in his charge, taught the nation that it was necessary to find the bullet before a verdict of a capital nature could be brought in; and this was accompanied with a general persuasion that there was really no such lethal loading in the pistol. In Francis's case there was also not only a general opinion that he was desirous merely to be made the wonder of the day, and to obtain a comfortable provision for life at the public expense, and again that he was only a mock traitor, having no purpose to take the Queen's life by bullet or by steel. But it strangely appeared to have escaped Lord Denman's mind, as well as the consideration of the people at large, that a pistol might be loaded with pieces of tobacco-pipe, quantities of gravel, or some such wide-scattering substances, that would, if they did not lodge in the body of some living thing, be sure ever after to elude the search of seekers who only probed for lead. But the public feeling has gone beyond this measure of light; for there is now a conviction that the practice of shooting at any person, even without ball or any missile, is a wanton, cruel, and atrocious fancy; and that you may almost with as much tenderness take the life of that person at once, as to kill by the slow method. What a condition to live in!—that of a constant sense of want of security,—that you can never step beyond the threshold of your door without having a pistol flashed at you! This is to destroy all peace, comfort, and sweets of existence. It is none other than to live in continual dread of assassination, which has broken down the courage of the bravest warriors, and rendered the hourly experience of the noblest minds that of devouring pain. It was time therefore that a stop should be put, if possible, to the misconceptions as to the range of offences as well as to the compass of the law in relation to such treasonable attempts. And this was done to some extent in Francis's trial; for there the counts of the indictment were so shaped, and the absurdity of requiring the finding or traces of bullets, so well avoided, that his

life was legally forfeited, and a dreadful sentence most impressively pronounced upon him.

After all, however, the law of the land, with regard to treason, and attempts which had the appearance of intended treason, was incomplete as well as without a due discrimination; so as to cease, in certain supposable and practical cases, to be wholesomely operative and sufficiently comprehensive. Accordingly the bill which has lately passed for the protection of the Queen's person, even from all semblance of intended injury, was a measure imperatively called for, at the same time that its purpose met with universal approval. Its provisions, which have so often appeared in the newspapers, need not be particularized by us. We rather go on to offer some observations concerning the course of punishment that was adopted, and that which is to be inflicted in accordance with the new bill, in reference to treasonable attempts.

The law of treason was found to be impracticable, in the cases referred to, from its too great severity; and, indeed, the infliction of capital punishment, in terms of any other branch of our criminal jurisprudence, for the treasonable attempts mentioned, was staggering to her Majesty and her advisers, as well as to juries and to the public at large.

The objects of punishment are undoubtedly these,—to arrest the criminal in his course, to protect those who are or may be the subjects of his attempts, and to defend society generally from the spread of crime. But the assaults of three vagabonds, in rapid succession, show that the law as it stood was so inoperative that the sovereign was but little screened by it.

The climax of our code of punishments is strangulation on a gallows. But sovereigns, ministers, judges, and juries have begun to feel, that often when the law appoints death, the punishment is so inapposite, that it must not be inflicted; and hence the clemency of the Queen, and the leniency of Secretaries of State; hence also the anxiety of juries to find a loop-hole for avoiding a capital conviction. In what other way can one account for Oxford being made a state prisoner; and as to Francis, that after being threatened with the last punishment of the law, the infliction does not take place, but a milder is the doom? Now, among the evils resulting from this practical administration, a person criminally disposed feels that for a capital crime he may be hanged, but that most likely he will be acquitted, or subjected to a secondary punishment only; secondary punishment being also in almost every case, such as few or none of the class know its real severity.

It is not with the view of founding blame upon any one concerned in the administration or the execution of the law, that we offer these remarks, and state these facts. Far be it from us to say, that as the law stood, the act of mercy extended to Francis is censurable. If

not due to him, it was worthy of the Sovereign; and her Ministers, in undertaking the responsibility of commuting the sentence, might reasonably have supposed that enough had been done to show the law really bore on such attempts as his, and that the mercy which came so late in his instance might not come at all in another. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that in the appearance of leniency there lurks great mischief, arising from the generally impracticable severity of the treason law; for the fact still returns to stare us in the face, that the example is one of comparative impurity, the escape from the terrible penalty threatened being the only thing thought of,—the secondary punishment inflicted being either overlooked altogether, or losing all its awe in comparison with the greater one escaped.

It has been well said that "secondary punishments, which might be sufficient to deter from crime, if they were known to be the highest, may not have that effect when it is known that there is a *higher*. If perpetual imprisonment with privation of every comfort not necessary to support life were the highest punishment, such a prospect viewed by itself might be sufficiently forbidding; but its power to create fear is diminished so long as it is regarded as an escape from a *more dreaded* evil. A man might be deterred from renewing the attempt made by Oxford by the knowledge of the hopeless imprisonment to which he had been doomed, if that imprisonment were contemplated in its own terrors, who remains undismayed by it from having been led to look at it merely as an *escape from death*."

According to this view, it is necessary that the human imagination be recognized as an agent to be consulted by legislators when enacting penalties for crimes, and ordaining the mode in which they should be imposed. Francis is transported to a penal settlement. Now, had this been his sentence at first, for life, and with hard labour, the severity of the punishment would have stood prominently out to view; "but as it is," as we find it remarked by a writer in the Examiner, "what is escaped strikes the mind, instead of what is to be undergone; and the thought is, that Francis is not hanged, not that he has to suffer a life of toil and misery in perpetual exile. This is, however, an evil belonging to the law for which those charged with the superintendence of justice are not to be blamed, as they can only deal with the law as they find it, and of the two evils they must rather take those of the commutation of punishment than of a severity shocking to the feelings of society. The purpose of the law of treason is the desirable one of throwing the greatest degree of protection around the person of the Sovereign; but just in proportion as the law of treason is increased in severity for this end, it fails to serve to it, and then, with the mitigation of it there comes in an appearance of leniency most inconsistent with the policy of justice, and liable to very dangerous interpretations."

Again, Francis is transported to a penal settlement. But to a person who has never been deprived of liberty, nor witnessed the sufferings endured in transportation, the punishment of the man does not furnish a sufficiently strong motive power to make such a person, as is supposed, abstain from treason. Hundreds of thousands have read of the hardships of the chartist Frost in his banishment, but how few can conjure up any sensation from these accounts that would scare from imitating his crime, if strongly disposed to venture upon it. It is to be hoped that there is not one individual in the British empire who does not feel other and all-sufficient motives to urge him from committing treason; but the question at present with us is, has the punishment of transportation of itself sufficient effect on the imagination of hundreds of thousands in this conntry, to make them shudder at the idea of committing Francis's crime?

This brings us to the subject of secondary punishment, and indeed to the consideration of the principle to be observed in the scale, with regard to every effective punishment for great offences, up to the highest.

It will hardly be maintained that it is proper to allot the same measure of punishment to attempts against the life of the Sovereign, as against the completion of the crime. Indeed, were no distinction to be observed, there could be no motive from fear of incurring the last penalty, when in the very act of violence; whereas there is a *locus penitentiæ*, a point of time for feeling compunction, as well as entertaining dread of death, if the law establishes a distinction, so as may stay the hand, or turn it from its deadly aim. But the law of treason refused to entertain this discrimination, and therefore ceased to be applicable and operative in such cases as have recently occurred. Therefore it was that ministers, legislators, and politicians became utterly baffled, when they heard that on the very eve of the time at which Francis had been condemned to die, a third vagabond had made another attempt of a treasonable nature; and the question put by every person was, what is to be done in order to protect the Queen's person from pistols and lethal weapons, and to afford her that sense of security which the meanest of her subjects experience when they emerge from their dwellings?

The punishment of death, it cannot be doubted, has restrained numbers from committing crimes, merely because it is inflicted publicly; whilst multitudes who have witnessed a public execution have been impressed with pain and horror at the visible agonies with which hanging is accompanied. But, on the other hand, death punishments have done harm in this particular, not to mention others, in that it has prevented the imagination from estimating the intensity of inferior or secondary punishments. The question therefore has been put,—"Is there no punishment short of those which produce death and madness, (viz. hanging and the silent system) which could

be inflicted in such a manner that it would affect the imagination and furnish a motive power to prevent the violation of the laws of God and man?

Transportation has hitherto been the next highest punishment after that of death. But this punishment, although in some respects, not a bad one, is remote, abstract, obscure. It has been thus described: "It is a promissory note of penalty—a threat that will be inflicted. The convict for transportation knows that he will have to take a long sea-voyage, and that some disagreeable business is possibly at the end of it. He also knows that he is assured of food, clothes, and lodging, for an indefinite period. The criminal by disposition lives only for the present; present pleasures are stronger than distant pains; instant retribution alone terrifies: the immediate terrors to a man condemned to transportation, probably consist in the ideas of sea-sickness and a parting from associates in vice. Sea-sickness and separation from the vicious, therefore, are the actual punishment for the felon."

The revival of the pillory appears to be universally objected to, as answering none of the ends of punishment, whether these relate to the amendment of the criminal, or the morals of the public.

For whipping, however, there is more to be said; and especially in such cases as the three attempts of a treasonable character of which we have been particularly speaking, and where a diseased passion for notoriety is believed to be one of the motives of these attempts, the new bill has recognized the propriety of introducing some counter-discipline of a humiliating and degrading kind in the punishment. On the other hand there are politicians who sneer at this mode of chastisement, as though shooting at the Queen and stealing apples were on a par in turpitude.

Our code of punishments, and the scale of them, present curious enough points, but certainly nothing like the philosophy of that jurisprudence which would adapt its measures to the nature of the human mind, and the condition of society in the nineteenth century.

Capital punishments we object to, in every case, and for many reasons which we need not at present recapitulate. But then if the king of terrors is removed, there must be something substituted which possesses terrors as great, or nearly so, as capital punishment, yet free from all that renders this, at present, last measure of the law, inoperative in the majority of cases. Now, it has been suggested, that what is required is offered by a practice which prevails in some countries, viz. the employing of *galley-slaves* in the towns. In Florence, for instance, we are told, there are two classes of this sort of convictism;—there are those condemned for more than twenty years, who wear yellow breeches, a loose yellow, and a yellow cap; and those condemned for shorter periods, who wear similar clothes of red. They are chained two-and-two, and are seen performing the

part of scavengers and other coarse employment in the streets. Similar tasks are performed in London by contract. There are, however, harder labours, in which criminals might be employed without interfering with the legitimate business of the industrious; such as improvements in the beds of rivers, reclaiming land from the sea, who, so far from encroaching on wages in an overcrowded market, might even extend that market by preparing works which could not be undertaken without some such pioneers. "Dressed in a distinct and repulsive costume," says one theorist, "working in chains, engaged in constant and laborious occupations, fed on the coarsest and least palatable fare, just sufficient to sustain nature, the English *galley-slaves*, would be really a terror to evil-doers." This sort of punishment on the highways, and patent to all, instead of being removed to the hulks at Woolwich or Portsmouth, would offer a lesson, in the daily sight of incessant labour, that would reach the feelings and the imagination of every one, and be terrible to all.

Incessant and irksome labour is the only thing, it is suggested, that is universally dreaded. There are some reckless and depraved beings who, instead of fearing death, desire it. Solitary confinement is a horrible punishment, but in imagination will not deter a morose and unsocial being from committing crime. "But all mankind dread ceaseless and painful toil; and if the majority of criminals could be doomed for years or for a lifetime to labour, unmitigated in its severity, at a treadwheel, or any other employment, for as many hours as their strength would endure, and to be at all times gazed at through iron bars by the public, I think there would be scarcely any necessity to resort to the punishment of death; and the depraved would have opportunities of estimating and dreading the penalties of guilt, without having to wait, as they are now compelled to do, until they have been convicted and sentenced."

Dreadful punishment of the sort suggested would only be suitable perhaps as a substitute for that which is by the present laws capital; but even in that case it would serve as a visible sample of that which is endured in the penal colonies, should transportation still be retained in the criminal code. We add, in conclusion, an extract from the Spectator, whose views so often have a weight with us. "The majority of reflecting persons did not desire to see Francis hanged: none, we believe, is satisfied to have his punishment performed some time in 1843, at the antipodes, when all the criminal population will have forgotten him: had *he* been seen, the day after his trial, in mean costume, in chains, beginning the work of years in removing by slow and tedious degrees the black mud of the Thames, Bean might have perceived that the presenting an old pistol at the Queen was a play that would lead to unpleasant and *not* imposing consequences to himself: had the slight doubt of Oxford's sanity at the moment not prevailed, because the jury dared not con-

demn him to an irretrievable fate, man's right to inflict which is not unquestioned, and had *he* been seen by Francis in his wanderings, earning his scanty and coarse meal by painful and disgusting toil, Francis would not have desired to share his 'provision:' had Oxford himself seen murderers thus employed, the sense of the disagreeable would probably have predominated in his mind over the éclat of a state trial, and in the background, fashionable life in Sydney, or at the worst, a public breakfast at Newgate and an oration from the scaffold. Such punishment, in short, might have been a terror, not a premium to high treason."

ART. XIV.—*Poems.* By the Rev. THOMAS WHYTEHEAD, M. A. Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and Chaplain to the Bishop of New Zealand. London: Rivingtons.

THIS unpretending little book consists of a reprint of the "Empire of the Sea," and the "Death of the Duke of Gloucester," (two poems which obtained for their author the chancellor's medal during his under-graduateship at Cambridge) together with a few short pieces on different occasions;—the majority of them being of a devotional cast. The two former we need scarcely mention at any length, as they have been for some time before the public, and are generally admitted to be the best that the university has produced. On this behalf indeed, Mr. Whytehead has a peculiar claim to the gratitude of his Alma-Mater,—for they are the only ones which will admit of a favourable comparison with those that do honour to the sons of her sister university;—thereby adding to her fame in the only quarter where it was not already proudly pre-eminent. A part of the cause and the effect may be unavoidable, and is no doubt to be found in the more abstract nature of the studies occupying so large a portion of the Cambridge undergraduates: but certain it is that the generality of prize-poems issuing from the

> "brown o'erarching groves,
> That contemplation loves,
> Where willowy Camus lingers with delight."

are much inferior to those whose birthplace has been by the banks of Isis. We readily acknowledge the truth of the maxim "nascitur, non fit, poeta," and for that reason we think the system adopted in our universities of a yearly prize for English poetry, to be competed for by voluntary candidates, the best that could be devised to foster poetic talent by tempting "unfledged poets" to try their "short excursions." Any idea of making poetry a part of the regular course of university education would be clearly absurd; but the present plan, without aiming at anything so utopian, may well be expected

to prove serviceable by calling into action the beginnings of a wish or power to "build the lofty rhyme." Hence it has often been matter of wonder to us, considering the exceeding beauty of many of the Oxford poems, that (with but two exceptions) their authors should never in after-life have sought to gather maturer laurels in the same field wherein their first efforts had been so successful. We should have expected that the first warblings of their muse amid the time-honoured towers of Oxford would but have been a prelude to higher and loftier strains as they acquired power and confidence by time and practice. We are glad to find a different course pursued by Mr. Whytehead;—The Empire of the Sea, and a great portion of the other, we have known by heart ever since they were published, and were consequently inclined to augur favourably of anything making its appearance from the same author; nor have we been disappointed, for several of the minor pieces altogether, and most of them in parts, contain poetry of a really high order.

The following lines, especially in the two last stanzas, remind us, more than anything we have lately seen, of the tone and manner of Sir Walter Scott; and that too, without having at all the appearance of an intentional imitation :—

FOR MUSIC.

Thou wert the first of all I knew,
To pass unto the dead,
And Paradise hath seem'd more true,
And come down closer to my view,
Since there thy presence fled.

The whispers of thy gentle soul,
At silent lonely hours,
Like some sweet saint-bell's distant toll,
Come o'er the waters as they roll
Betwixt thy world and ours.

Oh! still my spirit clings to thee,
And feels thee at my side;
Like a green ivy, when the tree
Its shoots had clasped so lovingly,
Within its arms hath died:

And ever round that lifeless thing
Where first their clusters grew,
Close as while yet it lived they cling,
And shrine it in a second spring
Of lustre dark and new!

The next, again, bears a strong resemblance to some of the best of Moor's Melodies, possessing at the same time a great advantage over them—that of adding to its tenderness and affection a purity such as

has been but too seldom preserved by the bard of earthly love. It is, in every way, beautiful in the extreme.

TO * * * *

I know thou wilt never
  Reproach me, my love,
When I meet thee for ever,
  In that far land above,
Not a word of reproof,
  Not a glance from thine eye,
Shall tell I have cost thee
  A tear or a sigh.
I know thou forgivest
  My rash broken vow;
Thou canst see where thou livest,
  My bitter grief now.
But, O! shall I in Heaven,
  When thou lookest on me,
Of myself be forgiven,
  As I now am of thee?

Here is another ode "On Leaving Ambleside," after a summer vacation, apparently; and embodying in pleasing verse the writer's feelings at the approaching change of season, when the beauties on account of which he had chosen it for a summer retreat were beginning to yield to the sterner influence of winter.

TO F. W. F.

The lake hath called unto the river,
  And the river unto the hill,
And down the headlong waters shiver,
  From torrent, tarn, and gill;
I hear them cry all glancing by
  Through the misty morning light;
"Thou hast seen us in our gentleness,
  Now see us in our might."

And, Rowthay, thou the loudest there
  Dost tell my time is past:
I may not see thee thus forswear
  The gentle thing thou wast.
Type of all tranquil souls to me,
  Was that calm course of thine;
Then let thy mood of strength be view'd
  By other eyes than mine.

Dear friend, of blessed by-gone time,
  Each stirring thought is telling,
And every crag we used to climb
  Is some sweet memory's dwelling;

But chief, where Brathay dashes by
Those church-crowned lonely scars,
Our walks beneath the moonless sky
And the unheeded stars.

Rivers there are to me that talk
Of many a darling tale;
Old Ouse, that chaunts of Mitred York,
And Wharfe of Bolton vale;
But none may learn a song so sweet
Where'er their waters wander,
As those two brother streams that meet
In thy calm home, Winander.

We must extract one more, though rather longer, for we cannot make up our minds to mutilate it by giving a part. It is the first of a series of six hymns, entitled "Hymns towards a Holy Week," on the works of the respective days (omitting the first) of the week of creation, as mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis. The subject matter here is, "And God said, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament, and it was so." And Mr. Whytehead has been happy in the selection of a metre, though by no means suited to ordinary purposes, susceptible of great beauty in itself, and well according with the vague and indistinct sublimity of his theme. The choice of a proper form of metrical composition is to poetry what the being dressed in character is to acting; it cannot alter the innate talent either of the actor or the poet, but it may have considerable influence on the effect of their performance; and is an aid which it would be folly in any one voluntarily to slight. But here is our specimen.

SECOND DAY.

This world I deem
But a beautiful dream
Of shadows that are not what they seem;
When visions rise,
Giving dim surmis
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord!
Creating Word!
Whose glory the silent skies record;
Where stands thy name,
In scrolls of flame,
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame!

I gaze o'er head,
Where thy hand hath spread
For the waters of heaven that crystal bed;
And stored the dew
In it deeps of blue,
Which the fires of the sun come temper'd through.

Soft they shine,
Through that pure shrine,
As beneath the veil of thy flesh divine
Beams forth the light,
That were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And such I deem
This world will seem,
When we waken from life's mysterious dream,
And burst the shell
Where our spirits dwell,
In their wondrous antenatal cell.

I gaze aloof
On the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof;
Which the King of kings
As a curtain flings
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things.

A tapestried tent,
To shade us meant,
From the bare everlasting firmament;
When the blaze of the skies
Comes soft to our eyes,
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see,
As in truth they be,
The glories of heaven that encompass me,
I should lightly hold
The tissued fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole,
Like a parched scroll,
Shall before my amazed sight uproll;
And without a screen,
At one burst be seen,
The presence wherein I have ever been.

Oh! who shall bear
The blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there?
What eye may gaze
On the unveil'd blaze,
Of the light-gilded throne of the Ancient of days?
Christ us aid!
Himself be our shade!
That in that dread day we be not dismay'd!

Two or three of the hymns, more directly devotional than the others, are at the same time rather below them in poetical excellence; and the cause of this inferiority we think may be mainly attributable to the subject. The fact is, (and it was remarked by Dr. Johnson, the last person to be suspected of a want of reverence for religion) that the *actual expression of devotion* is far from being a favourable subject for poetry. The opposite mistake is one into which many persons have fallen, and even more particularly men of pious and estimable dispositions, for the want, as it appears to us, of a little consideration; and from a too-hastily formed opinion that the position we have advanced is one hurtful to the interests of religion. But it is easy to show both by authority, that the fact is as we maintain; and by reason that one might have expected *à priori*, the state of the case to be as experience informs us it actually is. Poetry is usually the language either of passion or affection; the poetic character being, according to the highest human authority upon the subject, "of imagination all compact:" and what use or opportunity, we may ask, is there for any of these qualities in actual address or direct prayer to God? When exulting over vanquished enemies, or mourning for fallen friends, or depicting the beauty or the grandeur of the material world, or celebrating the loveliness and purity of some fair being more dear to us than ourselves; the soul naturally pours itself forth in the language of poesy,—the subjects are fitted to its powers, and our joy is heightened and our distress alleviated, by a consciousness of the sublimity or the elegance with which we describe or bewail them. There is always a feeling of satisfaction arising to the poet, from this consciousness of his own power;—from this knowledge that he stands on higher intellectual ground then ordinary mortals; and he proceeds on his mission of mind, "rejoicing like a giant to run his course;" or rests, surrounded by his own high imaginings, as the Titan sat of old "in pride of place" by the side of the cloud-compeller.

But when, with every other feeling absorbed in an overwhelming sense of guilt, weak man stands in His presence, before whom all earthly distinctions vanish, and sues to his offended maker for pardon and peace, he feels that it is not the proper occasion for any attempt at excellence; and that his only fitting language is, "God be mer-

ciful to me a sinner." It is true that sacred subjects furnish many of the finest passages as well as the noblest themes of poetry; but this, instead of militating against it, will be found to furnish an additional illustration of our argument. In the words of the most eloquent of living divines, when speaking of the Bible, "It were easy to show that there is no human composition presenting in any thing of the same degree, the majesty of oratory or the loveliness of poetry. So that if the debate were simply on the best means of improving the taste of an individual,—others might commend to his attention the classic page, or bring forward the standard works of a nation's literature, but we, for our part, would chain him down to the study of Scripture; and we would tell him that if he would learn what is noble verse, he must hearken to Isaiah sweeping the chords to Jerusalem's glory; and if he would know what is powerful eloquence, he must stand by St. Paul pleading in bonds at Agrippa's tribunal." Now this, as far as it goes, is exactly what we maintain; —the poetry of the Bible,—such poetry as only inspiration could have dictated, is lavished on poetic subjects,—while the parts of prayer are in the plain, unadorned language of heart-felt supplication. "Sing ye to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." In such fitting strain proceeds the song of triumph of Miriam the prophetess, over the engulphed Egyptians, when

> ———"The Lord looked out from his pillow of glory,
> "And all their brave thousand were dash'd in the tide."

"The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away,— the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil." Where have we a more glorious anthem than this pathetic lamentation of the sweet psalmist of Israel over the illustrious dead? Where a nobler tribute of genius to friendship than the lines in which, towards the close of this most magnificent of elegies, he records the former prowess of those for whose untimely end he now calls on the daughters of Israel to raise the voice of wail? "From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions." Turn now to the song of Solomon, where the church is pourtrayed under a human figure as the bride of her Saviour, and we find images of beauty and loveliness springing up

as profusely as, when required, do those of sublimity or terror. "My dove, my undefiled, is but one: she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her. . . . . Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?" Passages such as these, and the Bible is full of them, afford us what we feel to be the best possible examples of the various kinds of poetry. And if we search the other parts, we shall in the same manner intuitively recognise the true models of befitting prayer. What are the terms in which the patriarch ventures to intercede with an offended deity for the doomed cities of the plain? "Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes; peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous; wilt thou destroy all the city for the lack of five? . . . Oh let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak. Peradventure there shall be thirty found there." Another instance is to be found in the appropriate, self-humbled answer of Job to the present God, speaking to him from the whirlwind. "Behold, I am vile, what shall I answer thee? I will lay my hand upon my mouth. Once have I spoken, but I will not answer; yea, twice, but I will proceed no further." If further evidence were wanting, it is supplied, and of a kind to preclude all controversy, in the form of prayer left by Christ himself to all future generations, where it is confined to a bare statement of the wants, and the simplest possible petition for a supply, so far as may be consistent with the divine will.

Surely then, all these examples and considerations together will bear us out in the opinion we have expressed, and in reminding our authors in general, with all kindliness to them, and more especially all reverence to the topic, of the well-known rule,

"Quæ desperet tractata nitescere posse relinquat.'

In conclusion, we have only to express our thanks for the pleasure we have derived from this first essay, and our hope of receiving fresh, and still more delightful, supplies from the same source.

Mr. Whytehead is unjust both to himself and to the public if he suffer the success, which may be well anticipated for his primary appearance, to operate as anything but an incentive to future exertions. Not that we conceive mere human fame to be, by any means, the proper ultimate object or reward of genius. It is not in the fumes of "frankincense of human thought"—in the "digito monstrari præteriuntium"—the hearing "fame with her loud'st Oyes, cry 'this is he,'"—but in the pleasure felt by the soul in "brooding over her own sweet voice,"—in communing with the bright inhabitants of a world of its own creation—and, chief of all, in the assurance that its talents have been employed to the benefit of its fellow-creatures, and

to the acceptance of Him by whom they were allotted—that a true poet must look for the real recompense of his labours.

But when viewed as an adjunct,—as an intimation that he has chosen the proper line for the exercise of his powers, with its effect aided by a witness from within that it has been gained by no unworthy concessions,—fame is so far from being valueless, that the "non omnis moriar" may be the allowable origin of some of the purest and loftiest pleasures of which our nature is capable.

On the point of the right application of talent, we are, in the present instance, quite at ease. Of all the numerous sons of song, in whose presence our fathers rejoiced, there now linger but two or three upon the stage—and these, in general, though "among us are none of us," but appear to have hung up their harps to silence, while they, their masters, in the decline of life, quietly ruminate upon their former sweetness. Hence we hail with joy one who promises to assist in preserving to us our fair portion of living genius: and this is much heightened by our full conviction that, such being the case, he will also at the same time afford an additional example of the sometimes-forgotten truth that "the fire of genius never burns so brightly as when duly kindled at the altar of religion."

Mr. Whytehead has recently left England, as we understand, in attendance on his diocesan, the Bishop of New Zealand; and his next notes must reach us, "by distance made more sweet," across the broad bosom of the Atlantic. May it be granted to him to be instrumental, to his own desire, in the holy cause to which he is dedicated, and eventually, the desire of the greatest and best in all ages,

——— "every labour past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

Thus wishing, we bid him for the present farewell.

ART. XV.—*A Steam Voyage to Constantinople, in* 1840-41.*; and to Portugal, &c., in* 1839. By C. W. Vane, Marquis of Londonderry. 2 vols. Colburn.

LORD LONDONDERRY'S Steam Voyage to Constantinople was by the usual course and means in these days; ascending the Rhine, and descending the Danube; and halting at such cities and places on the route as the traveller may find time and inclination to regulate. Vienna could not be overlooked by the Marquis, nor made the scene of sojourn for only a day or two; seeing that his Lordship at one period was ambassador at the Imperial court, and found, among other old acquaintances, the celebrated diplomatist, Metternich, at the helm of affairs. Constantinople was a much stranger field for lion-

izing, and really was well explored, and is amusingly described by the noble tourist; amusing from his particular character,—his modes of thinking and speaking,—odd adventures, or at least odd from the manner in which the Marquis regarded them,—and his peculiar opportunities, as compared with meaner and less privileged folks. From Constantinople he proceeded to Athens, the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Naples, in due order. It was at the last of these places that he heard of the fire at Wynyard Park, which incapacitated him from finishing the details of a tour. The tour to Portugal, Spain, &c. was prior to the Steam Voyage to the capital of the Grand Signior, and has been the subject of an earlier journal, parts of which, from manuscript copies, had got into Magazine circulation while in an unrevised and premature state. It was undertaken on account of Lady Londonderry's health, and conducted the Marquis to lands familiar to him during the Peninsular war. Her Ladyship also was of the party in the more important and recent voyage, without whom indeed the book would have been very considerably deficient, as compared with the information and entertainment which it actually furnishes.

It cannot be necessary to say much with regard to the manner and style of the Marquis as a traveller, an author, or a political character. One thing is certain,—his pages are never dull, however superficial or one-sided may be his views; nor is there ever any difficulty to understand what he means, or what he has done, however absurd may be the notions, or indiscreet the conduct. His Lordship is too honest and fearless to disguise a sentiment; too soldierlike to mystify by circumlocution the thing he would be at; although blunderbuss-like he frequently sends you such a storm of words as might have been made the vehicle of sundry pithy notions, instead of one that is trifling or feeble. We hasten to lay before our readers a few of the more racy subjects or descriptions; these consisting sometimes of historical characters or real novelties even in this age of travelling and journalizing; at other times of incidents that present more or less matter for gossip, but always having a mighty importance in the writer's estimation.

The Marquis had this advantage over most travellers,—he had many years ago traversed much of the ground which is presented to us in these volumes; and therefore, independently of his unusual means of access, was enabled to compare the past with the present in regard to much that every one desires to hear of, in whatever condition. Listen to him relative to Metternich, whom he must have known so well:—

"Some account of the prince's present appearance and health, the more striking as I had not seen him since the Congress of Verona in 1823, may be generally interesting. His reception of me was kind and very courteous, though perhaps less warm than formerly, or than I expected to receive; but age blunts the

effervescence of early sentiments. The formal embrace on both cheeks was given in a more stately manner, the smile was more languid, and the eye less illumed. His person is more slight than formerly, his hair is of a more silvery hue, the features of his expressive face are more marked; the erect posture was still maintained, but the gait had become more solemn; and when he rose from his chair, he had no longer his wonted elasticity.

Such are the ravages of time on the frame in twenty years. But in the prince's conversation I found the same talent; the unrivalled *esprit*, the fluency and elocution, so entirely his own, were as graceful and the memory as perfect as at any former period . . . .

On this day I called on Prince Metternich, and had a most interesting conversation with him. He showed me around his official residence in Vienna, newly painted and done up with that purity of taste which characterizes the mind that directed the labour. The old apartments, which I so well remembered, having so often and so patiently danced attendance in them, were changed, and were now handsomely decorated. It is a strange point in the character of this celebrated statesman, how eagerly and minutely he interests himself in mere trifles, or rather the smallest minutiæ where art and mechanism is combined. I saw him one evening remain half an hour examining the interior of a small clock playing different airs.

When we had visited all the rooms, the prince turned to his *cabinet du travail*, and said, "He bien, mon cher! voilà une partie, qui reste absolument la même comme le jour que vous l'aviez quittée." And actually, to the very place of the paper and despatches, sealing-wax and pencils, as laid on his writing-table twenty years ago, and every surrounding article in the apartment, there appeared not the slightest change.

A very old fool in love is our next character.

To return to less important matters. The Princess Metternich gave a soiree for the purpose of enabling us to hear Thalberg, the famous pianiste.

Nothing could surpass his execution and peculiar brilliancy of expression upon his instrument. He and Listz, another *élève* of Metternich's, are the great rival players, and share the enthusiasm of the German musical world. Thalberg is generally preferred.

At this party I enjoyed another long conversation with Metternich, relative to an old and common friend of ours; alas, for his country and the world, now no more! I mean the celebrated Chevalier Von Genz. No one who has turned his attention to the political state of Europe for the last twenty years, can be ignorant of the great card this famous compiler and writer has played in the Allied Congresses and in the Councils of all the Cabinets.

Eleven years ambassador at Vienna had made me intimately acquainted with his singular abilities; and Metternich repeated to me once again, what I had often heard him say before, that he never knew a man, and believed none ever existed, who possessed such intellectual powers and such facility and felicity in giving expression to them.

Is it not then passing strange that this profound genius, this subtle politician, this phœnix of literature and composition, should have died actually from an overwhelming excess of the passion of love? and this too at an age when nature cools down the passions and bids them subside? for he was near four-

score: yet so the case stands. He imbibed a maddening attachment for Fanny Ellsler, the Vienna *danseuse*, then more partially known, but of late conspicuous both in England and America. Her early charms and fascinations turned the philosopher's brain. His habits of business wholly ceased; and on Prince Metternich's observing and reasoning with him upon this change, Gens assigned, as his formal excuse, "that he had been so thunderstruck with the result of the days of July, that from that moment he had given up Europe for lost, and was convinced that no effort could save the world from anarchy and confusion; and therefore he ceased to occupy himself with state affairs." Metternich argued with him, "that in proportion as greater dangers arose, so ought men of capacity to rise more energetically to the combat." But Gens then more candidly avowed, "that he had abandoned himself entirely to one engrossing feeling: he proclaimed it—he gloried in it; he was fondly, passionately, desperately, eternally in love; and had only that existence and that deity."

On this opera-girl poor Gens lavished large sums of money; and whilst exhibiting his partiality, contracted debts, and ultimately died in penury and wretchedness. It is due, however, to this enchanting creature, Fanny Ellsler, to say that she behaved very kindly to him, and seemed vain at having subdued and attached a person of such high and undoubted genius. Prince Metternich related also that he was with his friend a few hours before he breathed his last, and that this individual, who was proverbially known to be so timorous that he dreaded his own shadow, nevertheless, by the force of the one predominant feeling, died with the greatest calmness and courage, declaring he embraced death as a relief from the devouring passion that consumed him. He thus departed, at the ripe age of fourscore, a victim to the affections!

Genz left behind him some beautiful sentimental letters in manuscript, addressed to his fair Dulcinea, breathing feelings stronger, perhaps, than ever were penned before. I could not obtain copies.

Even when his lordship has to speak of that which every tourist has an opportunity to examine, and is sure to make the topic of remark or criticism, he imparts some degree of novelty to it, merely through the colouring of the man. One sees the marquis almost in everything, who after all at any time is worthy of notice. We however think that, like his friend Metternich, there are signs of age setting in upon the noble author. Certainly, at least, he appears to be less of the cosmopolite than one would expect of a person of his travel and foreign experience; for there is in these volumes a tendency to be querulous and fault-finding, beyond what might have been looked for from an old campaigner. It is home, it is England with all her errors and evils,—and to which the marquis is not blind, discovering often much that is wrong, where most other people are disposed to be pleased,—that is fit for a lord to live in. With respect to feeding, sleeping, travelling, and so forth, we have no competitors. Nay, even in the article of manners, the marquis encountered annoyances; and altogether his sensitiveness appears to have set strongly in against much that is continental. Would he choose Constantinople

for his head-quarters during the remainder of his life? Our readers may judge from the following bill of fare:—

The living, or rather the materials which form the gourmand's larder at Paris, London, and Vienna, are all bad at Constantinople, or at best indifferent. Meat of all sorts inferior; only young white beef, poor mutton, no veal or pork. Fowls half-fed, hard, and bad-tasted. Butter, none to be had, nor tolerable milk, and this mostly from goats. Bread, from there being no yeast, from breweries or distilleries, is universally sour and nasty. There is no wine but what is imported; and, as great profit is made upon it, it is everywhere bad. The water at Pera is also brought from tanks, and unless filtered, is most disagreeable.

The vegetable and fruit market may be good in their season; and the fish in the Bosphorus is of various kinds, and excellent; the swordfish is particularly esteemed. A certain fish with a black streak down its back is curious, but I did not think it good. Small gudgeons, mullet (red and gray,) white-bait, and lobsters, all capital. There is game, especially woodcocks and hares; but except this one luxury of the table, this vast city is so unprovided that the great houses are actually obliged to import from other places every article of excellence, or that is usually found furnishing good tables elsewhere.

The pleasures of exercise are reduced to pedestrian perambulation on an infamous *pave*, or riding the streets on the horses that offer. There are no riding-schools, tennis-courts, or other manly exercises of any kind.

How then is the life of man accustomed to European tastes to be passed, or rather spun out, at Constantinople? He must sink into the indolence and *insouciance* of the Turks; turn to the fumes of tobacco, to sherbet, and coffee; and be satisfied without the harem, which seems the natural prerogative of the Mussulman.

The Tory traveller quarrelled deeply at Constantinople with the Whig ambassador at that court. The marquis desired to have a presentation to the sultan through the agency of Lord Ponsonby, and also by the same channel, permission for Lady Londonderry to visit the harem. The reply was a refusal couched in terms not over courteous. But the applicant was not a man to sit down quietly after a rebuff of this sort; and a pretty piece of correspondence with Lord Palmerston and others arose out of it; the traveller coming off, we think, triumphantly, in more senses than one; for what was refused by the representative of England, was granted by the ambassador of Austria; so that both requests were not only acceded to by a foreigner, but what is more, both of the rare ends were attained. We have not room for any of the descriptions of extraordinary things which the marquis saw; but must quote part of a speech and lecture delivered to the sultan, that no doubt sounded still more strangely to the eastern monarch, than anything could appear to the eyes of the orator:—

I added that I had now been serving my country thirty-five years, long before his Majesty was born, fighting always for legitimacy against revolutions

and rebellious subjects; that I had always deprecated the dismemberment of any part of a great empire; and hoped Turkey would take an example from what was now occurring, and determine not to lay down her arms until she had re-established her empire; that the party I belonged to in England shared in the liveliest manner the deep interest that his Majesty's cause inspired; and that the facilities which were now afforded to visit Constantinople would bring, no doubt, numbers of my countrymen annually to witness the beauties with which nature had crowned the Bosphorus.

The marchioness was the second lady that has been presented to the sultan. Her account of the interview and of what she witnessed will be read with special interest. We quote a part:—

I was desired to find myself at the Ischeragan Palace, for my audience of the Sultan. Some difficulty arose as to who I should select to accompany me. Madame Francini was objected to by my Austrian friends, as too great a proof of the Court arrangements being under Russian influence. Reschid Pasha undertook to interpret, and it was suggested that I might go alone. This, however, seemed inconvenient: I therefore proposed to Mrs. Walker, the wife of Captain Walker, the Turkish Admiral, to go with me: she gladly accepted; and at eleven o'clock, on a cold snowy morning, we packed ourselves into a small close carriage (the first covered one I had seen in Turkey) which Reschid Pasha kindly sent; and we set out.

We entered a small waiting-room, where we found some Austrian officers also expecting their audience. They informed me of what I had not discovered, that for some reason the place named had been changed; and that I was not, as I imagined, in the Ischeragan Palace, but in the Beschititasche; that they had already gone to the former and found no one there, and that there appeared to be a singular confusion in all the arrangements. Coffee was then handed to us in tiny cups, not containing above a thimbleful, but placed in the most beautiful little jewelled stands or egg-cups, of pink enamel and diamonds. A large brasiero stood in the middle of the apartment, and a low embroidered divan ran round it.

At length the Marechal du Palais came in, and some attendants. Coffee was again served; and soon after Reschid Pasha appeared. He speaks French perfectly; and having been Ambassador in France and England, has become quite European. We waited some time; coffee was once more brought; and much whispering, confusion, and embarrassment followed. At length they all went away, leaving us with the Austrian strangers, who were much amused at the sensation produced by the apparition of Frank women within these walls. The Turks occasionally lifted up the curtain over the entrance into the room, and peeped in to gaze at us. I was *en grande tenue* as to toilette; and this added to their astonishment. Madame W——, the only lady who was ever received before myself, had gone in a hat, and without her jewels, having unfortunately left them at Odessa: her audience, however, had been less *en règle* than mine, and had more the character of an accidental rencontre. A great step has been made, and probably this approach to civilization will continue to advance; and perhaps, in a few years, ladies will be received at this court as they are at any other.

At last Reschid Pasha, the Marechal du Palais, &c. returned, having put on their diamond decorations; and after waiting again some time, for nothing in Turkey is ever done in a hurry, we were requested to follow them.

Her ladyship was shown many apartments and things extraordinary to her. But her expectancy was not yet satisfied. She must tell the rest.

Expecting every moment to enter the presence of the Sultan, and at length being shown into a small side ante-room, where I was least prepared for the meeting, he walked quietly in and suddenly stood before us.

The usual fez was on his head; a large military cloak hung round him, clasped at the throat with a magnificent giraffe of enormous diamonds; a large solitaire was on his little finger. He is tall, pale, sallow, and slight, with fine eyes, a sweet smile, and amiable expression of countenance. He is only eighteen years of age. It is said he is learning French, and is much more *au fait de tout ce qui se passe* than is generally imagined. The Prince de Joinville, when here, saw and conversed much with him; and lately a good deal has transpired as to his manner and ideas from a Russian painter who has just finished his picture, and with whom he had much conversation during his several sittings.

He did not bow, but immediately began talking to Reschid Pasha; who, having paid his homage, which is done by gracefully *faisant semblant* to pick up the dust from the feet, according to the expression, "*Je baise la poussière*," interpreted to me the Sultan's words. He expressed his pleasure and satisfaction at seeing me, and his hope that I had recovered from the fatigue of my journey. To this I replied. He then inquired if I had been at all rewarded for what I had suffered, and for the deprivation of the comforts and luxuries of England. I then requested Reschid Pasha to express my admiration of Constantinople, my gratification at my visit and reception, and my gratitude at having been allowed to see everything that was curious and interesting.

The Sultan inquired if I had visited the Tsche ragan Palace; and on my answering in the negative, he desired that orders might be given for it to be shown to me. He then inquired who the lady was who accompanied me; and on being told her name, he desired Reschid Pasha to express the pleasure he felt at having an opportunity of telling her how highly he valued her husband's services. After a happily-worded reply from her, to the effect that she had equal delight in being able to assure his majesty that he had not now a more faithful servant than Admiral Walker, the Sultan expressed his regret at my intention of leaving Constantinople so soon, and then suddenly vanished.

I was reconducted to the door of the palace by Reschid Pasha and the Marechal; who eagerly inquired what I thought of their Imperial master. They seemed pleased with the praise and approbation I bestowed; and Reschid Pasha interpreted to the other all I said; and told him also of my having twice seen the Sultan dismount from his horse on the Constantinople quay, and enter his beautiful caique, and return to his palace on the Pera side. I then took leave of Reschid Pasha, endeavouring to express my gratitude for all his kindness and attention.

NOTICES.

ART. XVI.—*Gas Meters.* By HENRY FLOWER.

IT is seldom that we find crammed into so small a space so much that is curious and practical as Mr. Flower has contrived to present in this pamphlet. In the course of sixteen pages, no more, about Gas Meters, their unfairness, and the loss sustained by the individuals who use them, it is made perfectly clear that the public is deeply gulled by the Gas Companies. We quote a portion of his general statement. Mr. Flower says—

"It is rather singular that this subject, which I have brought before the public, has never been pressed upon its attention before, and that it has not exercised that very caution for itself which the various Gas Companies for their protection take care to enforce.

"It is notorious, that if a person desires to purchase a meter for himself, before it is allowed to be fixed on his premises, it must first of all be sent to the works of the company from whence the gas is to be supplied, for examination, and its permit obtained for use. The companies thus take care that no meter can be used, and therefore made, that will give a maximum of measure, while the public on its part has never investigated the quantity that is the standard of the companies' liberality.

"We know how useful and requisite it is to weigh and measure the various articles that we receive for our household economy. Why then should not the public have control over this pabulum of illumination that enters so largely into its expenditure? And why have meters been allowed so long to be a *lucus a non lucendo?*

"The results that I have given have been from actual inspection, and they may be tested by all, without the aid of any chemical or scientific knowledge, and I believe that an examination of this kind will prove that though many of the Gas Companies are directed by men of unquestionable worldly honour, that the measure of their meters is neither just nor honest.

"And this is not the only complaint to be urged against the Gas Companies. The gas generated in their factories is of a very indifferent quality; a poor coal is used, and instead of presenting a richly carburetted gas, a highly hydrogenated gas, which occasions an excessive heat during combustion, is only afforded. The Gas Companies are now lying upon their oars; they require a pressure from without, to stimulate them to improvement. The time was, when one of them (the Chartered Gas Company), to show the advantages of gas, and to induce others to adopt the plan, fitted up and supplied shops and houses with gas, *free of expense!* Why do not some of them show *now* what gas illumination is capable of?

"Notwithstanding this want of desire of improvement on their part, gas-lighting, both as regards economy and effect, has reached very great perfection. But the thanks of the public are due to private individuals. To Mr. George Lowe it is indebted for a method of purifying gas, by getting rid of its ammoniacal and sulphurous contents, and thus obviating any consequent injury to health, or damage to goods; and so satisfied are medical men that the former

object has been accomplished, that Sir James Clark has now admitted gas into Her Majesty's drawing-rooms, and extensive fittings are at this period going on in the palace, under the direction of Mr. Faraday; but not, be it borne in mind, for the purpose of introducing the poverty-stricken cadaverous-looking-making gas of our Gas Companies, but Mr Lowe's valuable *naphthalised* product.

"The public is deeply obliged to this gentleman for this important discovery of impregnating coal gas with naphtha, or spirit of coal tar, or with other volatile hydro-carbonaceous liquids, by which a light is produced, approximating almost to the brightness and truthfulness of day.

"The period is not very distant, when gas lighting will become as common in private houses, as it is at this time in our shops and theatres. Gas can now be deprived of its impurities, the light from it can be produced so perfect, as to enable any one to match colours by it; and as regards economy, I have no hesitation in stating, that if any one chooses to avail himself of the latest improvements for its consumption, and for increasing its brilliancy, that from ten to fifteen per cent. may be saved over its present cost; and where the meter is *registering water*, as well as gas, that ten to thirty per cent. gain may be accomplished, and that simply by attending to the following conditions:—1. That the gas shall be naphthalised; 2. That Platow's double cone burners shall be used; 3. That the gas meter shall give just measure."

The exposure of the unfairness of gas meters, as they are at present supplied by the Companies, is accompanied with plain and interesting instructions for "Proving their Deficiency of Measure, and Directions for keeping a Meter in order." Interesting, we say; for while scientific knowledge is displayed in the brief and lucid description of the nature and construction of a meter, its principles and modes of working, as well as of indicating, are so analogous to what is to be studied in an eight-day clock, that it is impossible to speak of them with understanding, and not to excite and gratify curiosity. We opine that the pamphlet will produce a stir.

ART. XVII.—*A Plain and Direct Translation of the Inferno of Dante.* By CH. HINDLEY, Esq.

"THE intention of this translation, which is in prose, each stanza being preserved distinct, or in a separate paragraph, and the same breaks occurring as in the original,—is, "to render the design, character, and incidents of the Divina Commedia familiar to English readers." Short explanatory notes appear at the bottom of almost every page, necessary to the student's understanding of the allegory, and sometimes of the style, the language, or the abbreviations of the poet.

Dante is one of the most untranslatable authors to be met with in any language; not merely from the circumstances just mentioned, and which have called for Mr. Hindley's notes, but owing to the extraordinary compression and the severe simplicity of the language of the poem; being at once stern and grand, so as to repel and baffle most students who desire to become acquainted with the great master. It can hardly be said that any of the translations in verse, which we have, affords a clue to the original; for, as Mr. H. says, in proportion as the English version shall be poetically perfect, in that proportion will it be

defective as a true representation of the original; whereas a free unfettered prose translation is not open to the objection.

We believe the present is by far the best guide that has yet appeared in our language to a proper understanding of all but a *sealed book* to the generality even of accomplished readers. It cannot fail, we are persuaded, to promote a taste amongst us for Italian literature, which is Mr. Hindley's prime object. The present instalment gives us only the first four cantos; and he appears to hesitate to publish more until he has been assured of public, or at least critical approval of the attempt. But let him not, in his modesty, delay one moment bringing the work to a conclusion. If he meet not at once with all the encouragement he deserves, the reward, we are convinced, will not be long withheld, viz., that of having attracted a popular liking for the study of Dante, and necessarily for the language of this great father of thought and expression. We must cite a passage from the preface to the version.

"When this translation was commenced, I had no expectation that English words could be found to approach sufficiently near to be admissible as a true representation of the text, and at the same time agreeable to read, or even intelligible; but further trial and increased pains brought me to believe Dante might be so far faithfully rendered in plain and direct prose, as not to be unacceptable to English readers, and especially those desirous of acquiring a correct knowledge of the design, character, and incidents of this extraordinary poem, but unable to obtain that gratification from the original Italian."

ART. XVIII.—*The Cottage on the Common, and the Little Gleaners.* By C. M.

C. M., author of "The Child and the Hermit," has in the neat little book before us taken for themes passages of scripture. Besides suitable comments, there are descriptions and incidents prefixed and introduced, to win over and to rivet the attention of the young.

ART. XIX.—*Modern French Literature.* By MONS. RAYMOND DE VERICOUR. Edin.

One of the Messrs. Chambers' translations, and an acceptable addition to their series of publications for the special enlightenment of the "people." It is proper and necessary that the general English reader should make himself acquainted with the actual condition of the literature of our neighbours; for thereby he is sure, without travel by steam-boat and coach, to acquire enlarged and more liberal notions of the community among whom that literature has sprung up and become popular. The present work, in a moderate and accessible compass, supplies an agreeable and tolerably correct account of the French authors of the day, and the works they have written: together with many facts and sundry speculations that fall within the purpose of the book. The following concerns the French periodical press:—

"It has hitherto been found impracticable to maintain a French review on the plan of the best English reviews, for which we cannot well account. It may be that the impossibility arises from the public mind in France being too versatile and transient, and from parties and opinions undergoing such rapid

and frequent changes and modifications. It is probable that as politics chiefly engross the attention of the nation, the critical notices on new works inserted in the newspapers, which are notoriously dictated by unworthy motives, sordid, party, or personal, satisfy the mass of readers. The *Revue Encyclopédique*, established by M. Julien de Paris, succeeded during several years, but eventually fell when its creator passed it to other hands. M. Guizot and the Duke de Broglie tried a fair experiment in 1829: they established the *Revue Française*, in which their political, critical, and philosophical doctrines were developed and applied with remarkable ability; but it did not last long; it sunk for want of support, and a recent attempt to revive it received so little encouragement, that it has again ceased to appear. The *Revue Trimestrielle* was also well conducted, but soon ceased. We are justified in affirming that the only reviews which possess the recommendation of long standing and general popularity, are the *Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*, and they are published more in the form of the English magazines than of the great reviews. And yet scarcely a year passes but painful efforts to establish new critical periodicals are witnessed, which invariably prove abortive: the puny productions perish for lack of sustenance after the the most ephemeral of existences. One exception, however, must be noted in favour of the *Revue de Progrès*, which is edited with powerful energy by M. Louis Blanc; it has drawn the attention of the French public by the strong democratic principles it upholds, the bold tenets it has avowed in the face of the world, and the host of superior men who co-operate in its publication. The *Revue de Paris* is a weekly journal, containing critical notices, light tales, and worldly chit-chat, always elegant and sprightly in tone and matter, and especially calculated to beguile the leisure hours of the boudoir. The *Revue de Deux Mondes* frequently gives masterly pieces of criticism; such are the articles of De Carné, Saint-Beuve, Mignet, Marmier, Lerminier, Chasles, Charles Magnin, and others.** With respect to reviews, we have specified the only two that have any standing and permanency of merit. As to the monthly review called *Journal des Savants*, it would be a gross error to rank it among the ordinary periodicals of any country. It is, in fact, a review of the highest order, but at once private and national; it only notices works of the finest merit and utility; it is printed by the royal press, and the committee of authors who prepare its articles, is composed of sixteen members belonging to the various sections of the Royal Institute. It is in the *Journal des Savants* that the admirable classical dissertations of Letronne and Burnouf, the valuable scientific investigations of Biot and Libri, the philosophical literary analyses of Cousin and Villemain, are to be found."

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INDEX

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME OF THE MONTHLY REVIEW, FOR 1842.

A.

Abuses of Marriage, remarks on the, 395
Acquiescence and Approbation Contrasted, 3
Adam Clarke, Life and Labours of, 436
Æschines, sketch of, 484
Æschylus, sketch of, 485
Affinity of Nations, tests of, 143
African Lions, notices of, 349
African Travellers, hints for, 206
Ainsworth's Travels, 312
Airth, history of Earldom of, 31
Al Hadhr, notices of ruins of, 320
Alison's History of Europe, 420
Amighty, the Bible the Science of the, 10
Ambitus, meaning of the term, 511
American Antiquities, 141
Amphora, notices of the, 512
Ancient Art and Classic Mythology, 98
Anecdote of Lord Nelson, 384
Anglo-Indian, disposable force of the, 470
Anne-of-Cleves and Katherine Howard, 62
Antiquities, Bradford's American, 141
Arabian Language and Lexicography, 192
Asia Minor, &c., Travels in, 312
Augustus Viscount Keppel, Life of, 323
Autobiography of John Turnbull, 441

B.

Balder, the Mythos of, 452
Banks and Bankers, Hardcastle's, 213
Belgians, King of, Wooings of, 426
Bentham, Memoirs of, 73
Bible, nature of the contents of the, 9
Biographical Dictionaries, 481
Birds of Passage, the, 442
Bishop Bonner, Life of, 357
Bishop's Daughter, the, a novel, 242
Bonner, life of Bishop, 357
Book of Thought, the, 435
Borderers, the, a tragedy, 279
Bowring's Memoirs of Bentham, 73
Bowyer on the English Constitution, 23
Boyer, Notices of General, 538
Bracelets, Notices of Ancient, 514
Bradford's American Antiquities, 141
Breton College, Rio's History of the, 541
Brevity of Scripture Narrative, 11
Brougham on Political Philosophy, 42
Brown and Black Eyes, remarks on, 308
Bulwer's Eva, 375
Burke's Character of Lord Keppel, 324
Burnes's Cabool, 156

C.

Campaign in China, Narrative of the Second, 183
Candler's Notices of Hayti, 531
Cappadocian Greeks, Notices of, 315
Cattle and Corn, connexion between, 107
Causes of Wealth of Individuals, 213
Celestial Sisters, Tale of the, 149
Chandler's American Criminal Trials, 294
Characteristics of Wordsworth's Poetry. 270
Charles the Wise, Character of, 519
Children's Employment Commission, Report of, 178
China, Narrative of the Second Campaign in, 183
Chouannerie, Rio's La Petite, 541
Chinese as Warriors, Character of, 185
Christian Africaner, Notices of, 345
Christianity and Civilisation, 119
Christian Pilgrim, Peel's, 476
Chronicle of the Rhine, Knox's, 491
Chronicles of England, Raymond's, 57
Church of Rome, the, and Painting, 506
City of the Dead in China, Notices of, 189
Claessen, Dr., his Account of the Cold Water Cure, 239
Classic Mythology, remarks on, 91
Classical Poets, Garston's Vindication of the, 221
Coal Mines, Report on Labour in the, 171
Cœna, Notices of the Roman, 513
Cold Water Cure, the, 226
Colonel Scott's Travels, 202
Constantia Philips and Bentham, 75
Constantinople, Lord Londonderry's Voyage to, 566
Constitutional Law, what meant by the terms, 28
Continental Notions about England, 39
Convents the Schools in Olden France, 527
Copenhagen, Nelson at, 382
Copyright, Raumer on, 41
Corbet on Wealth of Individuals, 213

Corn, Supply of, and English Soil, remarks on, 105
D.
Death of Lord Nelson, Scott's account, 387
Denton on Drainage, 104
Dey of Algiers, the, and Lord Keppel, 328
Dialects of the Arabic Language, 199
Dictionary, Biographical, Requisites of, 481
Dr. Scott's genius for Acquisition of Languages, 381
Doctrine of Inspiration, Summary of, 14
Domesticated Animals in England, number of, 107
Domingo, Candler's Notices of St., 531
Dost Mahomed, Notices of, 159
Doubt the Parent of Incredulity, 4
Drainage, Denton on, 104
Duelling in France, Notices of, 525
E.
Earldom of Airth, History of, 31
Earthquake, Devastation of an, 539
Edwin the Fair, a drama, 410
Ellis on Horse-training, 289
Employment of children in coal mines, nature of, 173
England in 1841, Raumer's, 37
English Constitution, Bowyer on the, 33; Surnames, Lower on, 439
Errors in the scriptural narrative, are there? 8
European obligations to Arabic literature, 195
Eva, Bulwer's, 375
Expectant, the, a novel, 88
Eyes, Reynolds on the use of the, 297
F.
Factory children, wrongs of, and Sadler, 21
Fate, ideas of, 99
Feather-beds, Lady Vavasour, 486
Female Vagrant, the, a poem, 281
Feudal laws and the Normans, 26
Fish, Moules' Heraldry of, 332
Fitzgerald, Lord Edward, notices of, 454
Flintoff on English Laws, 33
Flower on Gas-meters, 573
Fourteenth century, Paris in the, 530
France Daguerrotyped, 432
Frances, Miss, her Josephine, 365
French monarch, state and splendour of a, 519; Poems, notices of old, 472
Frithiof's Saga, 437
G.
Gaberlunzie Wallet, the, 140
Garston's Greece Revisited, 219
Gaussen on Inspiration, 1
Geiger on Northern Mythology, 451; on the Poor-laws, 134
Gentleman, what makes an English, 30
Gesenius on Arabic language and lexicography, 192
Girls in coal-mines, employment of, 177
Godiva's story, new version of, 371
Good breeding, character of, 43
Greece Revisited by Mr. Garston, 219
Green on the Grammar of the Greek New Testament, 137
Griffin's Tales of the Jury Room, 249
H.
Hahnemann's Disciples, account of Homœopathy by one of, 228
Hardcastle's Banks and Bankers, 213
Hayti, Candler's Notices of, 531
Haytian church, notices of the, 536
Health of the eyes, how to be preserved, 306
Henry VIII. in his youth, 61
Heraldic bearings, history of, 332
Heraldry of Fish, the, 332
Herberts, the, a novel, 85
Hindley's Inferno of Dante, 574
Hints to Students on the Use of the Eyes, 297
History of Arabic literature, 197; of Europe, Alison's, 420
Homœopathy, by a Disciple of the system, 226
How was America peopled? 153
Hine on Bees, 435
Hunt's Palfrey, 472
Hurrying in coal-mines, nature of the employment, 176
Hydropathy, notices of the system, 239
I.
Ibrahim Pacha as an agriculturist, 222
Icelandic poety, notices of, 445
Indecent employment in coal-mines, notices of, 176
Indus, notices of the commerce on the, 476
Inspiration, Gaussen on, 1
International Law, remarks on, 115
Intolerance towards the Jews, notices of, 524
Irish informers, character of, 454
Iscardo, Vigne's account of, 461, 466
Italian painting, notices of, 504
I Watched the Heavens; a poem, by V. 49
Izedis, notices of the, 321
J.
James's Morley Ernstein, 246
Jay on War and Peace, 114
Jeffrey's Poems, 435
John Chinaman, notice of, 462
Johnson's Cottage Farmer's Assistant, 436
Josephine, and other Poems, 365
Journal of a Tour to Waterloo, 296
K
Kashmir, Vigne's Travels in, 460
Katherine of Arragon and the House of Tudor, 59

Keppel, Life of Augustus Viscount, 323
Keshen's memorial, 191
Kilhwch and Olwen, tale of, 284
King of Bokhara, despotism of, 169
Knowles's Rose of Arragon, 398
Knox's Softness, a novel, 245
Knox's Chronicle of the Rhine, 491
Kuzuman, progress of civilization at, 353

L.

Lady Londonderry's visit to the Sultan, 571
Language a key to history, 146
Last Tour, Lady Vavasour's, 486
Lectures on Paley, 389
Leigh, Lord, his Poems, 436
Legend of Frithiof, the, 437
Leper, superstitious abjuration of a, 522
Lexicons, Arabic, notices of, 197
Life of Dr. Scott, 379
Light and the eyes, how to be regulated, 302
Lions in Africa, notices of, 203
Literary Property, remarks on, 66
Literature of the cavaliers of the desert, 193
Lives of the Queens of England, 57
Lockhart's Spanish Ballads, 427
Locksley Hall, a poem, 370
Londonderry's Tours, Lord, 466
Longman's Catalogue of Books, 296
Lord Burleigh, a ballad, 373
Nelson's habits, 383
Love story of old times, the, 472
Lower on English Surnames, 439
Luther; a poem, by R. Montgomery, 50

M.

Mabinogion, the, Part IV., 284
Mackay of Scowry, Life of, 292
Mackintosh and Sadler, 21
Mackenzie's Narrative of Campaign in China, 183
Madame D'Arblay's Diary and Letters, 126
Madden's United Irishmen, 453
Menteith, character of Earl, 33
Mexicans and Etruscans, 154
Military equipment of the Chinese, 187
Miller on Pictorial Painting, 502
Mishap in the Life of Lord Keppel, 226
Missionary Labours, Moffat's, 343
Monteil's France in Olden Times, 517
Montgomery, R., his Luther, 50
Morley Ernstein, a novel, 246
Moselekatse; an African Napoleon, notices of, 355
Mother, the Manœuvring, a novel, 494
Moule's Heraldry of Fish, 332
Mythology of Greece and Rome, remarks on, 91

N.

Napoleon, shameful desertion by his servants, 423
Naturalist's Library, the, 293
Nelson's Chaplain, Life of Lord, 379
New Copyright Bill, remarks on, 66
Newmans, the elder and younger compared, 359
New Zealand, Ritter's Colonization of, 264
Ney, remarks on the execution of, 425
Nicoll's Poems, 251
Nizib, notices of the battle of, 315
Noor Mahomed, notices of, 158
Normans and feudal laws, 26
Northern Mythology, notices of, 446
North, the old poetry of the, 439
Norton, Mrs., her Breton Mother, 545

O.

Olden Times, France in, 517
Old River, the, 491
Opium-Smuggling, anecdote of, 190
Oral Tales of the Red Indians, 142
Orderson's Creoleana, 138

P.

Palestine, Peel's Poem of, 476
Paley, Lectures on, 389
Palfrey, the, by Leigh Hunt, 472
Panopticon and Bentham, 77
Paris, notices of prostitution in, 392
Partiality and English Judges, 44
Peel, Ed., his Christian Pilgrim, 467
Periods of Spanish Poetry, 427
Personal Narrative, Sir A. Burnes's, 156
Peter, St., and the fish of heraldry, 340
Phrenology and the Affghans, 166
Pickering, Miss, and the Expectant, 88
Pictorial Painting, Miller on, 502
Plenary Inspiration, Gaussen on, 1
Poems, by Robert Nicoll, 251; from Eastern Sources, 47
Poems, written chiefly Abroad, by M. 140
Poets and Poetry of America, the, 477
Political Philosophy, Brougham on, 42
Precedence of the Royal Family, 29
Prince Albert's accomplishments, list of, 225
Printing and the eye-sight, 298
Professor Gaussen, notices of his life, 17
Proofs of the doctrine of Inspiration, 16
Prostitution in the city of Paris, notices of, 392
Protection of the Queen's Person Bill, 549
Prudence of the Sacred Writers, 12
Public characters, Bentham's, 79
Puseyism, notices of the rise and progress of, 361

Q.

Quæstiones Mosaicæ, 293
Queen's Person Bill, Protection of the, 549

R.

Rambles in Thuringia, by J. F Stanford, 219

Raumer's England in 1841, 37
Raymond's Chronicles of England, 54
Reade's Record of the Pyramids, 402
Record of the Pyramids, a Drama, 402
Rector, the, and his terrier, 244
Reeve's Characteristics of Painting, 294
Religion of Greece and Rome compared, 92
Researches in Asia Minor, &c., 312
Reynolds on the Use of the Eyes, 297
Rhine, the, 486
Rio's History of the Breton College, 541
Rise and Progress of English Laws, 23
Ritter's Colonization of New Zealand, 264
Robert Nicoll, biographical sketch of, 251
Romish Church, the, and international law, 122; Priesthood, Bonner and the Authority of the, 398
Rose of Arragon, the, 398
Royal Family, Precedence of, 29
Russia and China, 463
Russian Eastern policy, 468

S.

Sadler, Memoirs of M. T., 18
Salic Law, remarks on the, 58
Scandinavian Literature, 437
Schoolcraft on the Red Indians, 142
Scott, Life of Dr. 379
Scottish coal-mines, horrors of, 179
Scott's travels, 202
Shameful desertion, instances of, 423
Shearesse, notices of the, 455
Sight, causes of weakness of, 300
Smith's Greek and Roman Antiquities, 509
Softness, a novel, 245
Spanish Poetry, progress of, 427
Stagnelius as a poet, character of, 439
Stanford's Rambles in Thuringia, 219
Statute-law and Charles the Second's reign, 27
Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, 57
Symbols of names, piscatory, 338

T.

Tales of the Red Indians, characteristics of, 148; of the Jury-room, 249
Taylor's Edwin the Fair, 410
Taxation, principles of, 391
Tegner's Legend of Frithiof, 137
Tennyson's Poems, 369
Tertulian, remarks on a passage in, 397
Testimony, Laws relating to, 396
Teutonic Nations, Notices of, 444
Theatricals in Olden Times, French, 528; Raumer on English, 40
Theodore Körner's Lyre and Sword, 47
Theologians of England, and the question of Inspiration, 7
Tory Notions, Raumer on, 38
Trafalgar, Dr. Scott's Account of the Battle of, 386
Thëopneustia, meaning of the word, 5, 133
Torches, Notices of Ancient, 515
Tragedy, Ancient and Modern, difference between, 100
Trappers in Coal Mines, their Employment, 175
Treasonable Attempts, remarks on, 549
Trench's Poems, 47
Trevor Hastings, a novel, 81
Trial by Ordeal, Notices of, 25
Trollope's Belgium in 1830. 437
Turkish Retreat, sketch of, 318
Turnbull, John, his Autobiography, 441
Two Admirals, the, 82
Tytler's History of Scotland, 291

U.

United Irishmen, Madden's, 453
University of Paris, Notices of, 528
Uzbacks, Matrimony among the, 165
Useful Knowledge, Biographical Dictionary of the Society for the Diffusion of, 481
Use of the Eyes, Reynolds on the, 297
Uses of Heraldic Studies, 337; of Sacred Criticism, 13

V.

Vavasour, Lady, her Last Tour, 486
Vericour's Modern French Literature, 575
Vigne's Travels, 460
Vincent Priessnitz, Notices of, 238

W.

War in Syria, Napier's, 210
Wellington at Waterloo, Conduct of, 422
Wheat-growing Lands, Denton on, 106
White Feather, Tale of the, 150
Whitefield and Garrick, 243
Whytehead's Poems, 558
Wordsworth's New Poems, 270
Worship of Mind, Establishment of, 98
Works of William Jay, the, 140
Wright's Biographia Britannica, 287

Z.

Zachary Cobble, 140
Zoolus, Notices of a Division of, 354

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